

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

Incorporating the
Australian Home Budget

The Australian

Over 725,000 Copies Sold Every Week OCTOBER 7, 1953

PRICE

9

WOMEN'S WEEKLY



Princess Anne

To be sure of long-lasting Naturally Pretty Curls BE BEAUTY-WISE AND NEUTRALISE

It's the step that takes only a few short minutes—but what a difference it makes.

INSIST on Richard Hudnut home permanent WITH NEUTRALISER BOOSTER



Always neutralise your Home Permanent. Leaving this all-important safety-step to chance or the imperfect oxidising action of the air is like driving a car without brakes.

That's why the Richard Hudnut Home Permanent gives you the most effective neutraliser known to chemistry today to stop the action of the waving lotion at the right time and to restore your hair to its natural healthy springiness.

And that's why Richard Hudnut Home Permanent also has the exclusive extra ingredient, Neutraliser Booster, to speed the action of the neutraliser and lock in your lovely soft wave. Because of Neutraliser Booster, Richard Hudnut Home Permanent gives you a far better wave in half the time taken for "no-neutraliser" waves. It's time-tested, safe, success-sure.

At all chemists and selected department stores



BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR WITH THE ADORABLE Lustrous Sheen of



Richard Hudnut egg creme SHAMPOO

It's soapless... but its real secret is egg, which makes the hair so much more manageable; brings out the lowlights in your hair. See how much easier your perm will take—how much longer your perm will last—how much more alluring your hair will become.

IT'S *Concentrated* — 32 SHAMPOOS FROM EACH 8-OZ. BOTTLE
HPS, 122

Cory's Newest!

DEAD MAN FALLING by Desmond Cory

Johnny Fedora, Intelligence Agent, crosses Europe on the track of a fortune in jewels. Post-war Nazis, Fedora, Mr. Trout — an unsuspected colleague — and other characters converge in the dramatic pursuit over Austrian snow mountains. Danger—Excitement—Death!

Price 12/-
From all Booksellers

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

5 OCT 1953
OCTOBER 7, 1953
NEW SOUTH WALES

Vol. 21, No. 19

BRAVE EFFORT IN THE AIR

THE London-Christchurch air race is in the adventurous tradition.

Some people are appalled at the speed section—that the whole hop can take little more than a day, if that. They object that the world is going too fast altogether.

They may be right. The world may have become a frantic place. However, one cannot help but imagine that in other centuries these same people would have disapproved Drake's adventuring, would have deplored Raleigh's expeditions and resisted Columbus' discoveries.

It is useless to resist progress, even though its benefits may at first seem detrimental to happiness and the greater good.

The development of the aeroplane, for instance, has already proved the eventual means of saving more lives than it has destroyed. The Flying Doctor is an obvious example.

The world was a tough and competitive place even when the pace of living was comparatively slow. In a metaphorical sense, the race has always been to the swift.

Now, after World War II demonstrated so forcibly the importance of speed and air power, this saying has literal as well as metaphorical truth.

Except for a natural wish to see a home team victorious, it doesn't matter whether Britain or Australia wins the London-Christchurch air race.

What does matter is that the Services of the two countries are in the forefront of the effort to get there faster than anyone else.

And more important, that there are still adventurous men eager to break records and set standards.

Diamonds and a dagger in two mystery yarns

Book reviews by
AINSLIE BAKER

IN "The Ivory Dagger," Patricia Wentworth supplies her own kind of well-bred English manor mystery, starring the formidable Miss Silver as investigator.

The trouble is all caused by a pretty little silly named Lila, who, during the absence of Bill, the man she loves, allows her dominating aunt to engineer her into an engagement with an older, wealthier, and considerably less likeable character named Sir Herbert Whitall.

Lila's aunt is named Lady Sybil Dryden. Miss Silver is called in a week before the wedding, after Lila is found with a bloodstained dress and the ivory dagger looking down at a bewildered way at the body of Sir Herbert.

Had she been found only by the artistic Adrian Grey and the newly returned Bill, everything would have been all right.

But while the boys are fitting out Lila with something in the nature of a watertight alibi, who should walk in but Herbert's even more unpleasant brother, Mr. Eric Hailte.

Hailte is naturally anxious to have his brother's murder pinned on any likely candidate, and calls in the police.

In all, a thoroughly nice, comfortable murder.

Our copy of "The Ivory Dagger" from the publishers, Hodder and Stoughton.

Our cover:

Adorning our cover this week is Princess Anne. On page 13 is a story from Anne Matheson, of our London staff, about this happy child, who is such a constant source of joy to her mother, Queen Elizabeth, and father, the Duke of Edinburgh.

This week:

● This week our pattern page is devoted to the small fry and girls in their early teens. The patterns include a sunsuit for the 1 to 4 age group, two safari suits, sun dresses, party dresses, and three designed for general day wear. Each pattern includes an easy-to-follow instruction chart. All have been designed for easy sewing.

● Kay Melaun's youth page includes the first of a new series this week — A Bachelor's Opinion, in which a young man-about-town discusses those two important subjects, girls and romance.

Next week:

● Next week we show that not all the autumn fashions from Paris are as sensational as the average Christian Dior model. The clothes we show are in superb colors and luxurious materials. Cranberry-red and chestnut are two new shades to remember for next season.

● Several of Melbourne's leading interior decorators have developed a scheme of ten co-ordinated colors which harmonise perfectly and suit all types of home furnishing. Manufacturers are co-operating by making available furnishings, textiles, and paints in the ten colors—so that amateur house decorators, who ordinarily may be shy of experimenting with color, will be able to splash out, as it were.

Next week we publish a page of pictures of a home in Toorak, Melbourne, where the co-ordinated color scheme was used, and you will be able to see for yourself how strikingly effective it is.

● We have another interesting story about the Centre of Australia next week—it concerns the experiences which befell Mr. Warren Bonython and the members of his expedition on their recent trip of scientific exploration to Lake Eyre.



ALL UNDER-ARM HAIR GONE in 3 minutes

If you want to look glamorous all summer, make Veet cream a beauty "must." For Veet gently "creams away" every trace of superfluous hair. And with Veet there's no risk of razor cuts or scrapes. No stubble! Not even a shadow. No coarsened regrowth. Skin is left velvety-smooth and hair-free. Remember, ugly, unwanted hair is a definite charm killer. So get Veet. Successful results are guaranteed with Veet cream or money refunded.



VEET removes hair like magic
AT CHEMISTS AND STORES



Teething trouble

During the difficult teething period Steedman's Powders are just the thing for baby's good health. Steedman's aid regular habits and cool the bloodstream. Used by mothers for over 100 years.

Write now to "Steedman, Box 17552, G.P.O., Melbourne" for free booklet "Hints to Mothers."

Give

STEEDMAN'S POWDERS for Regularity

AT ALL CHEMISTS
Made in England.

SORE FEET?

USE THE ONE AND ONLY
Safe Effective



Vaseline is the Registered Trade Mark of the Chasebrough Mfg. Co. U.S.A.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HEAD OFFICE: 188 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne. Letters: Box 1850, G.P.O.
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane. Letters: Box 4697, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax Street, Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 49 Stirling Street, Perth. Letters: Box 4910, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

If Johnny Fedora's charm is growing thin the introduction of a new Cory intelligence agent in the person of Mr. Sebastian Trout, the son of an Anglican bishop, is a happy omen.

Our copy of "Dead Man Falling" from the publishers, Frederick Muller of London.

Past Imperative

By Mary Howard
ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

KATHERINE examined her reflection carefully—she was not working seriously today, just answering a few letters and dictating an article for a Sunday newspaper. Katherine was a journalist and novelist—one of the “flashy type,” or so her son had said once, meaning that her work in magazines was usually decorated with becoming photographs of her very elegant self, and that outside her work she led a very social-social sort of life.

Today, after speaking at a public luncheon at a book club, she had promised herself a look-in at a new art exhibition, a cocktail party at five, and then she would come home for a light sandwich meal, and be ready to go with Arthur to the ballet in the evening.

Arthur David was her publisher, and had once wanted to marry her. Her husband, Bill Noel, had worked in the firm until he had been killed in a climbing accident during the third year of their marriage. Arthur was the

only person of her acquaintance who had known Bill, and who had known Kit.

After Bill's death, when she had started working to keep herself and the baby, Kit, she had never, if it were possible, spoken of Bill. Kit had grown up with no knowledge of his father, at least none from her.

Perhaps Arthur David had told him that Bill had been tall and gay, with blue eyes and a smile that could steal a woman's heart, that he had been adventurous, playing with death as a relief from the indoor work of a publisher's office. He could not have told how much she had loved him. How that day in the lakeside cottage where they had been holidaying he had come singing and grinning round their bedroom door, and told her he was off for a day's climbing, and there was nothing she could do about it. She had been expecting Kit then, a rather precarious pregnancy, the doctor insisting on a day or so in bed each month.

“You can't come, and you can't expect me to

stay in all day in such weather . . . so don't be a tyrant, Katy.”

Her face had gone white with anger. “If you hurt yourself, I shan't forgive you, not ever, in my heart. When you are happy and well, and everything is right, just for once, why take stupid risks?”

But he had kissed her, ignoring the black tragedy of her eyes.

“This is no risk, darling, just a little crag I went up when I was thirteen.”

“You didn't belong to me when you were thirteen.”

There was an impatient flicker in his eyes. “I don't belong to you now, you, or anyone else, although I love you, Katy.”

It had been sunset when they had carried his broken body back. She had not forgiven him. She had had a lonely, struggling, unhappy girlhood. Finding she could write and meeting Bill had happened together. They had found each other and happiness, and he had smashed it all for a whim.

She could not forgive him. He had shattered her creed. What you have, keep

—love, money, possessions, reputation—keep it tight and don't let anything threaten it. Katherine never mentioned Bill's name again. Now she never mentioned Kit's.

Kit had been the centre of her life for twenty-three years. For him she had worked, for the right school, the right background of pleasant country-house and charming city flat, the right friends, the right hobbies. Through the war years she kept him carefully from danger. After she gloried in his height, his charm, his humor, his shy gaiety, and dry wit. He was tall like Bill, but dark like herself.

She did not think of Bill in connection with Kit. Kit was her son. He had no father. At school events she was always there, the most elegant mother present, glorying in his prowess. When he won a place at Balliol she had pulled every string to get him out of military service, but it had proved impossible. “Well, let's face it,” she said. “It's only two years.

To page 50

Katherine stopped and stared at the girl crossing the vestibule. There was no doubt it was she.



American girls aren't prettier, they wear

Betty Barclay

OF AMERICA

the frocks

Six Million

American girls
find glamor in
every year



This frock
in U.S.A.

\$11.04

Now in Australia for

ABOUT
£4/19/6

FROCK OF THE WEEK! Demure and fresh checked gingham with cool white collar and cuffs edged with matching tie-tac. The four-gored skirt has unpressed pleats. Size 9-15. CREATED AND DISTRIBUTED BY CALIFORNIA PRODUCTIONS LTD. IN AUSTRALIA.

MARY SAMSON said, "I suppose you realise that you're the most disturbing thing that's happened to this household for a long, long time?"

"I'm sure of it," Frances agreed. She stretched out her long, well-nyloned legs and smoothed the knife-edged pleats of her skirt absently. She had very long, very beautiful hands, which went well with the rest of her.

At thirty-eight, Mary thought, Frances was a teenager's dream come true. Interesting, if not strictly beautiful. Dark and immaculate and expensive and poised. Especially poised.

Frances added, "What I like about your disturbed household is that it's asleep. Two sons, one daughter, one husband. All fast asleep."

Mary said, "I'm sorry about the husband. Bill's not unsociable. I think he just decided we'd talk better without him."

"We didn't do too badly with him, if it comes to that. But where does the disturbance come in? All I've done is to tell you that there's a job going at Coleburn's that you could do. It's yours if you want it. If you don't—" she shrugged her shoulders.

Mary laughed and threw the remains of her cigarette in the fireplace. "Take one business woman and marry her off. Wait while she raises a family and becomes a sound, domestic cabbage. Then introduce highly successful friend of the old days with news of a job. I don't care what you say. The result's highly disturbing."

She sat silent for a moment. From somewhere out beyond the windows of the big bungalow she and Bill took furnished for a month every year the sea sighed gently on the sand.

Almost to herself Mary said, "Bill's a dear. So are Peter and Butch and Tanzy. They're all dear and I love them very much. I feel that I'm ungrateful—that after all this time I just shouldn't want to pick up a business life again. And yet every time I look at someone like you I go green with sheer envy."

Frances asked, "What of? A few clothes?"

"I suppose your 'few clothes' would include that mink jacket you left lying about like a piece of rabbit. And your hair, that you obviously haven't set yourself for years. To say nothing of the new car and your nails." Mary stopped. "Particularly your nails. You've no idea the way I feel about them."

Frances said, "Even so, you're not thinking of coming back to Coleburn's for the sake of your appearance?"

"No," Mary admitted. "It's all the rest of it I miss so much. The independence. The people you meet. The fact that you have to use your brain—" She stopped abruptly. "Heavens—do you realise it's nearly half-past one? I never meant to keep you up so late."

"That's all right. You can tell Bill it was my fault, anyway. And think about coming up to town with me tomorrow. At least it can't do any harm."

Mary gave the room a last automatic glance. It looked as it usually did during the month at Shell Bay. Two or three spades propped up against a wall, which the children should have left outside but hadn't. A couple of Bill's golf balls parked on the mantelpiece. The odd, unaccountable patch of sand on the carpet.

She said absently, "You're not at all what Bill expected."

Frances raised her eyebrows. "Just what did he expect, as a matter of interest?"

Mary smirked. "Something pretty hard-bitten, I think. The conventional successful business woman as portrayed in the best films."

She remembered Bill lying on his back on the beach the day they'd had the news. He'd had his eyes fast shut against the sun, and his hair—just beginning to grey at the sides—had been covered with grains of yellow sand.

Out of the blue he'd said, "Mary—what's she like, this Dakers woman?"

"Frances?" Mary had been idly kicking a beach ball back to nine-year-old Tanzy, who tirelessly threw it back again.

She added, "It's such ages since I've seen her."

"She was a friend of yours?" Mary had said, "I suppose you could say she was. We used to lunch together, and all that sort of thing, when I first went to Coleburn's. She was in the sportswear department while I was helping with publicity."

"And she never married?" "No. She always said she was going to be a successful career woman. I did, too, only Frances really meant it."

Bill had grunted and stretched himself in the warm sand. "In other words, a typical career woman. I've met some of your fashion buyers. They're inhuman." "Some of them are. I don't think Frances will have changed much, though. She was always rather a sweet person."

Yet in a way, Mary knew, she had rather dreaded seeing Frances again. Frances was a link with the past—with the hurried, intoxicating world of a big store that had meant more to Mary than she liked to admit even to herself. And yet there had been no way out.

She had telephoned Coleburn's from Shell Bay's little post office the week before about a coat they were altering for her. And as the call came to an end the assistant at the distant telephone had said, "Oh, Mrs. Samson—just one moment, please. The buyer would like a word with you."

And then Frances' voice had said, "Hello, Mary. How are you?" "Fran! My dear, how did you know it was me?"

"I heard the girl talking to a Mrs. Samson and then I remembered that we'd got a coat of yours in, and I put two and two together. Frances' voice hadn't changed. She'd said, "This line's terribly faint. For heaven's sake, where are you?"

And Mary said, "I'm at Shell Bay. It's a little place on the coast. I don't suppose you've heard of it."

"As a matter of fact I know it quite well. But don't tell me you live there."

"No," Mary admitted. "We just take a bungalow for a month every year."

"I might drop in on you next week—I've got to drive down to my mother's, and I'll be passing within a few miles of you, anyhow. You could give me a cup of tea."

"Darling," Mary had said, "of course. Better still—stop the night."

There hadn't been anything else she could say in the circumstances, Mary remembered. She and Frances had been friends—it was the least gesture she could make. And yet as she had made it she had found herself wondering whether or

By ROBERT BLAKE

ILLUSTRATED BY BROADHURST

not she had started something she would regret—

Now, as she showed Frances to her room, Mary knew with sudden clarity that the restlessness she had experienced for the past few months was nothing to do with Frances. It went deeper than that.

She said a little apologetically, "I'm afraid we get up awfully early in the morning—the children seem to be awake as soon as it's light. What time would you like to be called?"

"I'll get up when everybody else does," Frances told her with a smile. "Good night, Mary."

Good night. Mary went quietly into the bedroom. Bill was lying on his back in bed, with one arm twisted at an impossible angle under his pillow. She looked down at his face, young and almost boyish in the moonlight.

Quietly, so as not to wake him, she undressed and got into bed, too, lying wide awake, staring at the shadowy outline of the ceiling. At one point during that time she became aware that Bill had woken up, so that his voice didn't surprise her when he said:

"You were quite right. She's a nice girl."

"Yes," Mary said, "isn't she?"

They lay for a minute without speak-

ing, while Bill's arm groped about the bedside table. Then she heard the scrape of a match as he lit a cigarette. "Wane one?"

"No—I don't think so."

He blew smoke up towards a shaft of moonlight. "She's been trying to persuade you to go back to Coleburn's, hasn't she?"

Mary turned her head to look at her husband. "As a matter of fact she has. How did you know?"

Bill said, "I thought that was what you were thinking of the day you said she was coming down." He waited a while, and then when Mary made no reply he said, "Do you want to?"

"I don't know," Mary said. Did she know? In her heart she supposed she did. Because there came a time when it wasn't any good pretending any more that she accepted the captivity of her home. The daily round of cooking and washing-up and housekeeping.

In the beginning she had hated it bitterly. Then herself grimly that what other women could do she could do also. Now, after twelve years, she knew that in this respect she must be different, because the acceptance for which she had waited had never come.

She loved Bill and the children, and she could see that without them her life would have lost much of its meaning. And yet at the same time loving them and renouncing everything else could never, for her, be the same thing.

With a feeling that it belonged to someone else, Mary heard her voice say, "That's not true. I'd give my right arm to go back."

Surprisingly, Bill asked quietly, "Then why don't you?"

Mary laughed. "How could I?" "That's what I'm trying to find out. Would Coleburn's give you a job?"

"Frances says they would. There's some special advisory job that's cropped up that she thinks I could do. Apparently they'd be prepared to pay me a ridiculous amount of money, and she wants me to go back to town with her tomorrow and find out more about it. Just for the day."

She paused, and then said, "Darling, I'm not really serious about this, you know."

Bill said, "Why not?" "Well, primarily because we happen to have three children."

"Who are all at school," Bill pointed out. "We could afford a housekeeper to look after meals and things—if they're willing to pay you that much you could afford her wages."

Mary sat up in bed and looked down at him. "Bill, you sound as though you wanted me to go."

"No I don't." He was shaking his head, not smiling. "But we might as well face it. We haven't been—well, all that bright together lately, have we?"

No, Mary thought, they hadn't. For the past year something that had once been their had been dying, as if the life were going out of things.

They hadn't laughed together so much—quarrelled more often.

She said, "I'm sorry, Bill—it's been mostly my fault. I've just been—tired lately."

"Tired or bored?" Mary said slowly. "It sounds so horrible to say I'm bored. As if I were tired of Tanzy and Butch—"

"No, it doesn't," Bill told her. He reached out a hand and took hers.

"You were an intelligent, well-informed business woman when you married me. The fact that marriage has turned you into a cross between a nurse and an unpaid drudge doesn't alter the fact that you've got a mind and you probably want to use it. I'll be honest—I don't want you to go back to a job. But every woman isn't happy in a home, and I'd rather you stay back to business than have you stay here—well, because you felt you had to."

He stubbed out his cigarette. "Anyway, there's no point in talking this over until you know exactly what's being offered you. Go back to town with Frances tomorrow and find out some more about this job. You can stay at a hotel for the night and then catch the afternoon train back here the day after."

Captive

"It's a risk," Mary said.

"Why?"

"Because when I see it all again I've got a horrible feeling I shan't want to let it go."

"Well, if it's going to be like that, we might as well face it now rather than later," Bill told her.

"I suppose so." Unaccountably, tears stung the back of her eyes. "Darling, you're being very sweet about this."

"Go to sleep," Bill said.

Mary told the children over breakfast. She had asked herself searchingly whether or not it would be better for her to make up some plausible excuse to account for her sudden trip to town, but in her heart she knew that the decision before her was too big a one for deceit.

If she was really going back to Coleburn's the children would have to know sooner or later—putting the moment off was only dodging the issue.

Tanzy and the two boys took the news with interest and without any visible emotion. Peter, the practical one, paused in his onslaught on bacon and sausages long enough to say, "What about cooking and things, Mummy? I mean, if you're going to be away all day like Daddy

"We'll have a housekeeper to look after things during the day," Mary explained.

Nine-year-old Tanzy's steady grey eyes opened a little wider. Impressed, she said, "Like Mrs. McLaren?"

Bill's mouth twitched. Mrs. McLaren, the wife of his senior director, was a standard of wealth in the family. "Yes," he agreed soberly. "Like Mrs. McLaren."

"Will we be rich if Mummy goes to—to wherever it is, then, Daddy?"

"Not rich, I'm afraid, poppet. But there'll be enough money for a housekeeper."

"That," Tanzy said, "will be nice."

"How about you, Butch?" Bill turned to his youngest child, Charles Anthony, who for all his six years had for some unaccountable reason been known only by the former unlovely name. "What do you think of the idea?"

"All right," he said.

"You see?" Frances Dakers said to Mary, "they're all for it." She turned to Bill. "Aren't they, Mr. Samson?"

"Seems like it," Bill said. Watching him, Mary thought she could discern some misgiving, some air of strain about him, but she wasn't sure. He stood up abruptly. "Come on—let's get down to the beach."

"Darling," Mary protested, "the washing-up!"

"Do it later. What do you say, kids?"

"You see?" Bill nodded at the general stampede to the door. "Carried unanimously. You two had better come along, too."

Mary glanced at Frances. "Do you feel like a morning building sand-castles?"

Frances laughed. "I'm a poor hand at it, but I'll try."

It was, Mary supposed, a very ordinary morning on the beach—the sort of morning they had spent a score of times before. They played cricket and rounders and dived time and time again into the waves.

Somewhere in the middle of the morning they drank coffee and orange juice and then Bill and the children ran down towards the centre of the sand to commence the morning's sand defences against the incoming tide.

It was ordinary, but Mary found herself studying it with a new eye. Studying it impersonally. Like a stranger.

After cold lunch back at the bungalow, she said briskly, "If you want a picnic tea for this afternoon I'll pack you a basket before I go."

"Leave it," Bill said. "We'll look after that." He glanced at his daughter. "Won't we?"

"Of course," Tanzy said composedly. "You can go and get yourself ready, Mummy."

"All right," Mary said. She caught Frances' eye as Bill and the children trooped out into the kitchen and then smiled shamefacedly. "I know it's silly to worry, but this'll be the first time I've left them. Bill's the best father in the world, but children can be an awful handful. Particularly Butch. He's always in trouble."

"I think you'll find they'll manage—they're not babies, after all," Frances pointed out.

"I know. I'm probably being terribly silly, but—" Mary hesitated, groping for the words, "they take so much for granted—children,

To page 48

"Carried unanimously," Bill said as the children rushed off towards the beach.



NEW

Angel Face

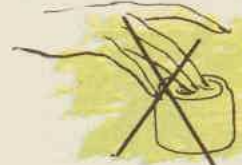
BY POND'S

Sensational new make-up—powder and foundation in-one!



NO wet sponge

Easy to apply because it goes on with its own soft puff. Looks natural and sheer, never "masky" or drying.



NO greasy finger-tips

Never turns shiny. With a touch of the puff tiny skin blemishes hide beneath a veil of soft colour that clings—much longer than powder.



NO spilly powder

Angel Face does not spill in your handbag or "snow" over your clothes. Gives you a lovely fresh make-up, any time and anywhere.

And now! Angel Face comes in two Angel-sweet packs!

The economy blue and gold box.
Lasts and lasts for months!

Priced at just 10/6 (slightly higher in country districts), the beloved blue and gold pack is a real budget pleaser. Indeed, Angel Face in the blue and gold pack is so popular that more women buy it than any other complexion make-up. Proof that Angel Face flatters like nothing else!

"Angel Face is so easy to use, and stays on for hours. I love the way it goes on without water—no wet sponge. And it doesn't dry my skin. I have two Angel Faces—one for home—one for my handbag."
MRS. JOHN A. ROOSEVELT.



New—the slim ivory and gold case. Perfect for your handbag!

Sleek as polished ivory . . . etched with golden tracery . . . slim as a wafer, this adorable new ivory and gold case will snuggle into your smallest handbag. So, wherever you are, morning tea, movies or motoring, you can have Angel Face with you for quick 5-second pretty-ups. Angel Face in the new ivory and gold case is available at better beauty counters everywhere.

"Angel Face has always been divine for quick touch-ups, but now it's more of a joy than ever . . . such a handsome accessory to whisk out wherever I happen to be."
THE LADY MAUREEN COOPER.



ONLY
5/6

slightly more in
country districts.

5 FASHIONABLE AMERICAN SHADES, TOO—ALL TRUE TO YOUR COMPLEXION.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 7, 1953

Redhead on a Train

A short short story By LEE RUSSELL

AS Paul got on to the train in Chicago, he was at last on the final leg of his journey to marry Helen. Because she had wanted the wedding at home, she had resigned from her job in New York and gone back to San Francisco a month ago. Paul had missed her—her spirit, her fresh beauty, her nearness.

He had missed the impromptu dinners, the long telephone calls, the exchange of ideas and anecdotes at the end of each day. This month of separation had left Paul desolate.

He settled himself in his reserved seat—it was on the aisle—and saw with relief that his companion for the next two days was to be a pretty, slender redhead. From New York to Chicago he had had a stout lady who snored.

The detachment with which he was able to appreciate the girl, he decided happily, was the second sign of his successful conversion from bachelor to husband. The first sign had been the decision to travel by train instead of flying—in the interest of economy.

One hour out of Chicago he discovered the disadvantage of sitting by a pretty redhead.

The redhead got up. Paul drew in his long outstretched legs. The redhead stepped into the aisle and reached for her hatbox, stored on the overhead rack. He stood up and got it down for her. She took it down the aisle with her, and when she came back he got up and put it back.

It was no toy. He could think of nothing that was both portable and that heavy except books. After her third trip to the ladies' room, the hatbox, at her suggestion, was wedged under the seat.

She came back from the ladies' room after dinner wearing dark glasses and utilitarian-looking white gloves. She took off one glove to get something from her purse, and Paul noticed that her hands glistened with lotion. And then another glance revealed that the skin behind the glasses also gleamed.

With Helen waiting for him at the end of the journey, Paul had no interest in redheads.

But the fact that this one could sit with closed eyes, answer his polite questions with monosyllables, seem to regard him as part of the train furnishings, and not care how she looked to him stung him.

However, complete disillusionment occurred at about midnight, as the train was approaching Omaha. Some time before, hatbox in hand, the redhead, along with some other women, had retired to the ladies' room.

Now, with horrified fascination, Paul watched them come back, transformed for the night. He recognised his redhead only because there was no other redhead. She had changed into slacks, a short coat, and moccasins; she had pinned her curls and tied them in a net; and she had definitely, though not obviously, greased her face.

Paul was too stunned to get up. She climbed over him and settled into her seat.

He looked around to see if any of the other men were sharing his uneasy sense of having blundered into a lady's boudoir. But those who were sitting beside women seemed obviously married to their grotesque partners and oblivious to their metamorphoses.

Paul had no sisters, and his mother had been a woman of dignity and reticence. No one had ever seen her in stocking feet, and she had retired to her room to take off her hat.

Mercifully, the car lights went out. Paul slept until dawn broke—around four a.m. Even then he kept his eyes closed until the cessation of aisle traffic told him that the women had reconverted.

After breakfast he staggered up to the observation car while the train climbed up through the clouds hanging on the mountains.

The redhead—dressed again in suit, dark glasses, utilitarian gloves, and lipstick—came up, looked out through a torn place in the fog at the apparently endless drop, and moved to an aisle seat.

Paul was about to move over beside her

to make another attempt at conversation, when he realised that she was doing deep-breathing exercises.

After lunch the redhead abandoned make-up for the duration. Staring past her, Paul looked at the Red Canyon, pagodas, and the Colorado River rushing over rocks, trying to ignore the fatigue that was plaguing him.

Late that afternoon Paul got a glimpse into the heavy hatbox. It was full of large bottles and jars. A little later he noticed a rhythmic tightening of the muscles in the redhead's neck and jaws, each tightening held to the count of ten; he checked this.

He glanced down at his legs to reassure himself that he was actually there, visible to himself and therefore visible to the girl.

When she began surreptitiously exercising her ankles, he closed his eyes and concentrated on Helen. She, like this redhead, wore her hair in soft curls that bounced when she walked. He supposed he was adolescent about Helen in many ways, but there was one role in which he could not visualise her—the role of the redhead here beside him.

After dinner and darkness, the redhead's pretty, soft mouth began to droop.

"Salt Lake," Paul said bleakly at one point. The train had venetian blinds, curtains, wall-to-wall carpeting—everything for the passengers' comfort—but none of these could alter the fact that the passenger had to spend two days and two nights without lying on a real bed.

Dawn broke over California, and Paul's grainy eyes protested. The train wound through the Feather River Canyon.

He began to feel sorry for the redhead, in spite of her disconcerting behaviour. She was sitting back now, white-gloved hands in her lap, greased eyelids closed behind dark glasses, and he sensed a desperation in her attempt to rest.

There was something disturbingly real about this girl. Helen—well, Helen was more a bright spirit, a smile, a quick lift of voice.

After lunch Paul napped, and when he woke up the train was moving slowly into Oakland. The redhead and her hatbox were gone.

Paul rushed to the crowded men's room, and waited impatiently for a chance to shave. He got his shirt changed and his suit brushed, and missed seeing the redhead reconverted to her original, her Chicago, state—suit, make-up, and manicure.

And then he was off the train and in the waiting-room. The ferry came in and he saw Helen, running towards him on her slender, high heels, her dark curls flying and tears streaming down her face. And then, after all the aching, lonely weeks, he was holding her in his arms at last.

On the ferry, as it moved into the sharp breeze that whipped across the bay, Paul told Helen about the redhead with whom he had been "living" for the past two days.

Then he saw her standing by the boat rail, her pretty red curls combed out and blowing in the wind, her pretty face, fresh somehow in spite of the trip, turned towards a blond young man, who looked down at her with adoration.



The redhead came along the aisle and Paul watched her approach with horrified fascination.

Paul knew how desperately tired she must feel, how, as soon as she could, she would fall on to a bed and sleep the rest of the afternoon and all evening and all night. Then it hit him—he knew now what this girl had been working towards for two days and two nights. He looked at the blond young man and felt tremendously superior to him.

Paul turned back to Helen. Her face was quietly radiant with the joy of their being together again, this time for always.

"I spent the day getting ready for you," she said, "then I took a nap, and almost didn't make it. I had to rush like mad."

She turned, and the wind swept back her dark hair. He saw, just behind her ear, one tiny, forgotten curl, pinned flat, as the redhead had pinned her curls, with two crossed bobby pins.

Shocked and disillusioned, Paul looked at Helen's face, really looked at it. Like a picture coming into focus, she seemed to change before his eyes from a dream to an actual woman, human and real.

The real hand of this real Helen touched his arm. "Is something wrong?" she said.

Paul pulled her close. A wave of tenderness that was almost too great to contain surged through him.

"No," he said, "something is finally right."

(Copyright)

The Maras Affair

Beginning our dramatic
new four-part serial

By **ELIOT REED**

SOKOLNY came into the office quite excited about a new scheme for an escape across the frontier. He extolled it like a carpet salesman. It would be a big sensation.

No, it was not merely the seizure of another aeroplane. That, as everyone knew, was becoming difficult as well as hackneyed. As for those poor dolts who gambled against the mines between the zones of barbed wire, the statistics alone were enough! Not two in ten got through. Perhaps not one in ten.

Nowadays the job needed daring, imagination, careful preparation. No wonder the price was going up. It took all of fifteen hundred dollars to get you out of the country today. Now, this story he was hoping to get would show that.

Burton listened without interest. At that time it was nothing that concerned him personally nor could he see that it would ever concern him. If it came off, it would be just another news story for the censor to kill. The sensation, if any, would be worked up by some newsman beyond the corridor of mines and watch-towers.

He interrupted Sokolny. "You'd better go along to the Trade Ministry. There's a statement to pick up. Give it to Anna if I'm not in."

Sokolny shrugged. Burton was a little worried. He didn't like Sokolny and his confidential reports. They were dangerous; especially to the man himself. Unless, of course, he invented them to justify the continuance of his retainer. It was also possible that he was simply a spy, put in by the regime to test and report the doings of the "Star-Dispatch" office. Foreign correspondents were always suspect.

Burton saw the door of the outer office close slowly behind Sokolny. He walked to the window and looked out. The prospect was one of fine streets, of noble buildings and pleasant gardens, but what he saw with his mind's eye was a pattern of intrigue and fear, of treachery and of shifting loyalties that formed and broke up and formed again beneath the surface of imposed order.

More than ever, Sokolny seemed part of the pattern. A nervous, irresolute man with big dark eyes in a pale wedge of a face, who could never stand long on two feet but was always shifting his weight from one foot to the other.

There was not much weight to shift. The worn suit flapped on his thin frame; the collar of his shirt seemed always a size too large.

Burton had wanted to get rid of him at the start, but his predecessor had advised strongly against it.

"Sokolny's useful," he had said. "I've got him well trained. More important, you can trust him. You'll learn what that means before you're much older. Unless you're just going to sit back and take the official hand-outs, you're going to have plenty of trouble coming."

Not an entirely reliable witness, Don Glover; and not, perhaps, a very good judge of men like Stephan Sokolny. Don had got himself in trouble in no time, and the "Star-Dispatch" had been forced to haul him out. But part of his testimony had been sound. Burton had soon been up against the trouble.

There were long arguments with the censorship about fatuous details. Every kind of obstruction was put in his way. The officials were pleasant people, most affable. They told you funny stories even while they killed your copy.

Following one specially fantastic episode, Burton had written to his London office that he was wasting his time and their money; but nothing had come of it then. Spring had arrived, and the Dreva had continued to flow under the ten bridges. Months later he had turned down the offer of a job in Vienna.

Now, when he recalled that decision, he looked towards Anna Maras, who was working through the files of foreign language newspapers.

Vehemently, he tried to deny that he was hanging on to the job because of Anna Maras. He assured himself that the reason was very different. It was the newspaperman's sense of something impending, and it had grown on him more and more throughout the summer.

If he worried about Anna Maras it was because he felt responsible for her in a vague way. A thought would come nagging about the girl who had worked for another foreign correspondent, Frank Murch.

What had happened to her? A reward? A punishment? All he knew was that she had dropped out of sight, and, in the international hullabaloo over Murch's deportation, no one had bothered to inquire about her.

Appointments had to be vetted, of course, and no doubt these girls were loyal servants of the regime. If they accepted an invitation to dine or to go to the opera or ballet with you in their spare time, it was probably with the approval of the responsible bureau. One had to be thankful that the responsible bureau had the good taste to pick someone as lovely as Anna.

Thankful for one so disturbing? Burton scowled at his desk. There had been an incident; a playful embrace in parting one night after one of those social occasions. At least, he had intended it to be playful. It was in a light mood, a gesture of affection, but, at the moment of touch, there was a swift change in the girl. She had drawn back, startled, then reached towards him and held him.

On the way back to his hotel he had thought bitterly that this sort of thing was possibly within her brief; she would have him tied up, just where she wanted him.

But Anna, the next morning, had given no sign of any change in their relations. Her behaviour had been fastidiously correct, and so it had continued in the days that followed. Away from the office she'd sometimes relax a little, but at the first sign of an advance from him she would retreat.

The phone bell rang, drawing his glance back to the outer office. He had a glimpse of the girl's fine profile in the afternoon sunlight when she turned to reach for the receiver. She spoke a few sentences and her voice became tense.

"For you," she said. "The Police Judiciary."

"Mr. Charles Burton?" The official at the Judiciary was very polite. It was desired that Mr. Burton should attend at a particular office; a mere formality connected with the representation of the "Star-Dispatch." If Mr. Burton would name an agreeable hour, every endeavor would be made to meet his convenience.

Burton said, "I'll come right away. Will that be agreeable?"

When he put the receiver down, Anna Maras was standing beside him.

"Whom must you see?" she asked.

"Fellow named Sesnik. Know him?"

"Yes."

He heard fear in her voice. "Look, Anna, what is this? What have you got to be frightened about?"

"Nothing." She turned away, hesitated, came back. "If it's about Pero Trovic, please be careful. Say nothing of Sokolny."

"What do you know of Pero Trovic?"

Something made it hard for her to speak.

"I know," she said at last; but that was all.

Sesnik reached across the wide top of his desk with a photograph in his podgy hand. It was a bromide reproduction of a pensive young man, chin resting on hand, forefinger laid along a lean cheek. An amateur poet with motley, or the juvenile lead in a comedy by Turgenev.

An inescapable suggestion of ham in the pose swung the odds in favor of the actor.

"You know him?" Sesnik asked hopefully. "You are not sure, perhaps? Look again."

Burton squinted, half-closing his eyes. Then he had it. The actor took on a new make-up. The face became strained and lined and the hair was an untrimmed mass. Instead of smugness, the eyes had a hunted look.

Sesnik had the reedy voice of a persuasive bassoon. "The photograph is six years old. He has since grown a moustache. A little moustache."

"Yes, of course," Burton agreed. "His name is Pero Trovic. He does a bit of work for us now and then. I don't know much about him. Haven't been here long enough. Surely he's not in any trouble?"

The official shifted his corpulent body within the tight compass of a revolving armchair.

"He does a bit of work for you," he repeated speculatively. "Now and then?" The round moon face with the small eyes, button nose, and the gentle, comical mouth came nearer as he leaned over the blotter. "Eight days ago he applied to the Propaganda Ministry for a permit to visit the village of Kazyos. The application had your endorsement."

"Yes. There's nothing wrong with that. It was suggested that he should get a story on the resumption of the Horse Fair."

"This is very flattering," Sesnik's smile suggested a great breadth of geniality. "The London 'Star-Dispatch' is interested in the disposal of ten spavined cart-horses in a squalid mountain village."

Burton protested that Mr. Sesnik was being a little too modest. The fair at Kazyos was traditional, famed in song and story. The color, the customs, the history of it might make an excellent feature article.

Sesnik watched him, smiling. "I see. Who suggested this journalistic enterprise? Was it Trovic himself?"

"Yes, it was."

"So? Are you aware how far Kazyos is from the frontier?"

"I don't see what that has to do with it."

One man grasped Anna by the elbow, shepherding her down the stairs. The other followed closely.

"You travelled people never know your geography. Have you received your story from Trovic?"

Burton made a gesture of impatience. "The fair began yesterday. I don't expect anything till next week."

Sesnik's moon face was solemn as he shook his head slowly. "If you did not expect anything till next year you would still be disappointed. Trovic crossed the frontier two days ago. He was, perhaps, a good news-gatherer. He must have learned a lot in a short time about the mined area and the barbed wire. I do not question your good faith, Mr. Burton, but I have to impress it upon you that a dangerous criminal has made use of you."

Burton frowned. "Why wasn't I warned about him in time? You must have known he was on our books."

"Regard me, please, Mr. Burton," Sesnik's appeal had an almost boyish candor. "I am a man, like yourself. Perhaps I have not the astuteness of a British correspondent. I learn more and more as the days pass, but omniscience is beyond me."

He picked up the bromide reproduction from the desk. "This handsome young man once acted at our National Theatre under the name of Andreas Nimsky. How often, since your arrival among us, have you used him on your newspaper assignments?"

"This was the first time. I merely took him over from my colleague, Don Glover."

"How frequently did Mr. Glover employ him?"

"I can't tell you off-hand. I'll have to look it up."

"Yes, Mr. Burton, look it up." Sesnik turned towards a wall calendar for a moment, then came full face again. "You employ a man named Sokolny. A satisfactory man, I believe?"

"Very satisfactory."

"And Miss Maras. A charming girl. Brilliant career at our university, such as it is. I have a deep regard for Anna Maras. Socially, I mean. I might claim to have helped her a little. I knew her mother. A witty Frenchwoman. Charming. There are associations with your country, by the way. One of Anna's aunts married into a British family. She's very interested in England. Between you and me, she always wanted a job with a British newspaper. That's where I stepped in."

Sesnik smiled. "You understand, don't you, that this has nothing to do officially with the Police Judiciary?"

"I understand that the usual procedure was followed."

"But my part in it was purely personal, as a friend of the family." Sesnik hauled himself up from his chair and waddled round the great desk. "Well, my dear sir, I am most happy to know you. If you wish for anything, I shall always be at your service."

Anna Maras had gone for the day. It was still early, and Burton wondered if she had wished to evade any questions he might bring back from the Police Judiciary. A note in her hand told him that Sokolny, too, had departed.

"He was feeling bad with his teeth, and

To page 10

ILLUSTRATED
BY
BECK



AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 7, 1953

Now every woman can wear
make-up beautifully, naturally

COTY PRESENTS THE PERFECT BEAUTY BASE, IDEAL FOR ALL SKIN TYPES —



the **NEW** Coty

Instant Beauty

LIQUID TINTED MAKE-UP BASE

If you've ever asked for a make-up to recapture the radiant freshness of youth, "Instant Beauty" is your dream come true.

Light and sheer, never greasy, it feels different, even on the most sensitive skin. It covers gloriously, transforms dull complexions with vibrant colour, makes even the finest lines and wrinkles seem to disappear. The beauty of its flawless finish lasts for hours, yet it is non-drying: never does it make your skin feel tight and mask-like. "Instant Beauty" has a miraculous texture. It never shines through your face powder, doesn't cake like greasy foundations, yet takes and holds your rouge and face powder—makes them behave!

Blend "Instant Beauty" easily, smoothing with the fingertips, apply Coty Rouge, then Coty "AirSpun" Face Powder—and watch your skin come alive.

Coty make-up harmony
is the secret of
loveliness—



COTY

LONDON PARIS NEW YORK SYDNEY

Continuing . . . The Maras Affair

from page 9

will see a dentist in the morning. I have taken the trade report with me. Here is digest of an important item. Nothing else. I wish to see Babette, so have hurried.—A.M."

It was feasible. Her friend, Babette Trepleva, subject to the stern regimen of the ballet dancer, would have to be early at the Opera House.

He looked at the important item and decided that it wasn't worth cabling. He opened the book in which outside assignments were recorded for expense account purposes, and the first name he saw was Trovic's, in Glover's untidy scrawl.

Over a period of two years, Trovic had been paid for six articles, all of them on village or pastoral subjects.

When Burton finished for the day he left the list in the outer office for Anna Maras to batch.

Next morning a batch of mail kept him busy, and it was not until the girl brought him the list that he gave another thought to the Trovic affair. It was tiresome, but quite unimportant. He grinned, recalling again the comical figure of Mr. Sesnik. The girl's eyes were grave.

"What did he have to say to you?" she asked.

"Only that you have an aunt in England," Burton answered. "You didn't mention that Sesnik was a friend of the family."

"I beg you not to make such jokes. Please tell me what he said about Trovic."

"He won't be doing any more work for us."

She jerked back as if from a sudden pain and he stared at her coldly.

"He's not dead, if that's what you're worried about," he said. "He's safe. Out of it. He got across the frontier near Kazvos. He didn't wait to cover the horse fair."

It took her a while to grasp this information. Then she turned away quickly to the window.

Burton got up and went to her. "I want to know why you asked me to keep Sokolny out of it."

"Because he's so helpless. It's not good to get him involved in anything."

"Then you knew that something was going on?" He waited. "Answer me, Anna!"

"I knew that Trovic was in trouble."

"And you didn't think it necessary to warn me?"

"Please." She turned to him and he saw her anxious eyes.

"I wasn't here when Sokolny brought him in. I didn't know him by the name of Trovic."

"Has he got many other names?"

"We have come through hard times." She kept her face resolutely towards the window. "There have been changes. The wind shifts, and you have to have courage to stand against it."

"Do you stand against it?"

"I love my country. I am your servant. If you think I am not loyal to you, you must let me go." She turned from him and began to walk away. Quickly, he caught her arm.

"Forget it," he said, and smiled. "How was your friend Babette last night?"

"Very well, thank you. She is dancing in 'Swan Lake' tonight. Vera Kurtz has hurt her knee and Radkina is ill. It is Babette's great chance."

Excitement over her friend's good fortune broke down her solemnity. "The news came last night. A friend is trying to get me a seat, but it is difficult. If I leave early again I can make up for it tomorrow."

"Yes, you can do that."

She went out. Burton closed the door and telephoned an official at the Propaganda Ministry for ballet tickets.

"Tonight, I regret, it is impossible," the official said. "The house is sold out for Kurtz, though she will not be dancing. You should have given me a few days notice, Mr. Burton."

When Burton returned from lunch it was late in the afternoon. Anna motioned towards the closed door of his room and shaped two syllables with her lips. Sesnik.

She whispered. "He came a half-hour ago and insisted on waiting in your room. I didn't know where to reach you."

"It's all right," Burton assured her. "I should have sent him the Trovic list. I forgot about it. Don't worry."

"There is something else. A messenger brought the article on the Kazvos Fair."

"What!" His voice rose involuntarily. "Trovic's article?"

"It is not yet translated. She glanced with increased apprehension towards the closed door. "That man must not know."

"We'll see."

She brought him a thin fold of quarto sheets. He thrust the sheets into the breast pocket of his jacket and opened the door of his room.

Sesnik turned from the window, swivelling awkwardly on the soles of his radiant shoes.

"I hope you will forgive this intrusion," he smiled. "I was passing your doorway and I thought I would step in."

"I suppose you've come about the Trovic assignments?" Burton said stiffly. "Here is the list."

He found the sheet on his desk and handed it over. Sesnik sat down and examined it carefully; seemed to read it twice, and then a third time.

"This is very interesting." The small eyes in the moon face gazed probably at Burton. "Very interesting indeed. I wonder if you realise, my dear friend, what you have placed in my hands."

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



Swimsuits by air

THE girls—and boys—of Brisbane and points north saw the new season's sun fashions while the people of the southern States were still trying to shake off the last of winter.

A stunt called "Fashions in the Air" made this possible. Three of Sydney's top models—Jeanette Elphick, Joan Newington, and Michele Safary—flew to Brisbane, Townsville, and Cairns to parade the beach toga.

A.M.'s staff photographer, Adelle Hurley, went along, too, and two pages of her pictures showing the girls and the sun fashions appear in the October 6 issue of this popular weekly magazine.

Burton's blank face masked his concern. "I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about."

"I will show you. A sheet of paper, if you please." Sesnik's pudgy finger uncapped a fountain pen. He reached for the paper and drew an indented line upon it with a nice precision.

"Perhaps the details are not exact," he said, "but this is intended to be our western frontier from the Carpathians to the Dreva. Now here is Kazvos." He placed a dot near one of the indentations, then added other dots to the map, naming them as he did so. "Murnitz, Kars, Jysic, Trody, Kleeback, Prebl. Each place, you see, is quite close to the frontier, and each place has been the scene of an escape."

"What about it?" "Each place has also been the background of a little journalistic excursion for Trovic. A remarkable series of coincidences, don't you think?" He gazed at Burton. Burton gazed back, speechless.

"I would like," Sesnik said abruptly, "to meet your Mr. Sokolny."

"He hasn't appeared today. I think he's having some teeth out."

"Well, I will see him another time."

Sesnik wrenched himself from the arms of the chair and got to his feet with grunting noises. "You need not fear that I will be harsh with him. I have suffered from teeth myself."

He fumbled in his breast pocket.

"It occurs to me," he went on, "that you may be interested in the ballet. It is quite one of our most promising cultural institutions. Not comparable, of course, to Moscow or Leningrad, but the best, I dare say, among the newer of the free democracies. I had tickets . . . ah, yes, here they are. Will you please accept them with my compliments? For tonight, I'm afraid I'm sorry the notice is so short. If you are unable to use them, perhaps you have a friend."

Another coincidence? But nothing could be more innocent of guile than the moon face of Mr. Sesnik.

"You mustn't deprive yourself."

"Please, no inconvenience," Sesnik begged. "I will say a word or two to Anna on my way out."

And then he had gone. Burton waited a few minutes, and

To page 64

Printed by Compres Printing Limited for the publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 160-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



sky-high

fashion

Prints are the height of fashion and, once again, Leroy has the pick of the prints. Incredibly brilliant colour, excitingly new designs — no wonder Leroy scooped the exclusive fashion-rights to Alcorso Handprints! Yet, for all their look of luxury, these Launderized frocks are, in Lux, washable, shrink-fast, colour-fast. See Leroy's most triumphant fashions — Launderized Alcorso Handprints — at your favourite store now.

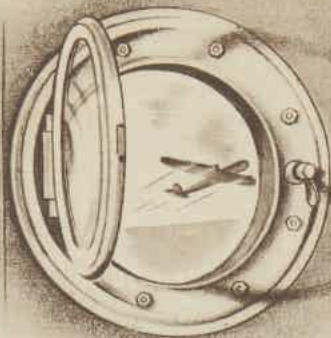
Leroy

Alcorso

L AUUNDERIZED HANDPRINTS ARE AT YOUR FAVOURITE STORE NOW

FREE FASHION BOOK! Write to Marion Harper, Leroy House, 110 Flinders Lane, Melbourne for your free copy of the "Top Twenty" fashion book.





Reliability...

... that's rugged for your roughest, toughest days

That's the kind of service the British Government wanted. They wanted a watch that could stand the steaming heat of tropical jungles... the freezing cold of arctic storms... the gritty dust of desert winds. A watch that would stand up under the roughest jolts... take to water like a duck... and go on running day and night with faultless accuracy.

They wanted a *super watch*! Omega made it.

Impartial scientific tests proved that the OMEGA was—and is—all the British Government demanded. In 1952 the British Government has again selected Omega as Official Suppliers of the British Navy, Army and Air Force.

If you *must* have a watch you can rely on—always—you'll be glad you picked Omega!

OLYMPIC GAMES. For 20 years Omega has officially timed the Olympics—Los Angeles 1932, Berlin 1936, London 1948, Helsinki 1952; and again in 1956 Omega will time the Olympic Games in Melbourne. The highest recognition any watch has ever received from the nations of the entire world. Your guarantee of consistent accuracy.



Ω
OMEGA *Seamaster*



THIS SIGN IDENTIFIES AN OMEGA OFFICIAL AGENT.

Look closely at this sign—you will see it displayed with a complete range of the world-famous Omega models in the window of your Omega Official Agent. It signifies one of a select band of highly-

skilled watchmakers and jewellers in the Omega world-wide organisation. Only these specialists are authorised to sell and service Omega high-precision watches.

OMEGA SEAMASTER

Automatic super-waterproof

In 14 ct. gold £116.
Steel and 14 ct. £59/10/-.
Stainless Steel £46/10/-.
Other Omega models from £23.



THE WORLD HAS LEARNED TO TRUST OMEGA • Some day you'll own one...

OWW6

Anne is "the laughing princess"

Thanks to brother's influence she prefers engines to dolls

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

At the age of three Princess Anne is such a gay little girl and so full of fun that she is known as "the laughing princess."

Photographs, newsreels, and television have all caught that laughter. It is so joyous that one can almost hear the gurgle and sense the roguishness behind it.

PRINCESS ANNE is a lovable tomboy, who, on her return to London, no doubt resented going back to smocked dresses and frilled party frocks after the tough little shoes and demin boiler suits she wears at Balmoral.

She couldn't be the younger sister of an active brother of nearly five without catching his enthusiasm for robust games.

She is just young enough to imitate his boyish ways. Besides Prince Charles is her hero.

He adores his little sister, and between them they make their Royal parents, the whole Court circle, and visitors to Buckingham Palace, too, more than aware that there are children about.

The Duke of Edinburgh's office overlooks the gardens at Buckingham Palace, and through the long windows official visitors often catch a glimpse of Prince Charles in his motor car pedalling furiously

round the asphalt paths with Princess Anne mounted behind.

Elder statesmen may sometimes catch their breath as the Prince takes a sharp corner at speed, but the Duke of Edinburgh is the least ruffled.

He knows, the Queen knows, Nanny Lightbody knows—they all know that pretty, dumpling Princess Anne isn't the baby she looks.

No dangerous turns are going to jockey her from the precarious back seat when she has a firm grip of brother Charles.

Father's zest

PRINCESS ANNE seems to have inherited her mother's looks and charm and her father's exuberance.

Because she is the younger child, it is natural that she should speak at a much earlier age than her brother.

Because she loves sharing all his toys and games, it is also natural that she should prefer engines, horses, and cars to the neglected-looking dolls that stand round the nursery.

Princess Anne already has a street named after her, a

chrysanthemum, and two waltzes.

Because of the little girl's popularity, the Queen broke a Royal rule that no presents be accepted for the Royal children and allowed her to accept a rosebud-embroidered organdie party frock.

Now Queen Elizabeth has allowed the Princess to accept a woolly coat made from the fleece of a pet lamb. It is perfectly styled and will undoubtedly set a new fashion this winter.

The story is like a London fairy tale.

The lamb was found bleating on a common at Finchley and cared for by orphan boys in a home near Reading.

The fleece was eventually cut and made into a coat for the Princess.

Linda the lamb is still the well-loved pet at the home, and is as full of tricks as any of the boys. She opens doors, appears at the wrong times, butting people one moment and warming herself at the fire at others.

The fleece was woven by the Canterbury weavers.

Princess Anne will learn to ride next year. At two she went riding in a basket fastened to the saddle of one of the Shetland ponies.

Early this year the Princess surprised everyone by asking the Master of West Norfolk Fox Hounds, Major R. Hoare, if she could ride one of his horses.

The Princess, with Prince Charles, had been taken to the meet and just after the hunt moved off Midget, a small chestnut cob, was brought.

The Princess sat him proudly holding the reins in one hand and the silver hunting horn in the other, while Midget was led round the lawn.

Princess Anne has a pony of her own. It is an Exmoor pony called Heather Maid.

Heather Maid is just one month older than the Princess and has been running with other ponies on the moor but now joins Prince Charles' pony at Windsor.

Here, the Princess' riding lessons will start in earnest.

The Queen had her first lessons when she was four, but Princess Anne may start just a little earlier—probably in the spring of 1954.

Her dancing lessons have already begun.

Miss Vacani, who taught the Queen and Princess Margaret to dance, visits Buckingham Palace with her niece, Betty, who provides the music.

At the piano Betty improvises on modern marches and



PRINCESS ANNE, photographed specially on her third birthday holding one of her dolls and wearing her "best" dress. The dress, which she wore on Coronation Day, is of cream French needlework lace over chiffon and taffeta.

dance tunes while the two Royal children learn to move round the room to set rhythms.

Curtisying was the very first thing Princess Anne had to learn. For all her tomboyish ways with her brother, the Princess can sink into the deepest and most elegant little curtsy, her frilled skirts fluttering above her chubby knees.

Princess Anne always curtsies to her grandmother when the Queen Mother enters the room. This is in the Royal tradition, for all younger members of the Royal family must curtsy to their elders.

Private life

BEHIND the scenes Princess Anne and Prince Charles have a private life of their own.

In the Highlands shopping and other outings are not difficult for no crowds appear to drive the expedition into seclusion.

At Windsor, too, there is the same respect for the Royal children when they wander round High Street.

In London, however, it is not always so easy, and walks in Green Park and St. James' Park have been abandoned because of the crowds.

But the Royal children are often taken to Putney where there is a heath and a wild tanglewood of scrub.

Here, they and their friends can romp without a throng of sightseers recognising them and by their well-meaning intrusion forcing Nanny Light-

body and the detective to cancel the outing.

Princess Anne, though still only a baby, already has world interest centred on her. A French newspaper has started choosing her beaus.

Another said in all seriousness:

"It is only a question of time before the four-year-old Viscount Ipswich, grandson of the Duke of Grafton, is photographed dancing with Princess Anne."

"The Honorable Ian Macpherson, three-year-old son of motor-racing Lord Strathcarron, will undoubtedly take Anne to Silverstone in his low-slung sports job."

Meantime the Princess knows nothing of her Royal heritage.

Servants must call her "Anne" and give no indication that she is a Princess, just as her brother is called "Charles" with no reference to his title as Duke of Cornwall.

Toys in the nursery are gifts from parents, and there are also gifts from very important Royal visitors. But to the Royal children they are just toys.

The children are not aware, for instance, of the significance of the nursery horses from Queen Juliana of the Netherlands and the blankets from Australia with the coat of arms woven in, which are in daily use.

Even the beautiful little

chair carved by Basil Spence, the young designer, which Princess Anne uses in the nursery, can have no meaning outside its use and comfort until she is old enough to understand.

With her toy soldiers to play with, and real-life Guardsmen to watch from the nursery windows, she is being brought up—like her brother—as simply as possible.

Princess Anne shares the blue-and-white nursery at Buckingham Palace with Prince Charles. It was once part of Princess Margaret's suite, and from its windows they can see the Changing of the Guard, the crowds that peer through the railings, the visitors that come and go—Prime Ministers and foreign envoys, dispatch boxes and Royal couriers.

But, of course, to the Royal Princess they are just people.

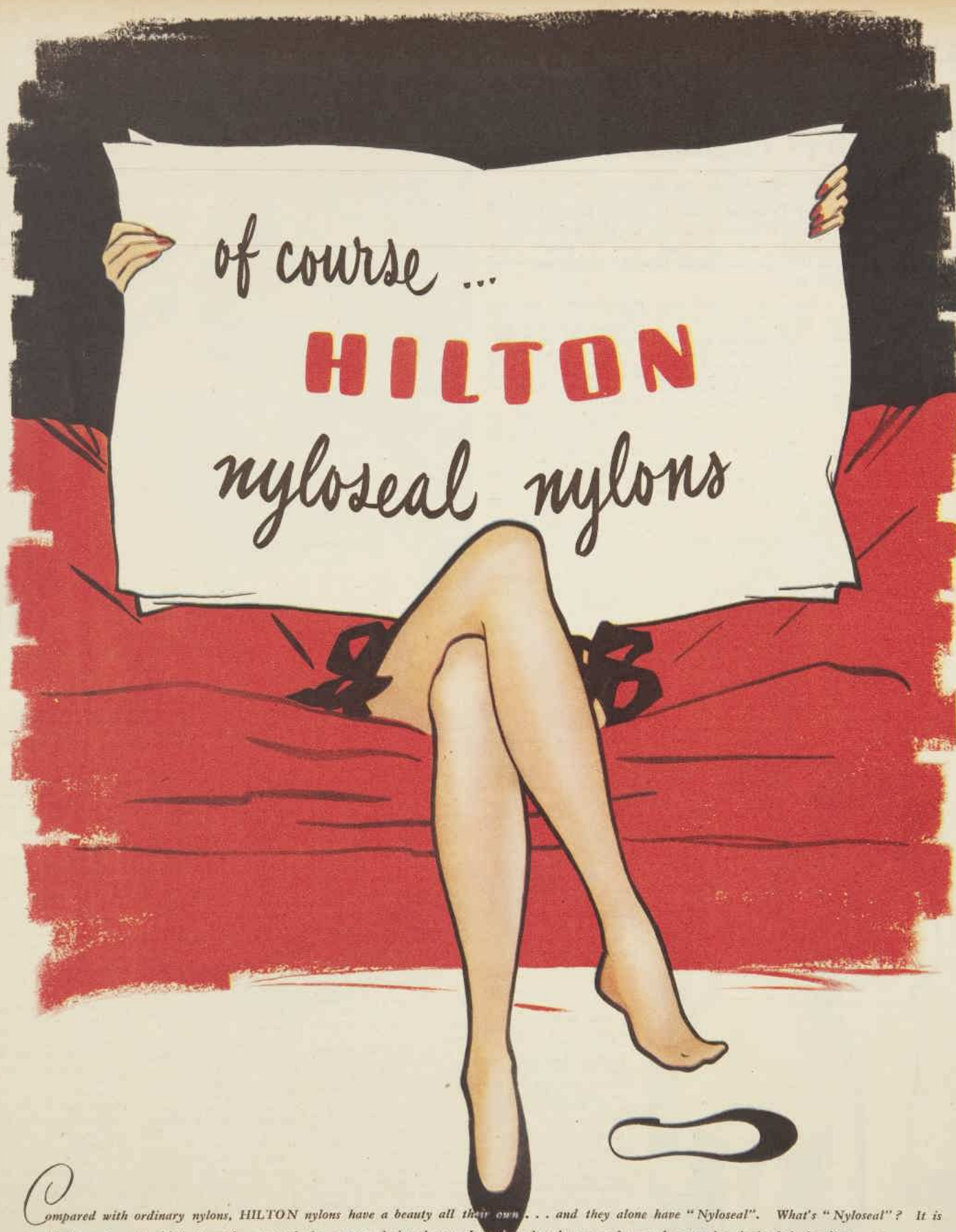
She loves them all, because, with her zest for life and love of company, they are a real joy.

She is remembered by many for her solo appearance on the balcony at Buckingham Palace on Coronation Day, when the Royal Family retired and the Princess returned to the balcony, took her bow, and had a final and gala performance all her own.

It equalled the good-morning kiss she blew to the crowds the day before the Coronation and won her a host of friends and staunch admirers.



CORONATION DAY picture of the Royal children, Prince Charles and Princess Anne. The Princess is wearing her mother's necklace of eight real pearls on a platinum chain. Her brooch, a circle of rubies and diamonds, was a present from Queen Mary to the Queen when a child.



of course ...

HILTON

nyloseal nylons

Compared with ordinary nylons, HILTON nylons have a beauty all their own . . . and they alone have "Nyloseal". What's "Nyloseal"? It is added beauty and added strength—an exclusive process designed to make nylons last longer and to make your legs look their loveliest. New colours—perfect for you—for Spring, are now available. Ask to see them in these HILTON styles.

WALTZ DREAM (30 Denier)..12/11 ELATION (15 Denier)..14/11 SKYLINE (15 Denier)..15/11 PETIT POINT (15 Denier)..16/11

MORE WOMEN WEAR HILTON

The lines of affection

By FRANCES KIENZLE

● In this instalment the lines supporting the Heart line are explained. When reading your hand, remember that if you are right-handed the left hand will indicate inherited characteristics and the right hand will show what you are making of your life.

THE line of Affection, more commonly known as the Marriage line, appears on the side of the hand just below the little finger and just above the Heart line.

(See diagram at right showing the Heart line running across the hand, and approximate age of possible lines of Affection.)

The line of Affection sometimes runs as far inward as the Mount of Mercury under the little finger.

This line always relates to the opposite sex and never to a blood relation.

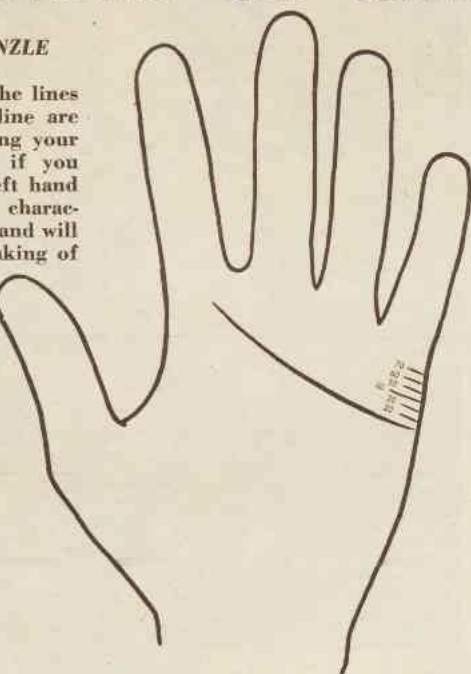
There are often several lines of Affection. They are sometimes deep, sometimes faint, according to the depth of feeling for the person represented by the line.

In reading the Affection lines, read them from the Heart line upward towards the little finger.

Divide the distance between the Heart line that marks where the little finger is attached to the hand and count the middle of the space as middle age.

Any Affection lines appearing in the half below the middle will occur before middle age, and any in the upper half after middle age.

Every Affection line on the hand does not necessarily represent a marriage, but it does represent a deep affection you



LINES OF AFFECTION shown above the long Heart line and marked with the ages at which they can occur. Few people have more than one or two of these lines, each of which represents a marriage or a deep affection.



AN ISLAND on the Affection line. It denotes a temporary estrangement.



FORKED Affection line indicating a possible disappointment in connection with the one you love.

have felt or will feel for someone.

It is logical to believe that the deepest and strongest lines represent marriages.

If there is only one deep Affection line, it shows that you will love only one person deeply; if there are two you will love two, and so on.

A forked Affection line shows disappointment and heartbreak in connection with the loved one.

One that turns downward shows anxiety caused by someone you love.

An island on the Affection line shows estrangement for the duration of the island.

Girdle of Venus

THE Girdle of Venus does not appear in every hand. It is a line which rises between the first and second fin-

gers, crosses the mounts of Saturn and Apollo and ends between the little finger and the third finger. (See illustration at left, below.)

Often the semi-circle will be incomplete.

The Girdle of Venus is actually a sister line to the Heart line. It shows that a person with this marking has a double supply of heart qualities.

You will find this line in the hands of men and women from every walk of life.

In a good hand—one having strong will power and a good Head line—the person can keep his passions within bounds.

Actually, the Girdle of Venus can be a blessing in that it often occurs in the hands of affectionate and warm-hearted people.

The person with this line is

always sensitive, suffers easily from slights, is easily depressed and often broods.

If the Girdle is chained and broken it indicates intense nervousness.

The palmists of old always attributed great sensuality to the Girdle of Venus. It was given all the physical qualities.

An over-supply of passion which he could not or did not want to control was ascribed to the person with a Girdle of Venus.

Today, however, after more consideration and study, it has been found that other good qualities greatly modify this judgment.

Physical qualities should not always be ascribed to this line, and the rest of the hand must be taken into consideration.

If the Mount of Venus below the thumb is well developed and grained with lines, one could safely say that the hand containing a Girdle of Venus was on the hand of a person of a lascivious nature.

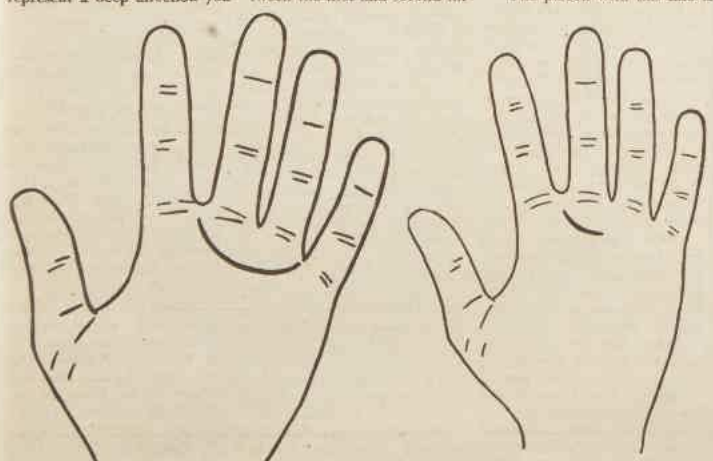
If, however, the Mount of Venus is flat and the hand contains many lines, then the hand with a Girdle of Venus should be read as belonging to a person who has passionate, self-indulgent tendencies which he controls.

In a hand with few lines it is never of such great importance. In a much-lined hand it would add to the sensitivity and nervousness.

You seldom find the Girdle of Venus in coarse hands. It is most often found in artistic hands, and when the Girdle is thin it adds to the person's aestheticism.

You will also find that people who have the Girdle of Venus are more gullible than people who do not.

THE END



GIRDLE OF VENUS, which rarely appears in this complete form. It is a sister line to the Heart line, and usually indicates a double supply of affection.

INCOMPLETE Girdle of Venus. If supported by other evidence in the hand, a Girdle of Venus can denote an overwhelmingly passionate nature.



THREE FLOWERS BRINGS NEW SMOOTH BEAUTY!

Richard Hudnut perfected the exclusive TOP-TONE Shade Control formula of "Three Flowers" Face Powder to give a new loveliness that will look just as beautiful close up as at a distance. This fine-textured "Three Flowers" gives you a magical clinging veil of beauty that gently conceals tiny skin flaws, glorifies your own complexion tonings. It will not streak, cake or change colour.

Test this new flawless loveliness in your mirror... actually see and feel the difference it makes to your complexion—with just one powdering.

NEW BEAUTY—TONIGHT!

Let heavenly "Three Flowers" bring you this new romantic loveliness tonight. Your complexion smoother looking... with more natural colour... a lovelier, softer glow—even close up! Choose from the seven heavenly shades of "Three Flowers" today.

three flowers face powder

STANDARD GAY BOX

ECONOMICAL REFILL

Creation of *Richard Hudnut*
NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY



—the easy, safe, effortless way to remove unwanted hair! Banish messy creams—risky razors—old-fashioned waxes!

SILKYMIT gently whisks away unwanted hair in minutes from legs and arms. SILKYMIT, the easiest and most efficient aid to glamour, leaves your limbs soft, smooth and absolutely free from shadow. SILKYMIT massage action discourages the growth of new hair, makes its removal easier and easier on each occasion!

ONLY 1/3 AT ALL CHEMISTS AND COSMETIC COUNTERS THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA.



NEW XMAS NOVEL by F. J. THWAITES

THE STORY OF A LOVE THAT SURVIVED THE DEEPEST HURT!

From all Booksellers — 15/6

H. J. EDWARDS PUBLISHING CO.
14 BOND STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W.



Take a tip
from us

keep fit
and
happiness
follows

Fitness and happiness go hand in hand. When you are fit, you enjoy life — you eat well, feel well, and look your best.

The way to keep fit is to simply put some FISHER'S PHOSPHERINE into a glass of water first thing in the morning — it builds fitness by helping nature to restore wastage and relieve strain.

FISHER'S PHOSPHERINE supplies substances essential for the normal health of the nervous system and overcomes nervous fatigue.

A lady at RINGWOOD, VICTORIA, writes: "My husband and I felt like new beings after taking FISHER'S PHOSPHERINE. We felt run down and nervy. Now life's worth living again!"

THE GREAT NERVE TONIC

**FISHER'S
PHOSPHERINE**

Sold in VICTORIA, QUEENSLAND, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, WEST AUSTRALIA and TASMANIA as:

FISHAPHOS

ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
FISHER & CO., 354 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY



GARDENING



• As borders or in beds, asters bloom through the summer and autumn, their contrasting colors making a fine display for months. They need good-quality, well-drained soil, and should always be watered in the morning.

SOW ASTERS NOW

Asters, which should be sown now, take longer than some other flowers to come into bloom, but they brighten beds and borders for many months.

CONTINUOUS blooms can be obtained from about December to June on the Central East Coast, and from January to about May farther south.

Wilt-proof aster seed should be bought, as the plant is very susceptible to this disease, and despite every care affected plants from seed not wilt-proof may die in a few days.

Wilt-proof asters have been developed in all the popular shades and finest kinds, and it is seldom that such seed produces seedlings which rot off at the soil line or young plants whose foliage withers and turns black—sure symptoms of wilt.

Other diseases which asters are likely to develop are root or crown rot, and yellows. Root rot is caused by a different organism to wilt, and is usually associated with bad drainage, too wet roots, and poor soil hygiene generally.

Yellows, spread by insects, strikes in late summer and leaves stunted plants with yellow leaves and distorted flowers. It can be controlled by regular sprayings of DDT. Affected plants should be removed and burned or the trouble will spread.

Pests include aphids, which

appear on the stems when plants are budding, and a small green grub which eats out the growing points. The rest of the leaves then curl up and no flowering stems appear. DDT spray should be applied very early.

The foregoing is the gloomy side of growing asters. Here is the cheerful aspect.

The plants are raised easily in seedbeds, but, as the seed is small, should not be covered too deeply or they may not show through the surface.

Cover the seed with a 50-50 mixture of light sandy loam and leafmould, and they will appear above the surface in five or six days if regularly moistened. Sow the seed thinly and the little plants will grow well and not become spindly.

It pays to "pick them out," that is to transplant them from the seedbox or seedbed into slightly better soil before setting them out in the open. Such plants then develop good root systems and transplant well without setbacks.

When the seedlings have reached about four or five inches high and have about eight or ten good leaves of a nice dark green color, they are fit to go out into the garden beds.

Asters need good quality, well-drained soil which has been lightened by the addition of sand, if too heavy, as well as reasonable supplies of water throughout the growing season. Morning watering is best, as the plants often develop root rot if heavily watered at night when the soil and air have cooled off.

Wet the soil well before transplanting any sort of seedling in the open, and let it drain for an hour or so before setting the plants out. You will find the soil easier to dibble (make the necessary holes), and the plants can then be put into position and firmed well all round.

You can start as early as you like in spring and sow Giant Crego, Tasmanian branching types, American Beauty, Heart of France, and Californian Giant Sunshine, but do not overlook late-flowering varieties such as American Beauty, Rochester, and Royal Emperor.


There are other types of asters well worth including when space is no object, such as the King Needled, which has thin, slender, needle-like petals, Globe Flowered, with spherical closely petalled blooms, Auroras, which grow to two feet, Super Giants, which grow almost three feet, and, of course, the lovely singles, which seem to have decreased in public favor.

—Our Home Gardener



Here's real
Crunchy
nourishment,
Mr. Peek!

Here's the family's favourite biscuit in all its golden crispness! Made from the finest wheat and rich in butter, Wheat Crunch are wonderful food value. Serve them at any time ... with tea, coffee or cool drinks ... or with meals. Wheat Crunch are delicious and good for you!



Served fresh
from the tin,
Mr. Freaan!



Peek Frean's
Wheat Crunch
A light crisp golden biscuit
PEEK-FREAN (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.

Peek Frean's
Wheat Crunch

Women's move on adoption laws

Seek to prevent repetition of sad Mace-Murray case

One of the most heartrending court cases in Australia's history has resulted in a deputation to the Minister for Education (Mr. Heffron) asking for amendments to legislation covering child adoption.

THE deputation, led by Mrs. Preston Stanley Vaughan, founder and president of the Feminist Club, Sydney, includes representatives from the Young Women's Christian Association, the Salvation Army, the Women Justices' Association, the Progressive Housewives' Association, the N.S.W. Housewives' Association, the Liberal Women's Group, N.S.W., the Women Voters' League, and Mrs. Melville, M.L.C., and Mrs. O'Malley Wood of the 2nd/1st and 2nd/2nd Pioneer Battalion Women's Auxiliary.

They ask that the Child Welfare Act should be amended to provide that no adopting parent may take possession of a child until all the adoption papers are completed

and the court order has been made, and that the period between the mother's consent and the completion of the papers should be shortened to a minimum.

In Mrs. Preston Stanley Vaughan's opinion, the minimum time should not exceed one month.

"Had there been this provision in the law there would never have been a Murray-Mace case," she said.

"The Guardianship of Infants Act, drawn up in 1934, was the first of its kind which made the interests of the child of paramount importance.

"It also provided for the first time that the wishes of the mother as well as those of the father should be taken into consideration in any case concerning the custody of the child.

"But the main flaw which the case has so dramatically uncovered is that it was drawn

up without any thought that adopting parents would come into the picture at all."

Mrs. Preston Stanley Vaughan believes that unmarried mothers' fear that they and their children will have to live under a social stigma could be relieved or avoided by:

- The mother making every effort to protect the child, even to the extent of moving to a new district.
- Community realisation that illegitimacy is no fault of the child.
- Compassion of other women in more comfortable circumstances towards the mother and her problem.

MATRON E. M. Shaw, who last year retired from the Crown Street Women's Hospital after 34 years' service, believes that final adoption papers should be signed when the baby is a month old.

"In most cases in my experience, unmarried mothers did not want to delay the adoption," she said.

Matron Shaw said there were approximately 6200 births a year at Crown Street Women's Hospital. Of these about 500 were illegitimate babies.

"I have always said that it is the good girls who have their babies," she added.

"In my years at Crown Street I can remember only about a dozen cases of mothers who



MATRON E. M. SHAW, O.B.E.

had decided to have their babies adopted and then changed their minds and wanted them back.

"We kept illegitimate babies for as long as three months if their mothers were in difficulties and found it hard to decide.

"But I have never known a case where indecision prevented a child's adoption and so forced it into an institution.

"I can, however, remember many cases when a married mother had lost several babies through difficult childbirth and wanted to adopt one while still in hospital.

"In very worthy cases like these we could come to an agreement with the Child Welfare Department that these mothers could immediately adopt illegitimate children still in the hospital and start feeding them themselves.

"Within a matter of two weeks these mothers could take the baby home as if it were their own. All adoption papers were completed before they left the hospital.

"I cannot remember a single case of unhappiness on either side afterwards.

"I do think that most mothers need 10 to 14 days to consider their decision—but after that legalities should be as quick as possible."

Mrs. Mace's viewpoint

BY a unique judgment last month Mr. and Mrs. Norman Mace were granted adoption of a baby born to Miss Joan Murray, who is appealing against the judgment.

Mrs. Mace said:

"We would adopt another child quite soon if only the adoption laws were altered. But after this terrible experience we wouldn't think of considering it until the law makes the whole thing quite certain.

"My husband and I feel that we could not go through the emotional strain again. "No one who has not been through it can imagine the heartbreak of losing a baby after he has become one of the family."

Mrs. Mace waited through 18 months of careful investigation by the Child Welfare Department before she got Joan Murray's baby.

"It is not something that anyone goes into lightly," she added.

"That's what makes it so impossible to just turn off the affection if the baby is taken away. No one could do it if they had any heart at all.

"It's too cruel."



MRS. PRESTON STANLEY VAUGHAN

The Spirit of COMPANIONSHIP

"... it's the time of day I most enjoy, darling

It's the quarter hour of companionship that I just wait for every day.

I think I'm very lucky, darling, having you coming home to me to enjoy our drink together; to be able to quieten down after the children are bathed and to relax with an appetiser before dinner.

I must tell you—Marie and John are following our example. They started it last week—just two drinks every night before dinner. Marie and I were discussing what's the best thing to drink. Of course, I told them that you liked brandy or whisky and I had gin. Marie was saying that she likes gin too, and of course dear old John just adores his rum.

I wonder why more people don't follow this habit, darling. It's not as though it's expensive or bad for you, provided you drink in moderation, and to me it's just a pleasant beverage.

... I think this before-dinner drink is just another little thing, darling, that keeps us so close—that strengthens in us *The Spirit of COMPANIONSHIP*"



THIS CONTRIBUTION TO THE "SPIRIT OF BETTER DRINKING" IS MADE BY THE WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION OF N.S.W.

Save Money!

*This bottle makes more than
2 dozen
brimming glasses
of Mynor Fruit Cup!*



*... it
costs you less than
2d. a glass*



MOTHERS! Here's the most healthy drink you can give those thirsty children of yours! Pure, delicious Mynor, rich in all those essential vitamins A, B, C and D contained in the fresh juices of oranges, lemons, pineapples and passionfruit. And, just imagine what these would cost you to buy at present-day prices! Pour a little Mynor Fruit Cup into a glass, fill it with pure, wholesome water, and let the children drink as much as they want. Just think . . . all this costs less than 2d. a glass!

MYNOR FRUIT CUP

2s. 6d. refund on undamaged Mynor bottles returned to your supplier in Sydney metropolitan area.

Page 19

are you
the family
stoker?



If it's your job to feed a fast-growing family, always keep a Peters Ice Cream Brick in the 'fridge. Peters-Eaters can be sure of proteins for strength, vitamins for health, calcium and phosphorus for sound bones and teeth, and the right calorie content for energy. Peters Ice Cream is a concentrated dairy product, richer than milk, more nourishing than many bulky foods.

Serve Peters Ice Cream by itself, or top it with nuts or cherries, caramel or chocolate sauce. Serve with canned or fresh fruit in season. Try Peters with hot fruit pies or puddings for a delicious flavour contrast.



Peters
ICE CREAM

The Health Food
of a Nation

AN ALL-AUSTRALIAN INDUSTRY

U.S. Vice-President, wife to visit here

Eisenhower's envoy is new "wonder boy"

By PETER HASTINGS, of our New York staff

Vice-President of the United States, Richard Milhous Nixon, who with his wife will make a brief visit to Australia this month as President Eisenhower's personal envoy, is something of a political wonder in America.

Under the U.S. Constitution, he would become President if anything should happen to Eisenhower. Yet only ten years ago, Nixon was a very junior lawyer struggling to make a living in Washington.

WHILE nobody believes there is any chance that anything should happen to "Ike," it is a fact that nearly one-third of the number of U.S. Vice-Presidents have become President.

Nixon, who will act as President Eisenhower's "eyes and ears" on a goodwill tour of Australia and the Far East, has had a dazzling career during his brief time in politics.

Seven years ago he was a U.S. naval lieutenant-commander about to be discharged and wondering about a future job.

Five years ago he was a junior but energetic member of the House of Representatives, collecting the evidence that later led to Alger Hiss' conviction on a charge of perjury when it was alleged Hiss had passed State secrets to the Soviet Union.

Three years ago Nixon was one of the ablest of the junior Senators in the U.S. Upper House, where he rapidly made a name for himself as a formidable debater and exposé of graft and corruption wherever he found it.

Last year he was chosen as Republican Vice-Presidential nominee on the Eisenhower ticket. He survived a tough campaign and allegations of improper use of campaign funds to sweep the polls with "Ike" last November.

Nixon, a good-looking young man with a winning smile, great personal charm and the politically useful asset of persuasiveness, is representative of the New Look in U.S. politics.

Traditionally, the Vice-Presidential party has been less than onerous, but Nixon has made it into a 24-hour, round-the-clock job, and his choice as Ike's personal representative on a nine-week, 37,000-mile tour which will take him to 18 countries, including Australia, New Zealand, Indonesia, Korea, India, South-East Asia, and Saudi Arabia, came as no surprise.

"Good Ambassador"

IT is a big assignment for Nixon and his wife, Pat, of whom he says, "She'll be as much a good ambassador as I am."

Nixon's principal task on the tour will be to see the heads of State in the Far and Middle East countries and to talk over mutual problems with them.

The main reason for the Nixon trip is to emphasise to the world the importance placed on Far Eastern relations by the Eisenhower Republican Administration — to put Asia on a par with Europe in American policy.

Nixon and his party will travel to Australia in a U.S. Air Force Constellation and will land at Mascot airport, Sydney, on October 15.



ROBERT MILHOUS NIXON, 40-year-old Vice-President of the United States, who will visit Australia this month on a goodwill tour. He has had a dazzling political career.

Although the Vice-Presidential party will include aides, experts, and newspapermen, Mr. Nixon's right-hand help will be his wife, on whom he relies a great deal.

She is charming, good-looking, with wavy blonde hair, and is in her middle thirties. More than anyone else she helped him along the tricky political road to the Vice-Presidency while running a home and looking after their two small daughters, Tricia, aged 7, and Julie, 5.

Both Nixon and his wife, Patricia, come from simple homes and have none of the "blue-blood" background usually associated with highly-placed Republicans.

Nixon was the first child born in the thriving Californian village of Yorba Linda, where his father was a citrus fruit grower.

Pat also came from a small Californian town, where her father had a market garden.

Nixon's parents later moved to Whittier, California, where he attended a Quaker school and won a Law scholarship to Duke University. He graduated from Duke in 1937

and returned to Whittier, where he set up a non-lucrative small-town practice.

Pat was educated in the East and attended a Californian university before going to Whittier High School to teach. She and Nixon first met in an amateur dramatic society play, in which both had leading roles. Three years later they were married.

Mrs. Nixon says that it took them all of three years to save up enough money to buy a wedding ring and get a flat in Washington, where Nixon took a job as a Government lawyer.

In 1942 Nixon joined the Navy and left his wife and first daughter, Tricia, in Washington. He fought in the Pacific. In 1945, while waiting for discharge from the Navy, some Republican friends persuaded him to apply to the Republican Committee of a Californian electorate for their nomination to Congress.

It was a strange entry to politics, but Nixon took it. He flew out to California, saw the committee, impressed them with his political knowledge, and got their endorsement.

It was worth it to him and to them. He was elected by an overwhelming majority.

Even in Washington the Nixons lived modestly and often refused invitations to dinner because they could not get a baby-sitter.

Nixon proved one of the most energetic members the Senate ever had. But he never neglected an opportunity, in spite of overwhelming official business, to get away with his family for a quiet drive.

Once, Pat recalls, he promised to take them for a picnic, but the weather turned bad. He put Pat and the two girls into his car, packed the picnic things, and drove them all to his imposing office in the Senate.

On arrival there he gravely spread a rug on the floor, and for the next two hours they ate their lunch and played games.



FAMILY MAN. U.S. Vice-President Nixon and his wife leaving on a plane trip with their daughters, seven-year-old Tricia and five-year-old Julie. Mrs. Nixon will accompany her husband when he flies to Australia this month.



HOME BUILDERS Mr. and Mrs. David Lawrence, £1000 prize-winners in our "Plan-a-Home" contest in 1951, working in the lounge-room of their new home at Moorabbin. David made the door and window frames and built some of the outside walls. His wife did the priming.



"THE FISH AND CHIPS." This is Dorothy Lawrence's name for husband David's copper canopy over the fireplace. It intrigues three-year-old Yvonne as her father finishes the stonework. The canopy still has to be glazed and polished, and Dorothy is looking for a copper kettle to match it.

Couple built home with aid of contest prize

Winners of the second prize in The Australian Women's Weekly 1951 "Plan-a-Home" Contest, Mr. and Mrs. David Lawrence, of South Yarra, Melbourne, are now using their £1000 prize to help build their home in Moorabbin, Victoria.

THE prize-money paid for materials and labor for the frame and outside walls of the new home—a five-roomed house of 12 squares.

Although a large amount of the total cost has still to be found, David and Dorothy feel that they are walking on air when they remember what their prospects of a home were three years ago.

With the help of friends, and after much study of building textbooks, they have done most of the work themselves.

The Lawrences' five years of married life, like that of many other young couples, has been spent in one room and a tiny kitchenette in South Yarra, Melbourne.

Now, they and their three-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Yvonne, look forward to a home of their own, and privacy, within the next few weeks.

"Our land at Moorabbin, given to us by David's mother, Mrs. Frances Lawrence, of Abbotsford, was our 'white

elephant'," Dorothy Lawrence said as we went to see the new house. "It seemed that we would never be able to build, as costs were high when we married, and have risen ever since."

"It used to break our hearts to talk about it, so we just didn't after a while," her husband said.

The pair entered our contest as a means of taking their minds off their disappointment, and won second prize.

When it came to building their own house, their prize-winning plan was too costly, so they drew up another, less expensive but incorporating their favorite ideas.

Having lived in rooms for years, privacy was a most important consideration.

They will plant shrubs—gay flowering ones—and a hundred roses around the house.

Made of upright weatherboards, except for one front wall which is of colored masonry, their new home is modern in design.

The lounge-room fireplace is the work of David Lawrence. It is of colored masonry, and

he also made the copper canopy over it.

David, a fitter and turner by trade, is planning a matching stone court-yard outside the french windows opposite the fireplace.

"That will be a nice weekend job for when we are Moorabbin residents," he said enthusiastically.

The big combined lounge-dining-room, which extends right across the back of the house, with plenty of windows, is on two levels—the dining section level with the kitchen and three bedrooms and the lounge section down a foot.

"It's just one of Dorothy's whims," grinned David. "She has seen it in those American books which picture wonderful stone fireplaces and rural-type rafters without hinting how one sets about getting the effect!"

The kitchen, with a special corner to fit their precious refrigerator, opens with a side door just behind the car-port.

"We are getting ambitious," smiled Dorothy, "but I feel if we are to live out here we will need a car to bring out friends

to admire our handiwork. We'll look for an old jalopy first."

"This is all mine," little Yvonne told me, scampering into a good-sized room she has claimed for herself.

Yvonne has enjoyed Saturdays and Sundays "on the block," as the family still call it. By tipping up a pot of paint, scattering nails, and causing several near calamities, she has really entered into the spirit of things.

In the almost-flat roof there are four skylights over the hall, to ensure plenty of daylight and to catch the moonlight in the evenings.

"It's a short, wide hall, because we planned the house as almost square, to save the expense of passages," David explained.

The inside wall lining has still to go in, but Dorothy has plans for it.

"We will go mad with color inside," she laughed.

"Yvonne's walls will each be a different pastel shade—pink, blue, grey, and lemon."

"And a blackboard low down on one wall is a must—to save the rest of the walls!"

Dorothy's big contributions to the building have been priming the woodwork ("With that awful pink mixture that won't come off clothes") and providing cups of tea.

David has also promised her that she may putty up the hundreds of nails around the walls too.

Very soon now a stove will be taken from behind the bed in their present one-room home, a sink and a vacuum cleaner from under the bed, and a dining-table from behind the wardrobe, to be loaded on a van for the new home.

Then the Lawrences will move into a new life in their own home made possible by their "dream house on paper."

By
SHEILA McFARLANE,
staff reporter



2/4 per 20oz. bottle.
Slightly dearer in the country.

Here's the sensational NEW Germicidal disinfectant cleaner, especially compounded for universal home use in every job of cleansing, disinfecting and destroying unpleasant odours in the kitchen or as a first-aid germicidal for cuts and abrasions. "S.C.D." cleanses, disinfects and entirely kills unpleasant odours, leaving the area germ-free and sweet smelling. "S.C.D." is economical, too. Just a small quantity in water is all that is required. Ask your store for

S.C.D.
DISINFECTANT CLEANER
with
Chlorophyll and Eucalyptus

Gone is the crudgery of window cleaning when you use this modern scientific

DETERGENT WINDOW CLEANER
Windows, mirrors, and all glass or chrome plated surfaces are quickly cleaned to a sparkling brightness. Simply wipe over with "KWIT" Detergent Window Cleaner on a damp cloth and the job is finished by polishing with a soft dry cloth. Order a bottle of "KWIT" Detergent Window Cleaner from your store today.

2/- per 8oz. bottle.
Slightly dearer in the country.



Don't use any watery dishwasher—use only "KWIT" the ORIGINAL CONCENTRATED DETERGENT approved by the Housewives' Association of N.S.W. in the big 20oz. bottle for 3/4. (Slightly dearer in the country.)

Kwit
DETERGENT

Scott's Detergents (A/s) Pty. Ltd.,
Princes Avenue, Rosbery,
Telephones: FF7041, FF7061.



THE LAWRENCES' NEW HOME, showing the solid stone wall and car-port. They intend to plant shrubs all around the house to hide the fences.



*The finest
FRUIT CAKE
ever baked!*

Serve it
with
pride



**DELIGHT IN
ITS FLAVOUR . . .**

**OVEN-FRESH FOR
EVERY OCCASION**

It is true hospitality to serve your guests with the best of everything. At parties, anniversaries, special occasions, or when you're just having a cosy date with the family, you'll find those luscious, perfectly-baked slices of Big Sister Fruit Cake wonderfully popular. You can't make or buy a richer, more delicious fruit cake than Big Sister.

It is baked from a prize recipe, using the finest ingredients prepared in our own spotless kitchens. Rich fruit, tenderized citrus peel and sweet red cherries combine to make Big Sister the finest fruit cake ever baked.

Big Sister
RICH FRUIT CAKE



**- AND "BIG SISTER"
PLUM PUDDING**

The Finest Ever Made!

You'll be proud to serve this delicious Plum Pudding, so rich with goodness and gloriously rich with flavour. Your grocer has it vacuum-packed in 1-lb., new Family Size and 3-lb. tins.

ORDER YOUR CHRISTMAS "BIG SISTER" RICH FRUIT CAKE AND PLUM PUDDING FROM YOUR GROCER NOW

Home-baked in the Ovens of Lillis & Co. Limited, Balmain, Sydney, N.S.W.



ERA BEACH, recently transferred to the National Park Trust, is one of the most secluded coastal beauty spots near Sydney. Watered by underground streams, the little valley behind the beach is always green. In the summer the weekend population is about 200, and few tourists find their way to Era.

Gaily painted shacks form beach colony

Uninhibited use of strong primary colors in painting "weekenders" at Era Beach, about 32 miles from Sydney, has produced an attractive effect.

THE little valley in which the houses are built, and which backs the beach, is always green, thus heightening the effect of the bright colors in which the houses are painted.

No concerted move was ever made to start a color cult at Era. It simply happened.

Although owners have worked independently, giving free reign to their fancies and prejudices, the varicolored results somehow settle down to a harmonious whole.

The people who spend their weekends and holidays there say they

like the bright colors because even on a dull day the place looks cheerful.

Era is a secluded beach in Sydney's beautiful National Park, and the last stage of the journey to it must be made on foot.

Although only about 30 miles from Sydney, it is a two-hour journey by train to Waterfall and then by bus to the nearest point to the beach.

On leaving the bus a bush track is taken, over which all supplies and equipment must be carried.

Motorists make the trip more quickly but have to leave their cars at the top of the track.

Building materials, refrigerators, stoves, and even a piano have been man-handled to the beach, some being hauled up to two miles to the farthest cottages.

It is about 50 years since the first weekenders was built at Era.

Owners then paid the holder of the grazing rights a small sum for rental.

Since the area was declared a reserve three years ago and resumed by the Lands Department, residents have been warned that weekenders will have to be removed eventually and may not be sold to any new occupier.

The community has its own aurl club, affiliated with the N.S.W. Surf Life Saving Association, and an Era Beach Ball is held in a Sydney hall-room once a year.



RED-AND-GREEN painted tin awning gives individuality to this house. The path to the gate is formed of roundstones gathered on the beach, and much prized for paving at Era. Timber, too, is often washed up.



BOLD USE OF COLOR—yellow, white, and dark blue—makes this one of the gayest looking of the weekenders. The corrugated iron roof has been finished with a silver paint. The house is right on the beach.



THE LIVING-ROOM of "Thalassa." The trawling buoys and shells hanging on the right-hand wall and the stag's antlers here were found on the beach. The owner is an artist. Photographs by H. Lloyd-Jones.



"TRADEWINDS" at the southern end of Era has a striped gable with a scallop decoration as a particularly lighthearted touch. Some of the houses have beautiful teak beams which have drifted up on to the beach. It is claimed that strong colors do not deteriorate as quickly as paler ones in the salt-laden air.



A PLEASING COLOR HARMONY is achieved in this little dwelling. Land at Era was first rented from the owner of local grazing rights, but the area was later transferred from the Lands Department to National Park.

PRESENTING

Dishwashing Magic in a Bottle!



Shaker-top saves waste

THE NEW ECONOMICAL CONCENTRATED LIQUID DETERGENT

The SCENE: Your kitchen sink

The Villain: Greasy dishes

The Heroine: You

The Hero: JIF

The Plot: Piles of greasy dishes after a big dinner... and you've only a few minutes. Jif to the rescue! Just three or four shakes! Jif is a concentrated dishwasher... with twice the cleansing power of the usual watery detergents and, of course, much more economical!

The Ending: Bright and happy. Jif gives masses of grease-killing lather in hot water or cold, hard or soft. No rinsing... no wiping! Now dishes come out of the water shiny bright. And, glory be, no dishpan ring tonight!

A LEVER PRODUCT

Available now in South Australia, Western Australia and Tasmania

MOTHER



"C'mon, Jimmy—it's right over your gumboots here!"

BUTCH



"Somehow I can't—uh—recapture the enthusiasm I had when you wiped the six-inch, then the ten-inch, 12-inch, 14-inch, 16-inch, 17-inch, 19-inch."

Worth Reporting

THE Sara Quads are once more on the high seas, homeward bound in the Himalaya after seven weeks in England.

With their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sara, and their brother, Geoffrey, they have been visiting Mrs. Sara's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Holmes, of Chiswick, London.

The leave-taking was a mixture of gaiety and sadness.

Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, who are both over 70, did not feel they would be able to stand up to the strain of the two-hour trip to Tilbury to see the Himalaya depart as well as the emotional effort of saying goodbye. So farewells were said at their home.

"I didn't mean to break down," Mrs. Holmes said afterwards, "but when it came to the time I just couldn't help myself."

"It was wonderful seeing Betty again. When she first went to Australia I didn't think I would see her again."

"As for those babies, I have never known children with more energy and life, and each one has a personality of his or her own," Mrs. Holmes added.

The night before the Saras left, friends and relatives gathered at the Holmes' house for a big send-off party.

Betty Sara said that she could tell by the Quads' clothes that they had grown during their stay in London.

"They are talking much more fluently, too," she said.

The Quads were just as much at home in Chiswick as in Bellingham, and had settled in happily on board the Himalaya before she sailed.

New deal for U.S. nurses

BECAUSE a fashion designer went to hospital, nurses' uniforms in the United States now have a "new look."

While designer Mrs. Armitage Johnson recovered from an operation in a New York hospital she made careful notes of nurses' complaints about their attire.

When she came out, she designed four elegantly tailored styles which also eliminated the bad points of the traditional regulation uniform.

Mrs. Johnson did away with stiff collars, high-riding, set-in waists, and sleeves and shoulders that pulled taut when the wearer reached or stretched.

She patented an underarm bias cut that would not ride up from the waist, made deep pockets with smaller inner pockets for pens and scissors, and replaced baggy skirts with well-tailored ones.

Then, to make sure that her designs met with approval, she had the preliminary sketches checked by nurses.

The new styles include a double-breasted coachman uniform with long, semi-fitted sleeves, the cuffs of which fold back to three-quarter length if required; a back-wrap model with an adjustable waist; and a front-zip frock with a flattering curved yoke.

Girls talk better than boys

SYDNEY Girls' High School is jubilant. For the first time the school has won the Royal Empire Society's public speaking competition.

What's more, the girls have taken the winner's shield from their "brothers" at Sydney Boys' High, who held it for four years.

The subject for this year's competition was "The Significance of the Coronation." Each of the 150 entrants (more girls than boys) had to give a ten-minute oration.

After praising the entrants' ability, the judge, Mr. J. Brunton Gibb, added:

"It was rather an ordeal listening to 150 speeches on this one subject."

The two girls who brought home the shield, 17-year-old Leonie Gold and 16-year-old Leonie Sterling, are naturally very proud.

Leonie Gold, who is in fifth year, won the section for girls over 16. It was her first time in the competition.

Leonie Sterling, who is in fourth year, also won the under-16 section last year.

Memories of the gay 'twenties

ONE of the spoiled darlings of the gay 'twenties, Caresse Crosby, recently published her autobiography, "The Passionate Years."

Born of a wealthy New York socialite family, the world was her oyster during World War I and the years that followed.

She married a wealthy, well-bred Bostonian, Dick Peabody, and had two children. Their marriage just managed to survive the war and eventually collapsed because Dick liked alcohol and fire brigades too much.

He had installed in their bedroom a fire alarm which, by arrangement with Boston's fire chief, rang the night long to summon Dick to any fire that might be going.

Caresse (her real name was Mary) then married a startling minor poet, Harry Crosby, a nephew of J. Pierpont Morgan, and together they embarked in Paris on "the passionate years."

They lived the strenuous pleasure-seeking life of the American in post-war Europe. Their parties were bacchanalian, and invitations to them were sought after and prized.

Their hectic existence ended tragically and suddenly when, in 1929, Harry committed suicide in New York.

Before the last war Caresse married again, bought a Virginian mansion, and tried farming, but neither marriage nor farming worked out. Nowadays she lives in Washington, as charming and energetic as ever.

Actually, her greatest achievement was her creation of the brassiere. In 1913 young ladies wore, under their gowns, an armor of whalebone. Caresse rebelled and, with two handkerchiefs, some pink ribbon, and the help of a maid, invented a brassiere.

"I sold my patent during the war for 1500 dollars to a company which I estimate made something like 15 million dollars in ensuing years out of my efforts," she says.

IN the London branch of an Australian bank, a girl we know met an elderly man from her home town, wearing a cap.

As they waited in queue for the withdrawal teller, he told her confidentially: "Wouldn't wear a cap at home, you know, but no one expects tips from a man in a cap."



HUNTER



MAJESTIC



Bedggoods have that Bond Street look...



PORTRAIT



GRENADIER



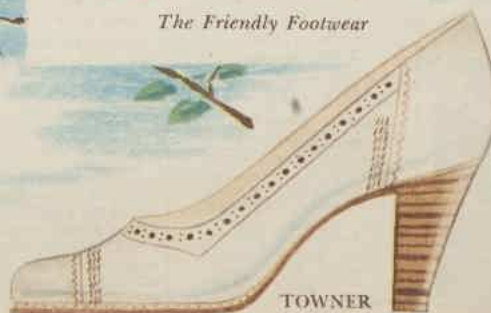
PRISTINE

... embodying the very essence of English quality and good taste. These are shoes you will wear with serene comfort, right through Spring and Summer — your favourites for walking pleasure, resort wear, or just watching the sports where smart women gather.

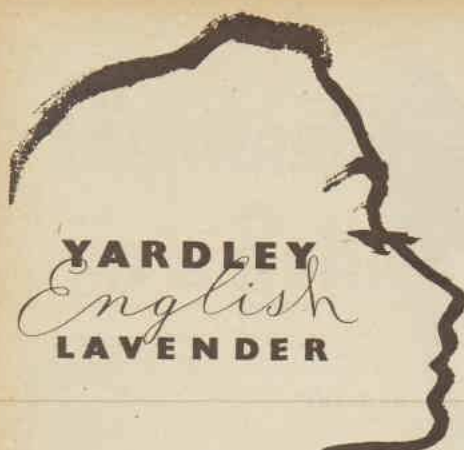
In this season's most wanted colours and styles — Bedgood shoes are available in multiple fittings.

Bedgood

The Friendly Footwear



TOWNER



A fragrance as new today as it was yesterday and will be tomorrow, since its cool freshness and subtle distinction are always in good taste. Only Yardley know the secret of blending Lavender with rare ottos and precious musks to give a more concentrated, longer-lasting fragrance. Now in solid form, Yardley English Lavender Purse Stick becomes your constant companion.

Also perfumed with the famous Yardley Lavender:
Bath Salts · Brilliantines · Talk · Dusting Powder,
and of course—the luxury soap of the world.

YARDLEY · LONDON · NEW YORK · PARIS · TORONTO · SYDNEY

Needing Vitamins?

Then enjoy eggs regularly! Eggs include every known vitamin excepting Vitamin C! Give more actual food for your money! Are twice as rich as lean beef in body-building protein!

EGGS

...THE PERFECT
All-round FOOD

Authorized by the Egg Producers Council

Cherub shoes
for children

AT ALL
GOOD STORES

"No, darling,
not face cream... just
MERCOLIZED WAX
Large jar of cream only 4/6
the improvement on Face Cream"

Yes... lovely women know that for bedtime massage and daytime make-up base, MERCOLIZED WAX supercedes all ordinary face creams and gives the skin a new and lovable loveliness. Soft... soothing... gentle... and non-greasy.

THE EMPRESS OF OPALS



SAND is the main feature of the landscape at the opal-mining settlement of Coober Pedy, Central Australia. Above is shown the Wilson block, where Mrs. Ethel Wilson presides. It includes a guests' dugout (left foreground), living quarters (centre), store, and post office. The radio masts are made of lengths of mulga wood lashed together. Radio is the only entertainment.

She is storekeeper, postmistress and "high-pressure" saleswoman

By JOHN FITZGERALD

As cars in the recent Redex Reliability Trial raced through Central Australia on the stretch from Alice Springs to Kingoonya, they passed through the remote opal-mining settlement of Coober Pedy, bringing a record traffic to its lonely road, where not so very long ago camels were the only transport.

PASSING drivers saw little of the settlement because most of it is underground. The intensely hot climate, lack of vegetation, and scarcity of building materials have caused the opal miners to make their homes in caves or in abandoned diggings.

Most of the buildings above the surface are on the Wilson block, where 54-year-old Mrs. Ethel Wilson presides. An opal buyer and ex-miner, she also runs the general store and post office, and has taken over the job of cutting opals done by her husband before he became ill.

When an opal-miner comes into her store and puts a handful of sandstone-encrusted stones on her counter she wets her finger and rubs it expertly over the glistening seams of color in the stones.

Her greying, brown hair shows no signs of a salon set, and the sun of 54 eventful years has tanned her skin.

But in those pale blue eyes there is wisdom — and character.

The buyer never quotes first. She knows that.

"How much?" she asks.

It has taken her a long time to be in the position to utter those two words of inquiry. It took her longer to acquire the steely, fixed, almost frightening gaze that goes with them.

It's not so long ago since she was on the other side of the counter. She then wore a miner's shoes, wielded a pick. She too, smashed her fingernails as she clawed at the sandstone trying to wrench the opals out.

Her dealings in opals now take her interstate every month at a pace which puts the high-pressure businessman of the eastern States in the scooter class.

She travels usually to Sydney, leaving Coober Pedy on Sunday nights and driving 20 hours straight to Adelaide.

There she takes a plane early Tuesday morning for Sydney, where she completes her business "over-morning tea" and catches the afternoon plane back to Adelaide.

A day's rest there and the dawn sees her on the track back to Coober Pedy.

She once missed a Melbourne plane connection. Undaunted, she borrowed a fast car and drove to Melbourne

and back to Adelaide in 36 hours.

"I've got to be back in time to meet the weekly mail on Saturday nights," she explained earnestly.

Ethel Wilson hasn't always owned the petrol pump, a fine private collection of opal, a powerful six-cylinder car, the store and post office agency at Coober Pedy.

With her husband and their 10 children, she travelled many miles and did a lot of things before settling at this South Australian desert bonanza.

It was in the cheapest tourers that she learnt about the by-ways of the Northern Territory — "There were no highways" — the Kimberlys, the Tanami gold fields, Mt.

Isa, Arnhem Land, wartime Northern Queensland, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide.

"My husband Bert and I and six of the children tackled a 500-mile overland trip from Mataranka to Wave Hill — tough Northern Territory — in 1931 just after 'the wet,'" she said.

"We crossed several flooded rivers and patches on the tubes lifted. To get through, we had to shoot unbranded bullocks and wrap their hides around the wheels in place of the tyres.

"There were so many of us in the car that trip that the spare tyres on the back touched the ground when we went up a hill. We tied logs on the front of the car to keep the wheels on the road."

Born in Mareeba, Queensland, the daughter of Harry Chatfield — "the best coach wip of his day" — Mrs. Wilson married her childhood sweetheart, Herbert Wilson, in 1918.

They didn't stay in one place long and 1929 found them well established as a "contracting team" in the Cape York peninsula country.

"Bert did the building and maintenance work on stations and I helped in the home-stead," Mrs. Wilson explained.

"We did a lot of contract work for the London Mining Trust and late in 1929 moved into the Northern Territory for the first time."

In 1931 they were at Victoria River Downs, then on the Western Australian border.

With "nothing to lose and plenty to gain" they left the border in June that year for William Creek, on the railway line to Alice Springs. They were bound for the flourishing opal fields of Coober Pedy.

The journey took them through the Tanami goldfields in the tracks of explorer Michael Terry.

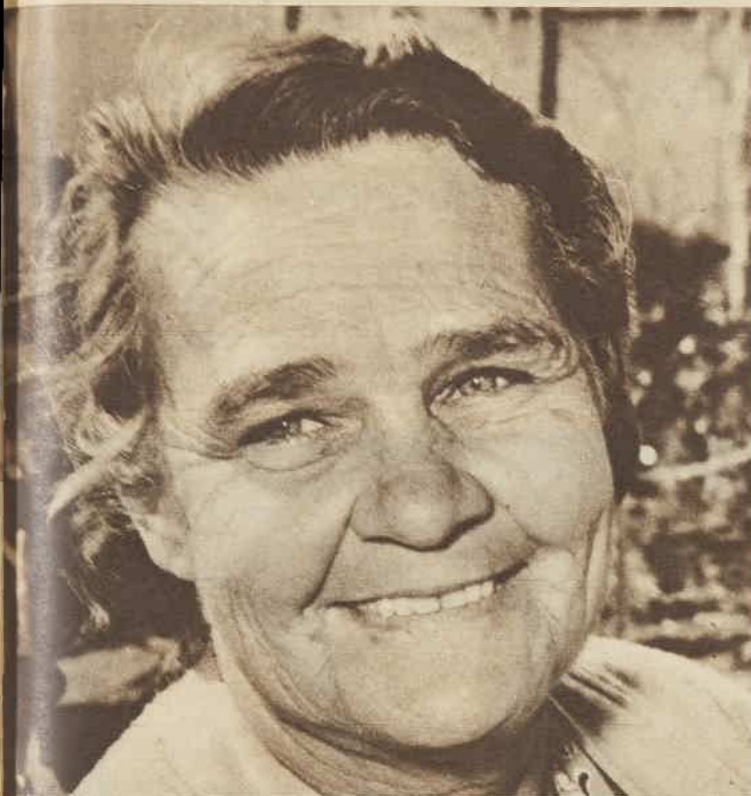
"We were the first family to make it overland after Terry,



OPAL CUTTING. Mrs. Wilson has taken over the opal cutting done by her husband before he became ill. The plant at which she works is situated behind her general store.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 7, 1953

Grandmother reigns at desert bonanza



ETHEL WILSON, 54-year-old "Empress of the Opal Fields" at Coober Pedy, Central Australia, is the mother of ten children, grandmother of 22, opal buyer and ex-miner, store owner, postmistress and housewife. Photographs on these pages by Graham Welsh.

who travelled with big six-wheeled vehicles. The policeman at William Creek nearly died when we drove in and told him where we'd come from."

Freight costs kept travelling expenses high for the family in those days. Petrol cost 50/- for two four-gallon drums; sugar was 1/6 per lb.; flour 1/-; butter 3/6; and tea 5/6.

The family steered their tourer into Coober Pedy from William Creek on September 13, 1931—and created another record.

It was the first time a car had reached the opal field. All previous traffic had been by camel.

The couple, with their children, lived, as many still do at Coober Pedy, in a dugout. They gouged in searing heat for six months before striking opal. Their first "parcel" brought £4 an ounce.

"We also sold another 220oz. lot to 25/- an ounce. I'd pay £12 an oz. for a similar parcel today," she said.

With "opal in the blood" the Wilsons spent 1934 at the other South Australian field of Andamooka. They then moved to Melbourne.

But 1939 saw them homeless at Claremont goldfields in Queensland after their house on the outskirts of the town was burnt out.

War broke out and the family moved to Charters Towers. There they bought two trucks and worked on aerodromes along the North Queensland coast. Six months later, and with nine children, their transport fleet had grown

to six vehicles all working 22 hours a day.

"We gave up the trucking and bought a cafe in wartime Bowen," said Mrs. Wilson.

She claimed an Australian record for one day's meals there, when 800 R.A.A.F. personnel ate 25 hams, 3cwt. of fish, 1cwt. of steak, and 25 chickens.

"It nearly surpasses the double sitting here on Saturday nights before the mail arrives," she said jokingly.

The end of the war found her in Sydney with a sick husband. She decided to return to "the best climate in the world—Coober Pedy."

Their need for transport started her on the first of many visits by plane throughout Australia, which increased soon after she was registered as an opal buyer.

1300-mile trip

"I DECIDED the bargains in transport were to be had at the military disposals sales in Darwin," she said.

"I flew there and outbid some so-called 'big shots' from the south for a nice three-ton truck."

"The problem was to get it back to Coober Pedy—1300 miles away. I decided to drive it myself."

"Building material was short at the opal fields, so before I left I loaded it with petrol and corrugated iron."

The trip took Mrs. Wilson seven days and, from Alice Springs to Coober Pedy, she crossed dozens of creeks and "used every short-cut in the book."

"Everyone seemed amazed to think I was making the trip alone. But I made only one mistake. I followed a

dam-sinker from Eridunda station, thinking he was going my way. I ended up at Finke—100 miles along the wrong track."

She thinks the often heavily sanded track south from Coober Pedy "a good one." Tourists who first see it think of turning back.

"I've had only one mishap on it," she said. "Early this year my son Ray and I were returning from Port Augusta in a well-loaded 30cwt. truck when a rim flew off a rear wheel in the gibber country."

"We rolled over and landed back on our wheels, loaded the scattered goods back aboard, and drove home. There's not the comradeship farther south than there is in the Territory, though—five cars passed us that day. None stopped."

"Bogging in wet weather is not as bad down here, either."

"In 1929 we were trying to reach a waterhole at night in the 'Punjab' district of the Territory and were bogged. In the mud and dark I lost my shoes while trying to push the car. We finally slept in the car all night, tired, hungry, and thirsty. Dawn broke—and the waterhole was only yards away!"

"Tracks were ill-defined, too. A year later we missed a turn on one such track and finished hanging half way over a creek bank with our headlights in the mud. We had to dig the bank away, taking care the car did not slip, and then pull it on to the road."

At Coober Pedy Mrs. Wilson has an almost constant supply of water from a 500,000-gallon Government tank. Food supplies arrive regularly once a week.

Her prosperous store is the



IN HER GENERAL STORE Mrs. Wilson trades with aborigines as well as white miners. Here an aborigine rests on a box of opal while Mrs. Wilson serves his fellow miner with groceries. Food from tins is the main item of diet for the residents of Coober Pedy.



SHANTY of salvaged corrugated iron which is listed officially by the Postmaster-General's Department as Coober Pedy Post Office. Formerly the post office was situated underground, but Mrs. Wilson had it removed to the surface. Most homes are underground.

only one for 200 miles south and 500 miles north. She has built one of the two homes on the surface there. She is a member of the Flying Doctor radio network.

Her home is on the main Darwin—Adelaide overland route.

"I like outback life," she said. "No strikes, gas or electricity worries, and plenty of fresh air and space. You can reconcile yourself to anything and forget loneliness. I've never regretted moving here."

"More people are needed in this country, and anyone who has the stomach to come out here will make a go of it."

The birthplaces of the Wilson children reflect the travels of the family.

Arthur was born at Babinda; Ernest at Tully; Alma and Florrie at Cairns; Phyllis at Mareeba; Rose at Herberton; Joan at Townsville; George at Claremont; Herbert was the first white child born at Coober Pedy, and Ray was born at Port Augusta.

Mrs. Wilson smiled happily and added, "Of course, I'm grandma to another 22."



ENTRANCE to the dugout housing the Flying Doctor radio. In her role as postmistress Mrs. Wilson sends many telegrams weekly by radio, which are relayed from Alice Springs.

adapted from New York Designs

— sent by our American fashion adviser, Candy Wilson

Some lucky women have husbands who take trips to New York and bring back exquisite underwear . . . some lucky girls have generous fathers who do the same . . . Now EVERY WOMAN can have glamour underwear with that "American look" . . . because

much of the new BOND'S UNDERWEAR is actually adapted from New York designs sent by Candy Wilson—a top-notch designer from Fifth Avenue whose specialty is line, cut and fit! These new lace-lavished Bond's "Underlovelies" with the American look . . . Panties, slips and nightwear — also in matched sets — at all leading stores.



CANDY WILSON

Smooth-fitting Bra Slips.
Frisly Half Slips.
Some bias cut in panels
for sleekness, some
softly flared. Frilly hems
or deep lacy edges.
Low budget prices!

More overseas fashions from Bond's
FOUR FASCINATING HEELS IN SNAGPROOFED
Fiesta NYLONS Venetian heels with jet-black panels and exotic zig-zag frames! Colorgenic heels shadow-toned to match any colored shoe! Elegant black heels, plain heels with self-seams or dark seams! 15-denier Fiestas are snagproofed and guaranteed for length, fit, stretch and texture!

Luxury home in circus

Newlyweds keep up caravan tradition

By CLAIRE BELL, staff reporter

A recent bride who married a member of a family of circus proprietors now makes her home in a modern luxury caravan that arouses so much public interest it is often packed with sightseers when on the circus site on Sundays.

NEWLY - MARRIED Mr and Mrs Stafford Bullen regard philosophically the public's interest in their caravan. Both circus people, they feel they live a public life and do not resent the sightseers' intrusion.

Twenty-two-year-old Mrs. Stafford Bullen was Miss Cleo Rinaldo before she married her 28-year-old husband at a double wedding ceremony at the Church of England, Hindmarsh, Adelaide. The other couple married at the ceremony were Stafford's brother, Gregory, 21, whose bride was Miss Betty King, also 21.

Both brides are members of Bullen Brothers' Circus and have been circus performers since their early teens.

The two bridegrooms, with their father, Mr. Perce Bullen, and two other brothers, Ken and Jules, are joint owners of the circus.

The double wedding ceremony which was the culmination of two circus romances aroused wide public interest. One hundred guests were entertained at a wedding

breakfast under the "big top" in the circus when the show was over at 11.30 p.m.

The Bullen family have been circus proprietors for 80 years and have a high regard for circus tradition. Life in a caravan is one tradition they would not abandon although their circus—one of the largest in Australia—is now fully mechanised so that it can be transported quickly from one State to another.

Rail trips are made only when the circus must travel to Western Australia or on other long journeys, like those from Brisbane to distant centres in Queensland. The circus and its personnel are then transported by special train.

Stafford Bullen followed another tradition in having his new caravan painted in the favorite circus color of bright red banded in gold. It was built to his specifications by a Melbourne firm, and was copied from a caravan he saw when visiting England.

Chief luxury item in the handsome, three-roomed caravan is the sundeck top. A metal ladder at the back of the caravan leads to the top deck, which is equipped with



NEWLY-MARRIED Mrs. Stafford Bullen arranges flowers in the sitting-room of the caravan in which she and her husband live. The caravan has three rooms and sundeck.

fixtures to hold a canvas awning and deck-chairs.

Mrs. Bullen says the comfortable, well-equipped caravan with its compact kitchen would delight any housewife.

It is panelled throughout in Queensland maple in a dark chestnut color. There is a bedroom which leads into the combined sitting-room and dining-room, and the kitchen with a shower annexe.

Carpets are in a color scheme of russet, green, and gold. Soft green brocade curtains are on the windows, which also have copper, roll-type screens.

In the sitting-room are a writing-desk matching the wood panelling, a portable radio, and a typewriter which fit neatly into one corner.

The dining alcove has seats which open out to form a spare bed.

Two bunk beds with big storage drawers are built in in the bedroom. A wardrobe, lowboy, and cupboards are other furnishings.

The shower annexe is tiled in lettuce-green. Water is supplied from a 40-gallon storage tank under the rear of the caravan.

An important member of the caravan's household is the plump, black dachshund, Vida. "I am always devising diets for Vida, and then discover the staff feed her ice-cream," Mrs. Bullen said.

The other newly married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Bullen, also live in a caravan and travel with the circus.

Thousands apply for exciting lipstick

In last week's issue we offered readers of The Australian Women's Weekly an opportunity to secure a special sample tube of Riding Hood Red lipstick. Already thousands of beauty-conscious women from all over Australia have written for this becoming, all-occasion lipstick.

TO avoid disappointment we now urge readers to hurry their applications because this special offer must close on October 23.

Riding Hood Red is the new-season shade in Max Factor's range of colorful lipsticks.

The sample tube of Riding Hood Red lipstick contains enough to keep lips in a rich glow of color from one week to two, depending on how much lipstick you use.

We recommend it as a

pretty, versatile color for everybody to wear during the day and at night this spring and summer.

When you have finished the sample, you can buy regular Max Factor sizes and refills at chemists and stores, price 8/11 (large) and 5/11 (medium).

The spring-like quality of this new make-up is found in its clear, brilliant tone. True red, after all, is the color class in which lips naturally belong.

Its tone makes this lipstick versatile and is the reason for its appeal to the discerning

woman who prefers natural color, because it gives a soft, warm look to her make-up, as well as to the young person who looks for gaiety in cosmetics.

Fashion forecasts tell us that more bright red will be found in the clothes we will wear this season.

It is tipped both as a basic color and for accessories.

The rule of lip make-up for dominant, one-tone clothing or accessories is: Match or tone your lipstick to that color when striving for a harmonious color ensemble.

Incidentally, in keying the red accent on clothes, remember that there is nothing gayer or better fashion this season than the red suit or summer coat in cool, crisp lines, cotton, or silk.

As an enlivening touch, try the flash of a red blouse in pure silk or nylon under a suit jacket, or a silk square, either plain or patterned, over red knotted at the throat.

In the accessory field you can really "go to town" with the right spot of high fashion red in a dashing little hat or a pair of neat pumps.

Red handbags, of course, keep coming back into fashion like the buds themselves, spring after spring. To be smart down to the fingertips you can wear wrist-deep or two-button-length red cotton gloves, and really add that extra touch of color.

The sample container of Riding Hood Red lipstick costs only 1/-, including packaging and postage.

Readers wishing to obtain a sample should fill in their name and address in clear block letters on the coupon at left, cut it out, and send it in a sealed 3d.-stamped envelope addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, enclosing a postal note or stamps worth 1/-.

Thermexa a Better Cup at an economy price

HERE AT LAST is tableware that has a look of quality about it . . . and yet is so inexpensive that you can use it for hard, everyday family wear without a qualm. "Thermexa" ware is much less liable to chip and break . . . but when accidental breakages do occur, it's good to know that either a cup or a saucer can be replaced for a mere shilling or so at your favourite store. Besides, you'll like to use "Thermexa" for its own sake . . . you'll approve its porcelain-like appearance and smooth, satiny texture, so pleasing to the touch.



Why Thermexa will please you

- Gleaming porcelain-like appearance.
- Smooth texture—pleasing to the touch.
- Extreme resistance to heat.
- Toughness and hard-wearing qualities.
- Does not "craze."
- ECONOMICAL . . . costs less than even the cheapest crockery.

Prove Thermexa's heat resisting qualities with this test!

An ordinary cup will not stand up to sudden, severe changes of temperature. But a Thermexa cup can be chilled in a refrigerator, removed, and immediately filled with boiling fat—yet it does not break. Prove it yourself!

Thermexa Ware
(PROOF EVEN AGAINST OVEN HEAT)
COMPLETELY HEAT RESISTING

The Australian Women's Weekly lipstick offer

Please send me trial-size Riding Hood Red lipstick. I enclose 1/- in payment.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

NAME

ADDRESS

Aunt Mary's

JAM SHORT CAKE

INGREDIENTS: 4 ozs. (good half cup) butter or good quality margarine, 4 ozs. (good half cup) of sugar, 1 egg, 6 ozs. (1½ cups) of plain flour, 2 level teaspoons Aunt Mary's Baking Powder, 1 level teaspoon ginger, 1 level teaspoon cinnamon, Raspberry, Strawberry or Plum Jam.

METHOD: Heat oven to 425° F.—electric moderate. Grease a 7" ring cake tin generously. Have all ingredients ready for use. Sift together 3 times into a bowl the flour, ginger, cinnamon and baking powder. Set aside. Cream together in a bowl sugar and butter or table margarine. Beat egg thoroughly. Add creamed mixture and beat well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients then beat until smooth. Smooth half the mixture over bottom of greased tin. Spread liberally with jam. Smooth the remainder of mixture on top. Bake in oven about 25 minutes. This is delicious served hot with ice-cream or custard.

Always fresh
in the airtight can
Costs less, quick
and easy to use
Ensures a
balanced recipe



Aunt Mary's

THE MAGIC POWER
BEHIND THE FLOUR!

CREAM OF TARTAR BAKING POWDER



CREAM O'TARTAR SAYS "YOU CAN MAKE
PERFECT PUFF PASTRY"



INGREDIENTS: ½ lb. plain flour, ½ lb. butter, ½ teaspoon Cream of Tartar, cold water.

METHOD: Sift flour and Cream of Tartar into mixing bowl. Cut butter into 3 portions. Mix one portion into flour until very fine, then mix to a dry dough. Roll out. Mix second portion on top of dough. Fold up, roll again and cut remaining butter on to dough. Roll up and roll out 3 times when pastry is ready for use.

COOKING HINTS

- A pinch of Cream of Tartar makes mashed potatoes white as snow.
- Half a teaspoon of Cream of Tartar "tenderises" steak and kidney, beef stew, corned beef, poultry.
- A pinch of Cream of Tartar makes home-made ice-cream professionally smooth.

Nature's own
rising ingredient
—made from
pure grapes.



A 4 oz. PACKET OF
CREAM OF TARTAR
IS OBTAINABLE FROM YOUR GROCER.

LEIS SAY 'ALOHA'

★ One of the charming native customs which have helped to make Hawaii famous is offering the departing guest a flower garland to wear about the neck. Making these colorful leis has now developed into big business. At the nursery of Randolph Crosseley hundreds of beautiful floral tokens are prepared each day. The photographs on these two pages were taken by Australian Harry Moore during a recent trip to Hawaii.



ABOVE: Orchid blooms to be used in the making of leis are weighed in a floral factory in Hawaii. Orchids are bought by weight. About 600 blooms go to the pound.

BELOW: Miss Val Emery, of Chatswood, N.S.W., admires a flower decoration at a flower factory. Tropical flowers decorate homes and public buildings in Hawaii.



Flowers earn big money in Hawaiian tourist trade



TO SAY "ALOHA!" A row of stalls at the airport at Honolulu where leis made of flowers and paper are big business in the tourist trade. Leis can now be landed here provided the plane has a certificate of fumigation.



AUSTRALIAN IN HAWAII. Mrs. Day Olson, photographed in her flower-decorated house at Waikiki, is an Australian who has made her home in Hawaii. Before her marriage she was Sydney model Day Wardle.



THIS LEI STALL at the Honolulu airport is run by a Chinese-Hawaiian. When travellers leave Hawaii they are garlanded with fragrant leis by their friends. The leis cost from 12/6 to £4 each.



FOUR LEIS, alternating orchids and frangipani blooms, are made at the one time by an Hawaiian floral worker. This way uniform leis can be made at speed.



THE
"S"
SHAPED
SLAT
IS
ONLY
ONE
OF
THE
MANY
EXCLUSIVE
FEATURES
OF
Kirsch

A QUALITY
HOME
deserves
QUALITY
BLINDS

YOU can't do
better than . . .

Kirsch

all-metal venetian blinds in
ivory and lovely pastel shades.

Kirsch blinds have an international reputation for quality and service.

The exclusive "S" shaped slat provides these advantages:

- a graceful appearance.
- strength and durability.
- diffusion of incoming light, giving the effect of indirect illumination.

Ask to see them and study the advantages of the "S" shaped slat.

Choose the Name You Know!

Kirsch Company
(AUST.) LIMITED
(A Farnald Brothers Industry)
WB MELBOURNE — SYDNEY — BRISBANE
FJ 4538 MX 1071 JW 4004

★ Other Famous Kirsch Products—
TRAVERSE AND EXTENSION CURTAIN RODS

K29A/2PC

YOUTH SERIES by Kay Melaun

Refresher course in table manners

A reader suggested via our Readers' Opinion Poll that there ought to be a youth article about table manners. This may seem elementary, but there's no need to scoff. You're not perfect, and reading the rules again won't hurt.

NO one's table manners are so good that he can afford to be superior.

Besides, many a romance has crashed at the dinner table because that wonderful new man or gorgeous new girl turned out to have ugly table manners.

Generally speaking, good table manners are the quiet, unobtrusive ones that make eating look an easy process; bad ones are the fussy, noisy ones that make it look a grim struggle.

SOME basic rules apply whether you're at home in a T-shirt and shorts or at a formal dinner. These include:

Don't fuss at the table—don't loll or sprawl, don't saw away with knife and fork, don't make a noise with your chewing. And keep your elbows off the table.

Shake your table napkin neatly out of its folds and put it on your lap. Don't flap it like a flag. Don't tuck it into anything, whether collar, belt, or pants top.

(There's no need to laugh so merrily. You'd be surprised how many people do this.)

Spoon porridge towards you and eat it off the point of the spoon, but treat soup in reverse. Spoon it away from you and sip from the side of the spoon.

A soup plate is always tipped away from, not towards, you.

Don't chew with your mouth open or talk with your mouth full.

While you're chewing rest your knife and fork on the plate. Don't hold them akimbo in the air at the sides.

Never cut a bread roll, always break it. You cut bread when you're going to butter it.

Incidentally, cut it before

FOR 12 minutes of sheer orchestral opulence I'd advise you to hear the Overture to "The Flying Dutchman" on ED1233/4. Whether you want to own it or not depends on how you feel about Wagner. If you like him, you'll find that Wilhelm Furtwaengler and the Vienna Philharmonic do a magnificent job on this dramatic pictorial seascape. The fourth side is occupied by Brahms' "Hungarian Dance No. 1 in G." Yes, it's the one everyone knows so well.

FROM the "Dutchman" there is also available Senta's Ballad (jo-ho-hoe!) on LOX820, which I have not yet sampled. However, reports

you butter it. Don't spread it all over and then cut it.

Don't hold either knife or fork as though it were a pencil, with the handle resting in the joint of thumb and forefinger.

Get "on top of" the table implements, with the point of the handle resting against the centre of your palm. Hold them by the ends. Don't hold them so far down that your forefinger is right down on the point of the knife or on the tines of the fork.

Never dunk, whether it's bread in soup or biscuits in coffee—and don't chase the gravy round the plate with a piece of bread.

Don't shuffle your feet, tap time to any music, sing, push your food round your plate, or (horrors) sniff at it.

You can sprinkle pepper over your food, but put the salt at the side of the plate.

Don't turn your fork over and shovel peas on to it with your knife. Either eat them in ordinary forkfuls or put your knife down, transfer your fork to your right hand, and proceed as with a fork dish.

Asparagus, olives, corn on the cob, and saratoga chips are about the only times fingers come before forks.

It's perfectly polite to pick up a poultry bone, so long as you use only one hand, and—as the old dictum had it—don't let your lips touch the bone.

Fruit knives and forks are provided at dinner parties, but I'd rather do without fruit for the rest of my life than tackle it with a little knife and fork. A good way to eat a banana in formal company is to strip it down one side, then use a fork.

Don't ash your cigarette in your teacup. Smoke into an ashtray.

If you drop a fork or knife, leave it there. Your hostess or a waitress will get you another.

When confronted with an array of table silver at a formal dinner party, work your way inwards with the implements. And watch what other people are using.

Don't worry if you make a mistake. You won't be the first person to have been left with only the oyster fork to eat your ice-cream.

A BACHELOR'S OPINION (First of a new series)

Do men really like innocent women?

That word "innocent" can mean so many things.

If it's taken to mean simplicity, or unsophisticated virtue, and belief in the goodness of life, then that is surely what men like.

If, on the other hand, the meaning is confused with ignorance—not knowing anything, not wanting to know anything, or worse still, the pretence of not knowing . . . Well, ignorance is never a virtue.

The average man is such a hypocrite. He's a wolf—then imagines he is entitled to marry a girl who is as pure as the driven snow.

Yes, men DO like innocent women, but the question is: DO WE DESERVE THEM?

Don't imagine you'll look well-bred by sticking out your little finger. That's affectation—more ill-mannered than rough table ways.

Take small bites; there's no need to mince at your food like a rabbit, but there's no need, either, to just miss snapping off your fingers.

THAT'S a resume of the basics. But here are a series of do's and don'ts, broken sometimes at home, but always observed when you're "out."

DISC DIGEST

of Leonie Rysanek's singing make this a disc to be heard, particularly if you enjoyed the opera during this year's season. She's supported by the Covent Garden Chorus and the Philharmonia Orchestra.

"TI-PI-TIN," that old-timer made famous by the Comedy Harmonists, is revived by the Four Aces on DO70025, but I hardly think their new rhythmical treatment will give it a long lease of life. Flipside is "Heaven Can Wait," a slow number. If you like a vocal quartet, you might give it a spin.

THE "Mexican Hat Dance," so beloved by the Fitzpatrick travelogue, will set samba fans a-rocking when they hear the Caribbean Carnival Orchestra play it on Y6481. Since the conductor is Stanley Black I very much doubt the authenticity of the band's title, but they're well worth hearing. I also liked the coupling, another traditional Mex tune, "Cielito Lindo." Should you be lucky enough to own Rosita Serrano's version of "Cielito," you won't need another. It's on English Decca and not generally available. If you have a friend about to return from abroad, bully her into bringing you a copy.

—BERNARD FLETCHER

SHOP TALK by Addis



Meet "Grippy," the Super Nailbrush!

Clever handle fits snugly over fingers—it's the only nailbrush guaranteed not to slip out of reach! The bristles dig deep down, cleaning nails quickly. Your chemist or store sells the Addis "Grippy" for 4/6!



Tiny tots' toothbrush!

Addis' cute little Disney toothbrush has Mickey Mouse or Donald Duck on the handle. Does away with toothbrushing tantrums—and cleans teeth gently but well, for only 1/5 at chemists and stores!



Deeper brushing Beauty Brush!

"Spokes of Wheel" bristles in Addis' Beauty Brush grasp every strand of hair, polish to gleaming point! Stimulate the scalp, too! Best of all "Beauty" is yours for just 21/9!

BRUSHES BY

Addis

AB3-1

Be an enchanting fairy-tale-come-true...
 choose **FIFTH AVENUE** Handprints
 with your riding hood red

to bring the wolves out...



Your "Fifth Avenue" frock may be your own creation...
 or by a well-known maker... either way the brilliant colours
 and original hand-printed patterns are an inspiration.
 Fifth Avenue Handprints are exclusive designs
 produced in limited lengths only.
THEY WASH PERFECTLY. The best stores
 throughout Australia feature
 Fifth Avenue Handprints... by the
 yard, or in exclusive frocks.



fashion follows
so exclusive...
so easy to wash
Fifth Avenue handprints...



An S.T.P. Production

Distributed solely by Martin & Savage Pty. Limited—Melbourne, Sydney and Brisbane
 In Adelaide—H. D. James In Perth—S. W. Badge

"I'm so happy!"



... a happy, well-fed
baby is a joy ...
that's why so many
doctors, nurses and
mothers choose
VI-LACTOGEN
FOR THE YOUNGER BABY
LACTOGEN
AS BABY GROWS OLDER

Correct feeding is all-important during baby's vital first year. Breast feeding is best, but when nature fails or proves inadequate, most mothers turn to Vi-Lactogen and Lactogen, acknowledged everywhere as being next best to natural feeding. These scientifically prepared and easily digested foods contain all the nutritional elements of natural milk, plus added Vitamins A, D and Organic Iron. There is no purer, safer form of nourishment for baby and every tin is hermetically sealed against contamination. Besides, Vi-Lactogen and Lactogen are so easy to prepare—simply sprinkle the required amount on top of boiled water and whisk. Wonderful for baby—and a delight to the busy mother. Yes, you can keep your baby chuckling happily if you start him off on Vi-Lactogen and then, round about six months, go on to Lactogen. He will never look back.

FREE MOTHER BOOK

Cut out and send this coupon to Nestlé's in any capital city or at Newcastle.

Please send me (post free) a copy of the Vi-Lactogen and Lactogen Mother Book.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

NESTLÉ'S PRODUCTS



L 30.3FC

"NIGHT IN HAWAII" PARTY



LINE-UP OF MEMBERS of the Black and White Ball committee, who helped arrange the "Night in Hawaii" party, are (from left) Mrs. C. B. Wincott, Mrs. Evelyn Crossing, Mrs. Alan Copeland, Mrs. John Bottomley, Mrs. Hector Livingston, and Marcia Moses. The party, which was in aid of the Royal Blind Society, was held at Glen Ascham.



ATTRACTIVE Moana Fielding Jones smiles a greeting to friends at the party. Moana, who has just returned from abroad, wore a sea-green sunrock.

GUESTS at the "Night in Hawaii" included Mr. and Mrs. David Klippel, of Wairoa. Mrs. Klippel added a gay, multi-striped stole to her black dress.



AMONG THE PALMS are Dr. Geoff Vanderfield and Louise Brown. Louise accented her black-and-white ticking dress with red-and-white leis.



QUARTET. Mrs. Colin Ryrie (left), Mr. Ryrie, Madeline Archbutt, and her fiance, Dick Harford, at the "Night in Hawaii." Casual clothes and colorful leis added atmosphere to the party.



ON THE STAIRS. Janice Burchall (left), Michael Hall Best, Judith Wise, and John Lewis were among guests at a dinner dance in aid of the Cranbrook War Memorial Hall Appeal.



ART EXHIBITION. Mrs. Hans Hedinger (left) and Mrs. C. R. McKerihan at the opening of a special exhibition featuring Australian art at the National Art Gallery. Exhibition was arranged by the National Gallery Society.



GUNNER BALL. Captain Ben Arnott (left), Sue Playfair, Jill Campbell, and Major Des Barnes arrive at the ball held by officers of the Royal Australian Artillery (New South Wales) at Victoria Barracks. Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Jock Pagan received the guests.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

FASHION spotlight will have a two-way beam at the Spring Race Meeting. Traditionally, one will focus on feminine racegoers, who are hoping, to a woman, for fine weather so that new outfits can have an airing.

The other will be trained on the men in view of the A.J.C.'s recent request that its members should wear "toppers" and morning dress.

As well as the races, there will be lots of parties. Guests will include many country folk who have made the trek to town for spring gaieties.

At the Australia will be Mr. and Mrs. Henry White, of "Talbragar," Coolah; Mr. and Mrs. A. O. MacPhillamy, of "Charlton," Rockley; the Ken Mackays, of "Cangong," Dungog; Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Munro, of "Gundibri," Merriwa, and the Ken Livingstons, of Moree.

Among those making Ushers their headquarters are Mr. and Mrs. W. Horton Browne and their daughter, Frances, of "Wirruna," Young, Mr. and Mrs. H. Davidson, of "Verana," Young, and the Archie Bakers, of "Laura," Bundara.

PRESIDENT of the Women's Pioneer Club Younger Set, Margaret Gustafson, writes to tell me that she'll cut short a holiday at Surfers' Paradise to attend the club's spring cocktail party on October 2, and other events in Race Week.

SETTING for a young people's party in Canberra last weekend was the main reception-room at "Yarralumla," home of the Governor-General, Sir William Slim. Lady Slim arranged the party for more than 100 guests from the younger set in Canberra.

Group of guests who went to dinner before the dance included the Prime Minister's daughter, Heather Menzies, who wore a bouffant scarlet nylon tulle gown, Suzan Leiching, Robin Campbell, Miyo Nishi, who is the daughter of the Japanese Ambassador, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Scott, and Geoff Price.



RECENTLY ENGAGED. Patricia Wallace, daughter of Mr. E. B. Wallace and the late Mrs. E. W. Thompson, and her fiance, Henry Friend, of "Wahroonga," Cannedah, at Romano's.

RECORD of congratulations was sent out from America by Terry Daly to his sister, Pat, when she announced her engagement to Adrian Gorman, of "Willowvale," Balranald, N.S.W. Pat, who is the daughter of Mrs. Daly, of Wahroonga, and the late Dr. T. A. Daly, is wearing a diamond solitaire ring, with diamond shoulders.

BRIEFLY . . . New Zealand honeymoon will follow the wedding at Wee Waa on October 30 of Mardi Hamilton, of "Sandy Hook," Wee Waa, and Robert Holcombe.

CLASSICAL gown of Italian appliqued satin will be worn by Marie Connelly when she marries John Bertoli at St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay, on Saturday, October 3. Marie will be attended by her sister, Mrs. H. M. Riley, Mrs. Roger Stanley, Noni Anderson, and Wendy Pursell. After a reception at the Pickwick Club, Marie and John will leave by car for their honeymoon in Melbourne.

Anne



WED IN ENGLAND. Timothy Savill and his bride, formerly Ann Gordon, daughter of Sir John and Lady Gordon, of Wollstonecraft, after their wedding.

UNIVERSITY DANCE. Gailie Coday (left), Robert Colman, Judy Niven, and Richard Shand at the informal dance held at St. John's College.



BETWEEN DANCES. Dr. and Mrs. Bede Mooney at the first ball to be organised by the staff of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, at Prince's. Mrs. Mooney wore a black top and figured skirt.



LEAVING FOR RECEPTION. Mr. and Mrs. Sam O'Donnell leave St. Mary's Cathedral for their reception at the Australia Hotel. The bride was formerly Ricky Doherty, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Doherty, of Haberfield.



To bring the
wolves out . . .

Hawaiian Sun worshippers

WEAR Riding Hood Red . . .

**FASHION'S THRILLING
NEW SHADE!**

Yes! It's fashion's newest shade. So
COLE OF CALIFORNIA introduces it
into a fabulous range of swimsuits and
sunfrocks! A range that sparkles with
tropical colour directly inspired by the
Hawaiian scene! All brilliantly conceived
with figure-flattering ideas that could
only come from COLE OF CALIFORNIA!
Fascinating new adjustable bras, some
with concealed pockets to keep the secret
of "bust improvers," others draped and
cuffed for added beauty. Figure control
matlexing to mould itself to your figure!
On display at your favourite store now!

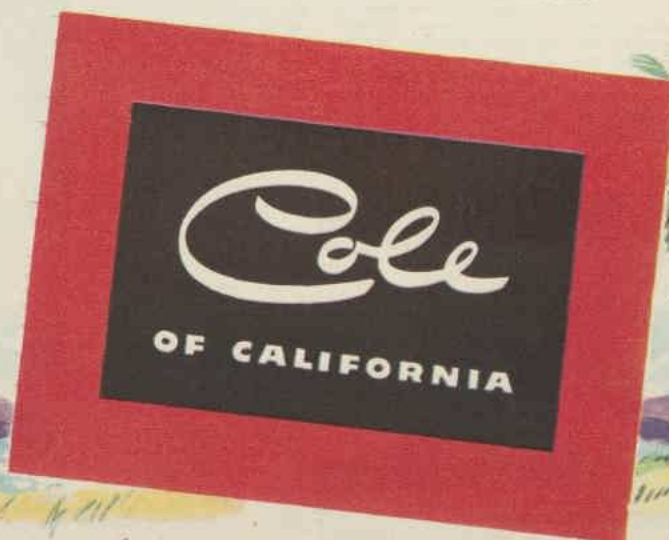


Style 52: Flow Glass, with the Telescopic
draping on bra and hips. Fully matlexed
back for strapless security, and snug fit. Two-
way straps attached. Wear it in "RIDING
HOOD RED."

Style 266: A gay bare-shouldered style with
cuffed "Balcony Bra" on slim-fitting bodice,
with a shaped stole for covered-up occasions.
Featured here in a tropical print splashed with
"RIDING HOOD RED."



Style 66: A Princess line sunfrock in a
Hawaiian border print of "RIDING HOOD
RED," with sculptured bustline and many-
pleated skirt, with the new "jumper-jacked"
to tie at the waistline.



MADE FROM ORIGINAL *Alcorso* HAND PRINTS

The Queen will honor lost airmen

Relatives invited to attend ceremony

Six Australians will meet the Queen this month at historic Runnymede, England, when she dedicates an Air Force memorial to airmen who were killed in World War II and have no known graves.

AUSTRALIANS who will be present at the dedication are the High Commissioner for Australia, Sir Thomas White, the Agent-General for Tasmania in London, Sir Eric von Bibra, Mrs. Constance Hoffman, of Melbourne, Mr. and Mrs. K. E. Bucknell, of Graman, N.S.W., and Mr. J. McQuitty, of Hobart.

Mrs. Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. Bucknell, and Mr. McQuitty are next-of-kin to airmen who lost their lives serving with the Air Force during the war.

They will represent relatives of all Australians whose husbands and sons are buried in unknown war graves.

The Federal Government will pay their travelling expenses and give them a living allowance for two weeks while they are in England.

Mrs. Hoffman will represent the War Widows' Guild. She is the widow of Melbourne-born Flight-Sergeant Owen Hoffman, whose name will be inscribed on the memorial.

"I can hardly believe my good luck," Mrs. Hoffman said. "After sending in my application form I thought my chances of being selected so narrow I almost forgot all about it. Can you imagine my surprise and joy when I received notification that I was to be sent?"

Mrs. Hoffman's husband, who was a wireless operator, was killed in a Coastal Command Wellington bomber while he was engaged on patrol and anti-submarine work off the coast of Britain. The dedication will coincide with the 10th anniversary of his death.

Flight-Sergeant Hoffman never saw his son, Daryl, born in April, 1943. Today, at the age of 10, Daryl resembles his father in appearance and has inherited many of his interests.

Daryl is proud of his father's former success in the sporting field, and treasures the trophies he won. Flight-Sergeant Hoffman won the Victorian Gymnastic Championship in 1937, and was a member of the winning teams in the following two years. Like his father, Daryl excels at school sports, and is a keen swimmer and surfer.

His mother, who owns a small car, spends most of her summer weekends driving the "family" to swimming and surfing resorts.

The "family" includes her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C.

Montgomery, of Moonee Ponds, and her sister, Mrs. E. L. Smith, and her daughter, Lorraine, with whom Mrs. Hoffman lives.

During the week Mrs. Hoffman has a clerical job with a sharebroking firm.

Lorraine, who is a year younger than Daryl, is more like his sister than his cousin. "They adore each other," Mrs. Hoffman said, "but they fight like cat and dog."

Daryl and Lorraine are almost as thrilled about Mrs. Hoffman's trip to England as Mrs. Hoffman herself.

Mrs. Hoffman hopes to spend some time in Europe after she leaves England. She is delighted at the prospect of buying English and Parisian clothes, and will not pack many suitcases, but her luggage will include a few of the exquisite scarves and stoles she has woven at the War Widows' Guild.

Weaving is her hobby, and she is looking forward to seeing tapestries on the loom and in French museums.

She has many friends in England. "Part of the thrill of the trip," she said, when she heard she had been chosen to go, "will be meeting friends I thought I'd never see again."

"But the greatest thrill, of course, is the honor of being chosen and the thought of meeting the Queen."

Mr. J. McQuitty had three sons who served with the Royal Australian Air Force, of whom two lost their lives.

The eldest, Sergeant-Pilot William (Bill) McQuitty, enlisted in Hobart in 1939. He



WAR WIDOW Mrs. Constance Hoffman finds Runnymede on the map with son Daryl and niece Lorraine Smith. Mrs. Hoffman will see the dedication of the Air Force memorial by Queen Elizabeth at Runnymede.

got his "wings" in Canada and was attached to the Royal Air Force in England.

When the Whitley bomber he was piloting was hit in a raid in 1941, he flew on one engine amid a hail of shells, all the time losing height.

He accomplished his mission and began limping home over 200 miles of sea.

Nine miles off the English coast the engine gave out and the plane crashed into the sea.

The only one of the crew to reach shore was the observer.

Mr. McQuitty's other two sons, Flight-Sergeant Robert

McQuitty and Flying-Officer David McQuitty, joined the R.A.A.F. as soon as they turned 18.

Robert was killed during the invasion of Europe in June, 1944, when his plane was blown to pieces on a mine-laying operation. David, who was also stationed in the European zone, survived the war.

Mr. McQuitty, who is English-born, is looking forward eagerly to his trip.

"It was my greatest ambition to attend the ceremony at Runnymede," he said, "but I didn't think I would be chosen to be present at the unveiling of this memorial to the airmen who helped save England and the world."

During his visit to the United Kingdom Mr. McQuitty will visit his two brothers, one of whom lives in Belfast, Northern Ireland, and the other in Dublin, Eire.



FLIGHT-SERGEANT Owen Hoffman, who lost his life off the coast of Britain 10 years ago, while he was serving with an R.A.A.F. air-crew.



THE MEMORIAL, built on a wooded hill at Runnymede, is in the form of a shrine, and has a cloister and a remembrance stone commemorating lost airmen.

He will return to Australia by air early in the New Year. Mr. and Mrs. Bucknell had five children on active service during the war.

Of the three sons, Ross, the eldest, is the only one who came back. He was at Tobruk, won the Military Medal, and was twice mentioned in dispatches.

Brian, who joined the

R.A.A.F. in April, 1940, at the age of 21, went to England in November and was killed a year later over England.

Phillip enlisted in February, 1941, and was lost over the North Sea in March, 1942. He was never heard of again.

Mr. and Mrs. Bucknell's two daughters also served with the Forces during the war. The elder, Joan, now Mrs. William Duddy, of Graman, N.S.W., was with the W.A.A.A.F., and Barbara, the younger, was in the A.A.M.W.S.

Mr. and Mrs. Bucknell are both members of well-known N.S.W. grazing families.

Mr. Bucknell's late father, Theo Bucknell, was the first squatter in the Moree-Mungindi district, where he settled in the year 1850.

Mr. and Mrs. Bucknell will spend three weeks in England and then travel to the U.S. and Canada.

During the trip they hope to call on people who were good to their sons during the war.

They expect to return to Australia in November.



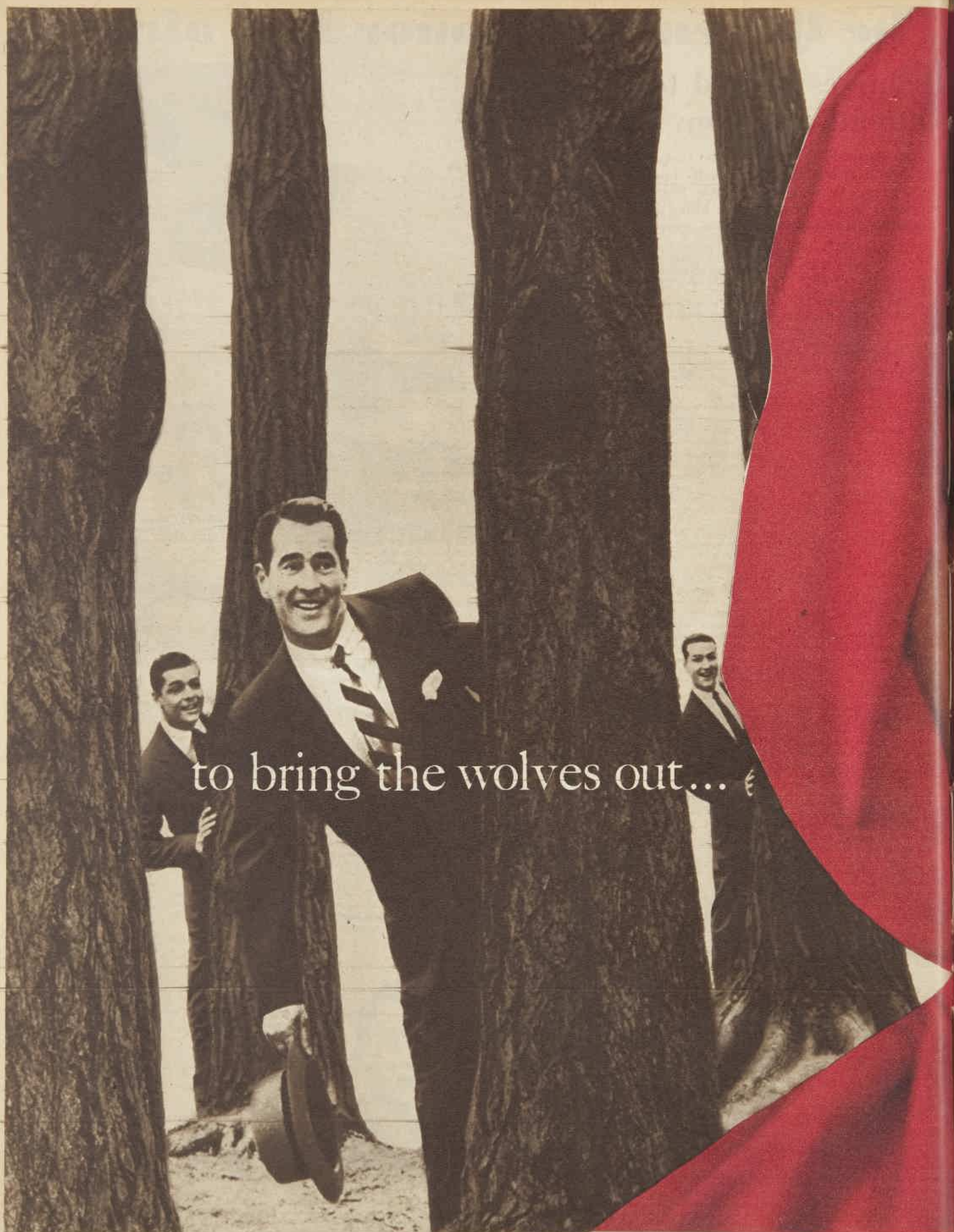
HOBART WIDOWER Mr. J. McQuitty, who lost two sons in the last war, was on active service in the First World War. He was born in England, and is looking forward to seeing his homeland when he goes to the ceremony at Runnymede.



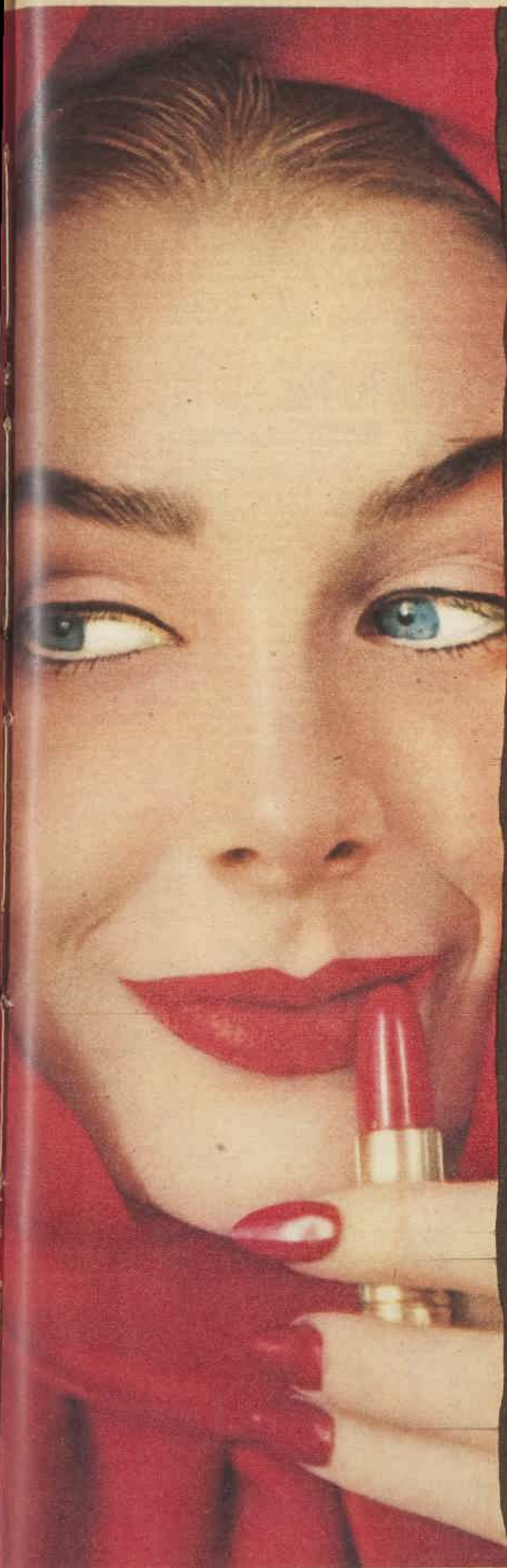
SERGEANT-PILOT William McQuitty, whose plane crashed into the sea off the coast of Britain in July, 1941, on a mine-laying operation.



FLIGHT-SERGEANT Robert McQuitty lost his life in the invasion of Europe in 1944.



to bring the wolves out...



riding hood red

a new red...

a ripe young red in

MAX Factor's
non-drying
lipstick

Wear Riding Hood Red at your own sweet risk...we warn you, you're going to be followed! It's a rich, succulent red that turns the most innocent look into a tantalizing invitation.

Standard size, 8/11. Medium size, 5/11.

Refills (for standard size), 5/11.

*Riding Hood Red stays brilliant,
never fades, never dries tender lips.*

When a dentist finds MOUTH ODOUR ...here's what he does!

This leading Perth dentist has proved it... follow his advice.

Name withheld for professional reasons but original letter held on our files.



I ADVISE THE DAILY USE OF MENTASOL CHLOROPHYLL TOOTHPASTE. IT CLEANS TEETH THOROUGHLY AND DEODORISES THE MOUTH BETTER THAN ANY OTHER TOOTHPASTE

"OF THE 2000 patients I see every year I'm amazed at the number who ask if a chlorophyll toothpaste really does deodorise the breath. They specifically mention the stale odours of tobacco, alcohol and strong-tasting foods. Since I've had experience with Mentasol Toothpaste I can truthfully answer: 'Yes. Mentasol does destroy all mouth odours.' There is no doubt that Mentasol is a considerable benefit to such people in their social and business life."

**7 out of 10 dentists
think Mentasol
better than any other
toothpaste**

Questioned on what they thought of Mentasol, 7 out of 10 answers from Australian dentists said: "Better than any other toothpaste I've ever used." Try a tube of spearmint-flavoured Mentasol today—proved 50% more effective in destroying mouth odours than ordinary toothpastes.

We're so sure you'll agree that we make this unconditional guarantee: Mentasol will do more for you than any other dentifrice—white or chlorophyll—to give you a cleaner, fresher, healthier mouth—or your money back.

The world's original
CHLOROPHYLL
TOOTHPASTE



M.E.WW104

JOAN CRAWFORD

It is 14 years since film star Joan Crawford put aside her dancing slippers for straight film roles. Now she is to dance again in the musical "Torch Song." Here is an account from Evelyn Harvey in Hollywood of the back-breaking work undertaken by the veteran actress to ensure a successful comeback.

THE late afternoon sun slanted across the floor at M.G.M.'s Rehearsal Hall B. A handsome woman in a black leotard and long black net stockings swung in easy arcs round the room. A dance melody floated from a grand piano in the corner.

Suddenly the lady in the leotard gasped, "Honey, shall we have a break?"

It was hot and stuffy in the rehearsal hall. It was barren and businesslike, too. There were no luxurious touches, no upholstered chairs, just wooden stools to rest on during breaks. As the music stopped the dancer threw back her head, pulled off her dark glasses, and reached for a towel. She slumped on to a stool, her features relaxing in a tired grin.

These were not the features or grin of any ordinary dancer. The cut of the cheekbones, the wide blue eyes, the sleek, dark red hair belonged to Hollywood's long-time, all-time glamor queen Joan Crawford.

Crawford was dancing again. Like the adventurous, canny show-woman she has been ever since her movie debut in 1925, Joan Crawford is once more treating her career to a change of pace. Her new part in the movie "Torch Song"—as a song-and-dance queen of the stage—is her most newsworthy dance turn since "Our Dancing Daughters" in 1928, and completes a dramatic cycle that has taken her from dancer to lacquered lady of drawing-

room comedy, to scar-faced heroine, to suffering mother, and now has brought her round to dancer again.

"Don't let anyone kid you," Joan said. "When I decided to do this part I was scared. No one can stay away from dancing as long as I have and not be afraid."

Joan's dancing partner in rehearsal, as in the film itself, is the picture's choreographer-director, Charles Walters.

"I didn't know Chuck very well," Crawford continued. "He was making some good pictures—'Easter Parade' and 'Lili'—were two—for M.G.M. while I was working for other studios. But I did know that when you have a musical with a dramatic background there's usually trouble between the director and the choreographer. The picture loses balance. Chuck and a few others, especially Gene Kelly, can handle choreography and direction equally well. But Chuck has a touch, a delicacy I haven't seen in anyone else."

And Walters is contented with his star. He has no qualms about her dancing. "I wasn't afraid of whether she could do it. The question was how long it would take to get her confidence back," he said.

When Miss Crawford walked on to the M.G.M. lot for the first time in more than ten years, she was, in a sense, coming home.

Joan started at M.G.M. when she was 17 and stayed 19 years before she began her decade of working for Warner Brothers and her freelance career.

As the air hummed with the news that



TOP DRESS DESIGNER at M.G.M., Helen Rose (at left), drops into the dressing-room to make a last-minute adjustment to one of the spectacular glamor costumes worn by Joan Crawford in "Torch Song." A wardrobe woman looks on.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 7, 1953

Hollywood's most versatile veteran makes comeback in new musical

Crawford was back, a steady stream of M.G.M. grips, carpenters, electricians, waitresses, and wardrobe women, prop men and producers came from all corners of the lot to welcome her home.

Two hectic weeks of rehearsal began. Conferences and preliminary workouts swallowed up 10 days. Then suddenly it was Wednesday afternoon, and Joan and Chuck Walters really got down to business.

They had a lot to do before the Saturday night—four days of intense, muscle-straining work. They had to polish the dances, work on Joan's three songs, plan her make-up for glamorous effects, and for a blackface specialty number, too, and fit her for 15 costumes.

The dances were first on the list. As she wrestled with each difficult step, Joan's freckled face steamed with exertion. It was a bareboned Crawford, hot but happy, a natural, unvarnished glamor-girl film fans and photographers seldom see.

Director and star, in cloistered concentration, stopped only for 10-minute breaks, one two-hour change-of-scene rehearsal at Walters' house, where they avoided interruption and concentrated on one particularly troublesome routine, and hurried luncheons in Joan's dressing-room, where she lived for the entire period.

"I didn't want to disrupt the kids' schedule" (Crawford has four adopted children) "by going home at all hours. I wanted them to see me as a mother, not as a tired-out movie star, so I stayed at the studio," she said.

The studio had provided her with sitting-room, dressing-room, and bedroom, refur-

nished in satiny-pink, and Joan moved in with her secretary, her white poodle, Cliquot, which goes everywhere Crawford goes, her knitting, and stacks of autographed pictures she distributed to fans who lay in wait for her when she arrived. Meals were sent over from the studio commissary.

Joan's strenuous work day usually ended about 6.30 p.m. She set up another schedule for her evenings. At 7 o'clock her dinner was sent into her temporary quarters. At 7.30 Joan telephoned her home in nearby Brentwood and spent about half an hour talking to the children. Telephone interviews and other items concerning the Press and publicity were dealt with round about 8 o'clock.

Friends who cared to drop by for a chat knew that they could do so between 9 and 10 p.m. They also knew when to leave. Lights out at 10 o'clock was Joan's rule.

Then it was late Saturday afternoon and the four days were up. Dancer and director were feeling fine. "Dancing is like swimming," said Joan. "Once you know how, you never forget. The problem is getting back in shape."

Monday came and the paraphernalia of movie-making was wheeled into the studio. Expectancy lay heavy upon the lot. Joan, spruced up after Sunday at home, swung up to the gate in a flurry of packages and launched a studio party to celebrate the start of production.

Then the party was over and filming began. Crawford's own reward? The sound of cameras grinding out the news that after 28 strenuous years the Crawford glamor (a very special quality) was as compelling as ever.



AT LEFT: Joan Crawford and her pet poodle, Cliquot. In her new film Joan portrays a temperamental actress who finds happiness with the aid of a blind pianist, played by Michael Wilding.

ABOVE: Rehearsing for her first dance role in 14 years in "Torch Song," Joan Crawford in leotard and practice skirt proves that she still has the glamor and grace of the trained dancer.

the *Reliability* of
OMEGA
is matched by the service of



When you buy a world-renowned Omega watch you require the advice of qualified experts—you expect the service and attention that has been synonymous with the names Proud's and Gaunt's for over 50 years. In choosing an Omega at any one of Proud's or Gaunt's stores you are getting a super watch. Omega is the official supplier to the British Navy, Army and Air Force, has officially timed the Olympic Games for the last 20 years—and again will time the Olympics at Melbourne in 1956—your guarantee of consistent accuracy.



OMEGA Seamaster
Automatic super-waterproof, winds itself. In 14 ct. gold £116. Steel & 14 ct. £59/10/-. Stainless Steel £46/10/-. Other Omega models from £23.



Omega Square Ladies.
18 ct. white gold £47/10/-.
18 ct. gold £46/10/-.
9 ct. gold £38/10/-.
Stainless Steel £33/15/-.

OMEGA

PROUD'S: Cor. King & Pitt Sts., and Hotel Australia, Castlereagh St., SYDNEY; 87 Hunter St., NEWCASTLE; 319 Bourke St., MELBOURNE.
GAUNT'S: 337 Bourke St., MELBOURNE; 19 Bridge St., BALLARAT; 47 Elizabeth St., HOBART.



We are proud to display this sign, which signifies our appointment as Omega Official Agent. It distinguishes Proud's and Gaunt's as members of the select band of highly-qualified watchmakers and jewellers throughout the world authorized to sell and service Omega high-precision watches.

OP&L

EVERYBODY'S FAVOURITE SKIRT

HIT-PARADER

ASK AT ANY LEADING STORE

HP4

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ Shane

PARAMOUNT'S "Shane" is a splendid outdoor drama of the Old West.

Its characters are extraordinarily real, the film atmosphere is authentic, and the grandeur of natural scenery should be seen on the wide-screen to be fully appreciated.

Producer-director George Stevens, of "Place in the Sun" fame, builds his picture somewhat slowly but with great skill.

The plot breaks no fresh territory. But here the old story of the clash between stubborn farmer-settlers and big land owners in Wyoming takes on new strength and validity.

The three stars, Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Van Heflin, will please the most critical filmgoer.

Van Heflin, Jean Arthur, and young Brandon de Wilde (a nice new boy from Broadway via Hollywood) are an attractive pioneer family.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

Clinging to his own strip of land and striving mightily to keep his frightened neighbors from clearing out, Heflin bears the brunt of the opposition attack.

The gunman Shane (Alan Ladd) rides into this situation. Shane joins the farmers, wins their liking, and eventually unlimbers his six-shooter to free them from oppression in an exciting gunfight.

Alan Ladd has never had a better role than Shane. Laconic and assured in repose, he is authentically violent in action scenes, which are a highlight of the picture.

Jack Palance is suitably menacing as the gunman imported by cattle interests.

In Sydney—Prince Edward.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★ "Wake of the Red Witch," adventure, starring John Wayne, Gail Russell. Plus "The Great Train Robbery," action drama, starring Bob Steele. (Both re-releases.)

CENTURY.—★ "Hans Christian Andersen," technicolor musical fantasy, starring Danny Kaye, Jeanne Marie, Farley Granger. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★ "So Little Time," drama, starring Marius Goring, Maria Schell. Plus ★ "Castle in the Air," comedy, starring David Tomlinson, Margaret Rutherford.

ESQUIRE AND REGENT.—★★★ "Moulin Rouge," technicolor drama, starring Jose Ferrer, Colette Marchand. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★ "The Story of Three Loves," technicolor romantic drama, starring Kirk Douglas, Pier Angeli, Leslie Caron, James Mason. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "City Beneath the Sea," technicolor marine adventure, starring Robert Ryan, Mala Powers. Plus "Columa South," technicolor Western, starring Audie Murphy, Joan Evans.

LYRIC.—★★ "Salome," technicolor historical drama, starring Rita Hayworth, Stewart Granger. Plus ★ "The 49th Man," naval drama, starring John Ireland.

MAYFAIR AND PARK.—★ "The Girl Next Door," technicolor musical romance, starring Dan Dailey, June Haver, Dennis Day. Plus "Tiger Woman," mystery, starring Adle Mara.

PLAZA.—★★ "The Desert Rats," war drama, starring Richard Burton, James Mason, Robert Newton, Chips Rafferty, Charles Tingwell. Plus ★ "The Kid From Left Field," baseball drama, starring Dan Dailey, Anne Bancroft.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★ "Shane," technicolor outdoor drama, starring Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Van Heflin. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★ "The Seven Deadly Sins," French-language omnibus film, starring Viviane Romance, Isa Miranda, Gerard Philipe, Francoise Rosay.

ST. JAMES.—★★★ "Quo Vadis?," technicolor drama of early Rome, starring Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr, Peter Ustinov. (Re-release.)

VICTORY.—★★ "Stalag 17," war comedy, starring William Holden, Don Taylor. Plus "Breakdown," boxing drama, starring William Bishop, Ann Richards.

Films not yet reviewed

CIVIC.—"Fort Algiers," desert drama, starring Yvonne de Carlo, Carlos Thompson. Plus "Red Light," drama, starring George Raft, Virginia Mayo. (Re-release.)

PALACE.—"Split Second," suspense drama, starring Stephen McNally, Alexis Smith, Jan Sterling, Keith Andes. Plus "Hot Lead," a Tim Holt Western.

STATE.—"The Stars Are Singing," musical, starring Rosemary Clooney, Anna Maria Alberghetti, Lauritz Melchior. Plus "Alaska Patrol," spy drama, starring Richard Travis, Helen Westcott.

VARIETY.—"Cinderella," Italian opera, starring Lori Randi, Gino Del Signore. Plus Continental featurettes.

What's Granny got to worry about!

A comfy chair, her favourite radio programme and a nice cup of Benger's. Granny practically lives on Benger's, it's so full of nourishment. And she can absorb every drop of its goodness because it is already digested for her before she drinks it. Only Benger's can help to make good the deficiencies in digestive power inevitable in advancing age. Granny loves the clean, biscuity flavour of Benger's. There's nothing so soothing, sustaining and satisfying.



FISONS CHEMICALS (PTY) LTD.,
33, MOUNTAIN STREET, ULTIMO, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Keep your hands clean!

BEFORE any dirty work

rub in "BARRIER" CREAM

At work—at home—anywhere, anytime, rub in "BARRIER" CREAM before starting any dirty work. "BARRIER" CREAM is a non-greasy, non-sticky and invisible PROTECTIVE CREAM which prevents grease and dirt becoming ingrained. Prevents too, skin irritation and roughness. Stainless, "BARRIER" CREAM keeps your hands smooth, clean and protected.

ALWAYS HAVE "BARRIER" CREAM

ON HAND...
For Use in the Prevention and Treatment of Industrial Dermatitis and Skin Irritations.
3 1/2 oz. Tube, 2/6; 4 oz. Jar, 3/-
At all Chemists and Stores.

"If it's FAULDING'S—it's Pure!"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 7, 1953

From Under my Hat

SYNOPSIS: Top-line acting and writing talent flocks to Hollywood following the launching of sound pictures. Established silent-film personalities disappear, to be replaced by exciting, new discoveries.

Gary Cooper, Greta Garbo, and Myrna Loy are among these last.

Bette Davis gets her first screen chance in "The Man Who Played God." She receives help and encouragement from its star, George Arliss.

Out of a job when Metro discontinues the system of lending its stars to other studios, Hedda Hopper tackles agency work, but it doesn't pan out. NOW READ ON:

THERE were no picture jobs and I had to start earning some money.

One day I went home, packed my things, turned the key in the door-lock, and took a train to New York.

The day of my arrival in New York, I lunched with Elizabeth Arden and her lawyer, Robert Rubin, who was also vice-president of M.G.M. Some years before this Bob had remarked to me, "You should get together with Elizabeth Arden. You two would get along, and it would mean a steady income for you—maybe an interest in the beauty business. The profits are gigantic."

Elizabeth's husband had managed her wholesale business, which left her free to spend her time in the Fifth Avenue salon. After their divorce she took on his job as well as her own. Before we finished luncheon she offered me the position in the salon.

I was to begin by taking every treatment in the book, to learn the beauty business from the soles of my feet and down my spine. If one operator had an extra touch or gimmick, I was to pass it on to the other girls. Elizabeth and I would travel round and visit all her salons.

I'd lecture about how movie and stage people kept physically fit, illustrate exercises, the importance of matching make-up with costumes, give tips on creams and colors, and generally put on a show. Miss Arden would then do the in-fighting; talk up her own products.

It was a grand idea, but we never got around to it.

The first thing that happened, I was offered a play, "Divided By Three," with Judith Anderson and Jimmy Stewart.

I'd been away from the theatre long enough to be rusty about the kind of shenanigans that go on sometimes during rehearsals. All the curves were thrown in "Divided By Three," written by George Kaufman's first wife, Beatrice, and Peggy Pulitzer. The title was taken from the idea that the star, Judith Anderson, divided her affection into three parts: one for her husband, whom she didn't love; one for her lover, her husband's benefactor; the third for her son, who didn't know what was going on.

I was cast as the star's sis-

ter who lived abroad. While the sister was a sophisticated woman, she was surprised and shocked that the woman could close her eyes to the danger she was letting herself in for in dividing by three.

During the first reading of the play I sensed the star's dislike for me. However, I'd signed a run-of-the-play contract and she couldn't have me fired. Soon I discovered her giving imitations of me for the pleasure of the rest of the cast. I must say they were good, too. Judith Anderson is a superb actress, and every member of the cast got the joke of which I was the butt. However, I'd known tough babies before and took it in stride.

Jimmy Stewart attracted my attention at the first reading. When it was over, I tracked him outside and said, "Why aren't you in Hollywood?"

"For what?" he said.

"Pictures, of course."

He laughed in that embarrassed way, saying ruefully,

"Waal, what would they do

RECENT PHOTOGRAPH of film star James Stewart and his wife, Gloria, in the doorway of their Beverly Hills home. Stewart came to Hollywood from Broadway, but didn't like his movie chances in the beginning.

in at opening night in New York. That one line killed Jimmy's chances for success absolutely dead. While the play itself wasn't good, its chances were exploded by that line. I remember that opening night in New York when George Kaufman paced up and down backstage, muttering, "The third act doesn't belong to the first two."

"This is a fine time to say that!" said McClintic. "Why didn't you say it sooner?"

"I'm only the author's husband, not the author," George replied.

Opening night all our friends were out front. I took a curtain call with the company. The star took her bows alone. Impatiently my friends yelled, "Hopper! Hopper!" I didn't get out there for any bow; the stage manager had strict orders not to let me.

Miss Anderson gave a party in her apartment after the

When Judith arrived I offered her a cocktail. She accepted. We went to the studio, did our broadcast, and I asked her if she'd come back and dine with me. She declined. As we waited for our second-act entrance that night, not a word was exchanged. I was back in the ice-box. No one admires Judith Anderson's ability as an actress more than I, but I never learned to applaud her as a human being.

"Divided By Three" ran for eight weeks in New York. Sadder for the failure of the play, I came home. It was always Hollywood—do or die. I've done and I've died there, too. And when the final roll-call comes, I hope it will find me there. No matter what you say about the town, and anything you say probably is true, there's never been another like it.

A million dreams are fulfilled every day and a million hopes shattered. But if you have guts enough to stick it out, and even a modicum of ability, you'll wear down Hollywood's resistance.

Smart writers never understand why their satires on our town are never successful. What they refuse to accept is that you can't satirize a satire.

Moss Hart's "Once In a Lifetime" came the nearest to doing a good job on us. But nothing Moss dreamed up in the play compared with his reception in the movie capital. Sid Grauman produced the play in Hollywood. The only reason he got away with it was because he was everybody's friend and all his pals wanted to see him succeed.

Grauman wired Moss not to bother about transportation from the Pasadena station to Hollywood; he'd arrange it. What he'd arranged was an armored truck to transport Moss from the station to town, thus keeping him safe from some irate star or producer or director lampooned in "Once In a Lifetime."

Sid claimed Hollywood was so incensed over the play that someone might take a shot at the author. Moss was appalled and declined, hired his own taxi, and rode unharmed into the film capital.

When I reached home again I found the town decorated with many new old faces—all playing the parts I'd have had if M.G.M. still had me under contract.

To be continued

DON'T PUT A COLD IN YOUR POCKET

MY
SWEETHEART CRIED
AS I STUFFED A DAMP
HANKIE IN MY POCKET.
NOW I'M SMART —
ONLY SOFT KLEENEX
DISPOSABLE TISSUES
FOR ME.
WIPES OFF HER
LIPSTICK, TOO.



"TELL ME ANOTHER" Says KLEENEX

AND WIN \$5 FOR EVERY TRUE
CONFESSION WE USE
Write to KLEENEX, Box 42 P.O.,
LANE COVE, N.S.W.



**NO RAZOR'S
EDGE TO
CUT TOWELS,
NOW I WIPE
BLADES ON
KLEENEX.**



AFTER THE PARTY WAS OVER

I HATE TO CLEAN UP
AFTER A PARTY...

I LOATHE SMELLY ASH
TRAYS... BUT KLEENEX

KEEPS MY FINGERS FREE OF THEM
AS I CLEAN AND ALSO MOPS UP SPILLS.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

By HEDDA HOPPER

with this puss of mine? It's no Arrow collar ad."

"You're an actor. They could fix the rest. Pictures need a young actor with sincerity. I believe you'd do well."

Jimmy laughed it off. The play had its dress rehearsal in New Haven. It was evident during rehearsals that Jimmy's acting would get the sympathy of the audience and he'd steal the notices.

So Guthrie, the producer, came up with something. At the end of act two, the action called for Jimmy to bring his fiancée home to meet his parents and the family's best friend. For the first time Jimmy was to learn that the friend was his mother's lover. While his fiancée was on the stage Jimmy was to turn and call his mother a whore.

When Guthrie sprang this new line on Stewart and asked him to read it, Jimmy fell apart. He begged to be let out of the play. "I can't do that, Mr. McClintic," he said. "Under no circumstances could I bring myself to call any woman that — and my mother, never! Especially with the girl I love standing beside me."

"Try it out anyway at the dress rehearsal, Jimmy," Mr. McClintic said soothingly. It was a cinch the line would be

play. Among my friends who were invited were the Frank Cases. The next day Frank came over to my table at the Algonquin and said, "I'm mad at you—we waited at Judith's for you till one o'clock in the morning. Where were you?"

"I wasn't invited. Did she give a party?"

Judith and I played a scene in the second act where we sat at opposite sides of a table. As the sister, I had to warn her that she couldn't get away with a certain situation. Why, even in France a mother wouldn't attempt it.

One matinee Judith started upstaging me by leaning back in her chair, her face directly to the audience. To stay where I was meant playing the scene, my one good one, with my back to the audience. So as Judith leaned I leaned with her. I ended up reclining on my coccyx. It was so obvious that the audience laughed and applauded. Judith never tried that trick on me again.

I arranged a fifteen-minute excerpt from the play to be put on N.B.C., thinking it might give box-office receipts a boost. The stage manager obtained Miss Anderson's consent and delivered her to the Algonquin Hotel, where Jimmy Stewart and I waited.



Always look for the name

MORLEY

ON UNDERWEAR, KNITWEAR AND SOCKS

In this year of brilliance

Beutron
combines

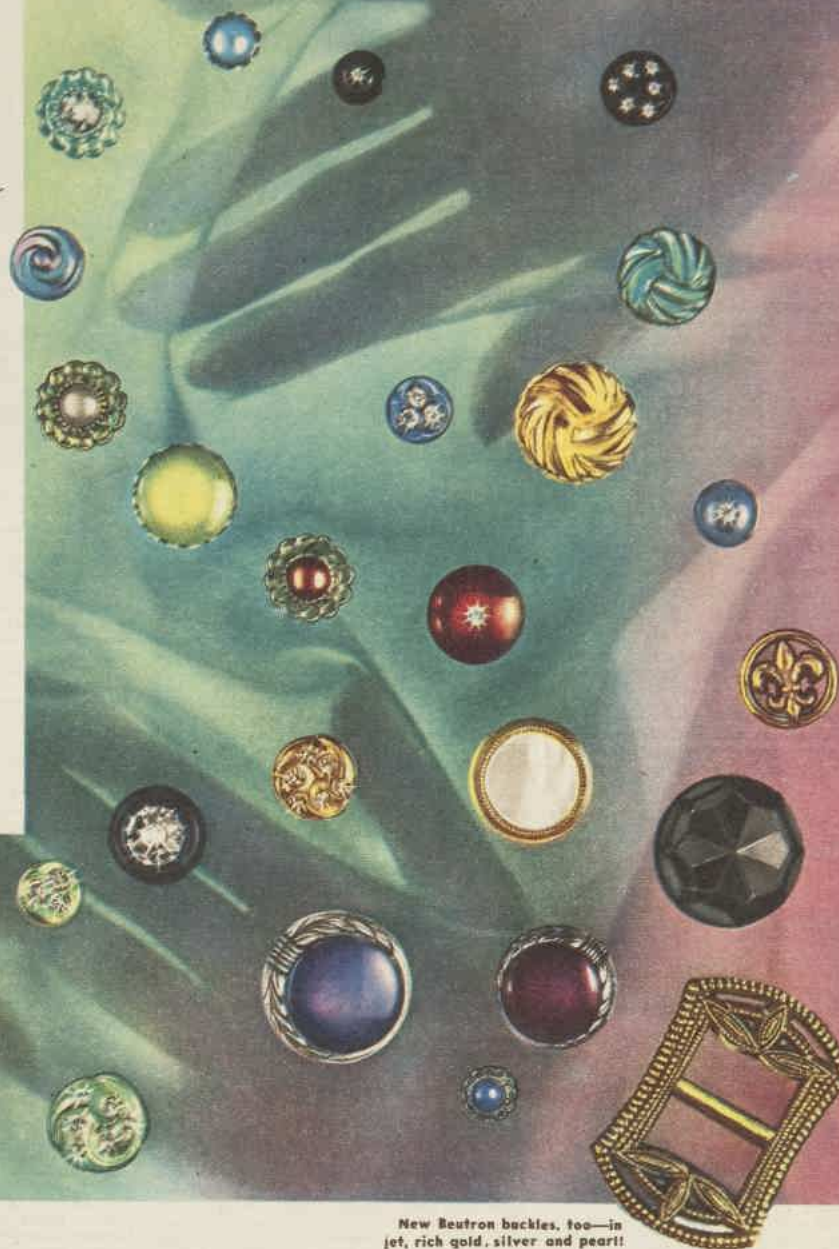
DIAMENTE

WITH JET • WITH PEARL
WITH GOLD AND SILVER

Spring's dressiest buttons—
especially created
for the new fabrics!

Most of our jets come from Paris—most of our pearls from New York. These dramatic dress-buttons are copied (to the last tiny detail) from fabulous "Originals" that are flown out from the world's fashion-centres every season! **Stars of the new Spring collection**—Diamente-studded jets and pearls—light-as-a-bubble buttons plated with real gold and silver—exquisite pastel pearls!

Beutron "Originals" cost so very little.
From 7d. each.



New Beutron buckles, too—in jet, rich gold, silver and pearl!



PER CARD with two yards of matching cotton

Page 44

Save Time—Save Money—When You Shop!

Choose your own "Opal-Glo" buttons from
this **Beutron** Self-Service Unit!

Beutron "Opal-Glo" buttons "pick up" any fabric color because they're made with a special iridescent finish that reflects all the colors of the rainbow! That's why Beutron buttons always match—never clash!

No waiting when you shop for Beutrons. You serve yourself—straight from this handy Self-Service Unit that's on display at all leading stores! It contains a range of 48 carded Beutrons in every popular size, color and style!

HOT IRONS CAN'T HURT THEM! THEY LAUNDER BEAUTIFULLY!
YOUR DRY-CLEANER KNOWS THEY'RE GUARANTEED!

Beautiful Beutrons are made by G. HERRING (AUST.) PTY. LTD., Dunning Avenue, Rosebery, N.S.W.



AVOID
IMITATIONS!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 7, 1953

Is our Australian climate drying and ageing your skin?

Drying skin often begins to show after 25, because the natural oil that keeps skin soft and fresh starts decreasing. But in Australia, because of our severe climate, many young women show signs of ageing skin in their early twenties.

Watch out for trouble spots—flaky patches, thread-like dry lines on forehead, sagging chin-line. Use a special replacer to offset the drying out of your skin's natural oil by age and the Australian climate. Use this special Pond's lanolin-rich Dry Skin Cream. Give extra attention to trouble-spots—this way:



Criss-cross lines under eyes will print themselves in, if your skin is dry, papery.

To smooth—Cream-over those tiny dry lines nightly with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream.



Little dry skin puckers under lip make your mouth look "set".

To relax—Always at bedtime help supple this dry skin with softening Pond's Dry Skin Cream.

3 features make Pond's Dry Skin Cream extra effective for dry skin. Rich in lanolin; homogenized to soak in better; contains a special emulsifier for extra softening; Pond's Dry Skin Cream brings that gloriously smooth, young look to your skin.

The Marchioness of Milford Haven: "I love the way Pond's Dry Skin Cream smooths dry skin right away." PD33

5 doctors prove this plan breaks the laxative habit

If you take laxatives regularly—here's how you can stop!

Because five doctors now have proved you can break the laxative habit. And establish your natural powers of regularity. Eighty-three per cent. of the cases tested did it. So can you.

Stop taking whatever you now take. Instead, Every night for one week take two Carter's Little Liver Pills. Second week—one each night. Third week—one every other night. Then—nothing!

Every day; drink eight glasses of water; set a definite time for regularity.

Five doctors proved this plan can break the laxative habit.

How can Carter's Little Liver Pills break the laxative habit?

Because Carter's not only "unblock" the lower digestive tract but they also improve the flow of liver bile that you need to be regular naturally.

Further—Carter's Little Liver Pills contain no habit-forming drugs.

Break the laxative habit... with Carter's Little Liver Pills... and be regular naturally.

When weary, overworking, overwork make you irregular temporarily—take Carter's Little Liver Pills temporarily.

And never get the laxative habit.

Get Carter's Little Liver Pills today. You'll be grateful the rest of your life.

PIMPLES HELPED 1st DAY

Don't let ugly, disgusting Pimples, Eczema, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads or Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning Skin Troubles make life miserable and spoil your fun. Don't be embarrassed and feel inferior because of bad skin. Now every chemist has a new American Hospital Discovery called Nioxiderm that stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours begins to heal the skin, clear, soft, and smooth. No matter how long you have suffered, get Nioxiderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your skin or money back.

DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

• Bolero-topped tapered pants, stoles with shorts, and a flowing culotte skirt are all new design ideas for cruise and resort.

Holiday lists of fashions is the pants outfit, both slim and flared. There is nothing conservative about the newest pants, or their "tops," or their colors.

It's my guess that the Australian girl will be making full use of bright and exaggerated fabrics, because they look wonderful on our sunny beaches.

At right is illustrated a pair of Capri pants (they cling to the shin-bone) worn with a square-cut jacket. My color suggestion is black stripes on orange-yellow for the pants and black for the jacket.

A paper pattern for the pants and jacket ensemble is obtainable in sizes 30in. to 36in. bust for jacket and 24in. to 30in. waist for pants. See further details under sketch for ordering pattern and for material required.

Shorts can be given the current costume look with a belted overblouse made hip-length, a full, flared-out (at back) "middy top," or a stole.

Example: White poplin shorts trimmed with navy braid have a matching stole with a navy cotton bobble fringe. The stole can be worn round the shoulders or, if desired, over the head as a hood.

The flowing culotte that resembles a feminine skirt—worn with a matching or contrasting tailored shirt-top or a more fancy top—is the perfect answer for the woman who does not like herself in slacks.

Another cruise and resort fashion, and one that can be both city-wise and vacation-minded, is the one-piece dress plus jacket or stole.

The coolest and most comfortable in this group are halter and camisole tops, or scooped front and back neck-



D.S. 55.—Capri pants and square-cut jacket obtainable in sizes 30in. to 36in. bust for jacket and 24in. to 30in. waist for pants. Requires 2 yds. 36in. material for jacket and 2 yds. 36in. material for pants. Price complete, 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

lines above slim, straight, or easy-full skirt lines. The bolero or stole turns the dress from a casual to one suitable for the city.

The swimsuit story is a one-piece one almost entirely.

The lead goes to elasticized types with shirring or tucking detail, to the torso bloomer suit, and the torso suit with a short all-round pleated skirt. The bloomer suit is best in cotton.

The newest looking colors for the beach are black-and-white, almond-tan, olive-green, and a blazing sky-blue.

A deep-textured buoyant white pique looks wonderful for a beach shirt, stole, or wrap to put over any of the colors listed above.

"Mostly cotton, mostly bouffant" is the fashion formula for informal summer dining-out and dancing. Patterns vary from flowery prints to gingham checks, to large and small massed or spaced spots.

A favorite decollete neckline is the "scoop-cut" wide back and front. White cotton lace is a cool summer choice and white bead jewellery is very new.

Example: A white cotton lace slim-line dress, completely lined with white linen, the neckline cut in a wide scoop and finished with a border collar to suggest width across the bodice.

New and young ideas to list for summer: A Roman - striped overblouse, as Continental as the Riviera; the blouse made with a boat-shaped neckline and roll-your-own below-elbow sleeves; a white pique front-buttoned and fitted overblouse, self-belted and finished with 1 1/2 in. shoulder straps; a waistcoat blouse made in black-and-white stripes, worn with a full white cotton skirt; a turban in printed cotton, with a covered-up look, worn behind the hair-line.



Sold by the yard
Blouses by Dawn
Children's Fashions in
Lagona Fabric by Colborn
Frocks by Stylist

★ As I read the stars ★ By EVE HILLIARD ★

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Hesitating between two courses of action, October 7, the next few days may be difficult, but October 10 shows sound judgment in dealing with people.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Rest for tired nerves or a new outlook can make October 11 enjoyable. October 12 sparkles with financial benefits.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Just that extra ounce of luck brings home the bacon, October 9. If the evening of October 10 isn't full of happiness, it will be your own fault.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): House hunters ring the right door-bell, October 6. Others stay home and like it, with October 8 bringing a long-deferred wish fulfilled.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

LEO (July 23-August 22): Put your shoulder to the wheel, October 7, while others just talk. If you work hard and use your best judgment, October 8 should bring its reward in the thrill of a task well done.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Since October 9 requires you to take practical business matters in hand, you owe it to yourself to seek recreation on October 10.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Romantic friendships may blossom, October 11, or new activities become increasingly important. October 12 is emotionally exciting.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Since you are slowly passing into a new phase, clear the slate of old plans losing their appeal, October 8. October 10, 11 will bring an eye-opener.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): October 6 could persuade you to spend more than you can afford. If you want to keep out of the red, watch for a bargain on October 9.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Any project on October 7 associated with your career in business or social life should culminate in a personal triumph, October 9.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Make that little expedition, October 6, in the face of all obstacles, but don't be disappointed if October 8 has a chilling effect.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Circumstances beyond your control may take charge on October 8, tie you up in bowknots, then, on October 12, work out better than you dreamed, both in your personal, romantic, and business life.

ANTI-SHRINK
fabrics
POTTER'S

CANNOT SHRINK • CANNOT STRETCH
CANNOT FADE • EASY TO WASH • EASIER
TO DRY • EASIEST TO IRON



Stop thinking
about shrinking

PF-62-28

New Swim Suits are Pretty

Swimsuits make new fashion news in wool jersey and closely knitted fine wool. At the same time there is fresh interest in the cotton suit — its pattern and styling. A precisely tailored one-piece is the success of the season, and terry towelling is still the most popular "dry out" for a stole or your favorite beach wrap.

● Leopard printed lastex is used for the skin-fitting one-piece (far left). The suit is cut low at the back, and the front is finished with a self-material detachable halter-strap.

● Scarlet flowers on chalk-white sharkskin make the feminine suit (centre left). The model has an elongated strapless bodice-top and brief, all-round pleated skirt.

● Over a fitted black wool jersey one-piece swimsuit (left) is a topless white linen beach dress. The dress has a red cotton 'kerchief' threaded through tabs and tied at front.

● Black-and-white striped cotton pants and a matching bra top (below left) make the ideal swimsuit for the slim girl who still favors a quick-drying and brief costume.

● Fringed wool, printed with a black pin-spot, is used for the one-piece suit (below). The model is shaped to flatter the figure and front fastened with self-material buttons.



Sketched by Rene



● Terry towelling beach coat (left), which can be worn loose or belted, is made in pirate-pink and white crowning stripes. The coat is thigh-length and faced and cuffed in white.

● Brilliant yellow wool jersey swimsuit and matching beach stole (above). The suit has a shaped corselette inset made in black wool. The stole has a wash cotton bobble fringe trim.

● Cotton bloomer suit (above right) designed with a form-fitting strapless bodice-top and sashed in green-and-white stripes. The suit is deep violet with a front panel in white.

● Blue-and-white coin-spotted pique one-piece (right) styled with brief pants, fitted midriff section, and a winged bra halter top. Note the three matching bracelets worn above the elbow.

just because you're there. They'll do something stupid when they know that their mother's around, just because they know that she'll pull them out of trouble. I'm just wondering how they'd get on if I wasn't with them all the time."

Frances said logically, "As well as they did in Victorian times, I expect. After all, children hardly ever saw their parents then. Nanny ruled their lives and their parents said good night to them when they went to bed. I never heard it did them any harm."

"No—I don't suppose it did," Mary glanced at her watch. "I think we'd better be getting ready. What time do you want to leave?"

"About three," Frances said. "That'll get us into town in time to find you a hotel and have a meal together. We might even celebrate your emancipation by doing a show."

"A show without having fixed up baby-sitters and things," Mary said. "I've forgotten what it's like."

"Well, you'll remember to-night. Only stop worrying about your family. They'll be all right."

"I'll try," Mary promised. She went into her bedroom and changed, putting on the linen

suit in which she had travelled down to Shell Bay, thinking with relief that it was new and very reasonably smart.

She made up her face with care and packed an overnight bag, then lit an unaccustomed cigarette and walked back into the living-room, to find Frances already there. Frances, standing by the door that led to the kitchen in an attitude of rapt attention.

"What is it?" Mary asked. Laughing silently, the other woman said, "I've been eavesdropping on your children. Listen."

Mary joined her. From the open door Tanzy's voice was saying authoritatively, "You'll have banana sandwiches, Butch. With brown bread."

Butch's rebellious voice came back. "I don't want brown bread."

"Well, you're going to have it," his sister told him unemotionally.

Mary called out, "Tanzy, don't try to cut the bread with the big knife—"

"It's all right—I cut it for her. She's buttering the sandwiches and packing them."

Peter came out from the kitchen, lugging a basket of as-

sorted beach toys and bottles of fruit juice. Through the open door he called, "Dad—Tanzy says your pipe's on the draining-board."

"All right. I'll pick it up," Bill came in from the garden, looking preoccupied. He said to Mary, "Ready, dear?"

"Just about."

"That's fine. Have a good trip," he said goodbye to Frances, and the three children came in behind him and did the same, kissing Mary and dispersing again immediately. Bill pulled a map out of the bookshelf and stuffed it in his pocket. He said in explanation, "Thought we'd go across to the lake and see if we could get some prawns—" he broke off. "Peter—have you got the nets?"

"They're out here, Dad."

"Good boy." He smiled at Mary, the wrinkles showing suddenly at the corners of his eyes, and walked out into the garden again. Tanzy and Butch galloped past, laden with picnic gear. Their voices faded down the path.

Mary sat on the table and looked out towards the point

where they had disappeared. The bungalow seemed very silent.

Frances said, "Somebody's coming back."

They waited, while light, running footsteps returned and crossed into the room. Tanzy, her face flushed, trotted purposefully into the kitchen and emerged again immediately, clutching her father's pipe.

She caught Mary's eyes and smiled. "I told him it was on the draining-board." Without checking her pace she vanished again.

"You see," Frances said. "I told you they'd get by without you."

"Yes," Mary said. She was thinking of the way Tanzy had just smiled at her. It hadn't been the smile of a nine-year-old for her mother—it had been a shared joke. Woman to woman.

It was Tanzy, Mary thought, who had packed the picnic basket—Peter who had ensured that nothing dangerous happened where knives were concerned. And Bill who, by treating the whole thing as something essentially normal, had allowed the children to find their own feet without knowing it.

In fact, Mary thought with a queer little sinking of her heart, her family had reacted to her absence rather like one of the British squares of soldiers at Waterloo. One had fallen and the ranks had closed over the gap. How long would it be, she asked herself, before they started to forget that there had ever been a gap there—

She said aloud, "It's only natural. Children grow up. If they didn't accept new responsibilities life would come to a

full stop. It's just seeing that they can do without you that—hurts."

Frances said gently, "Darling, doing without you for a picnic isn't doing without you for good." She reached out her hand and put it on Mary's.

"You've got to make up your mind, you know. If you're coming, you've got to do it without looking back. Do you think you can?"

"No," Mary said. She looked at Frances with a smile. "I'm sorry, Fran. It was nice of you to try to get me back to Colburn's. But it wouldn't work. I just can't—take the risk."

"Risk?"

"That my family might do without me better than I could do without them—"

"I don't think I blame you," Frances said gently. She leaned forward and pressed Mary's arm. "I'll be going now. If you hurry you can still catch them."

"Yes," Mary said. "I suppose I can." They walked out together to the car and Frances got in.

"Goodbye, Mary. You're a sensible woman. You always were."

"Only just," Mary said. "Goodbye, my dear."

The car crunched forward over the pebble drive.

It really was goodbye, too, Mary thought. Goodbye to Frances. Goodbye to a dream. It seemed odd that after all this time she wasn't even sorry

She went back into the bungalow and changed into her swimsuit, pulling on the white linen hat she wore against the sun. Then she walked quickly in the direction that Bill and the children had taken.



"I AM hurrying."

Butch saw her first and ran towards her with a squeal of excitement, the others following. "Mummy—you're back!"

"Yes, I'm back," Mary said. They gathered about her, their young bodies glistening with water. They seemed so composed when she was on the point of leaving, Mary thought. But their welcome was warmly and wonderfully real.

She wondered why it was that adults always took it for granted children could not hide their emotions. They could, all right. Better than most.

"Hello," Bill, following behind, caught Mary's eye over the heads of the children. He smiled at her, the wrinkles showing at the corners of his eyes. "Changed your mind?"

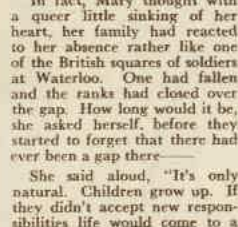
"Yes," Mary said. She wanted to put it all into words, but couldn't. Unbidden, a phrase came into her head, and she spoke the words aloud, not knowing she did so.

"The happy captive," she said with a smile.

(Copyright)

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



The biggest 'WHITE' Wash in the district!

MRS. F. HOOPER, Edward Street, Carlton, N.S.W., and her daughters Edna, Colleen, Diana, Suzanne and Janette.

WITH FRESH, WHITE GYM AND TENNIS OUTFITS FOR MYSELF AND THE GIRLS EACH WEEK, PLUS LINEN FOR 7 PEOPLE, I REALLY NEED THE HELP OF RINSO'S WONDERFUL WORK-**SAVING** SUDS!



WHETHER YOU'RE WASHING UP AFTER PASTRY-MAKING OR A BIG FAMILY DINNER, YOU CAN'T BEAT THOSE THICK RINSO SUDS FOR DOING A THOROUGH JOB!

RINSO's thicker richer suds make it easy

Visit Mrs. Hooper on washday, and as well as coloureds, you'd see line after line of billowing whites. Sheets, pillow-slips, uniforms for her pastrycook husband, tennis and gym outfits for herself and 5 daughters. Says Mrs. Hooper, "Taking care of a big family is easier than it looks... thanks to Rinso. I've proved that those thicker, richer suds are best for everything, whites, coloureds and dishes."

RINSO is recommended by the makers of all leading washing machines.



Z.137-VVW76g

.... Tiny but Terrific!



NEW! 2" Waistband Girdle No. 620

The absolute minimum. Cool, light and lovely. Sizes S, M, L. Price, 47/6.

Slick "Flatterback" Bra in satin, broderie anglaise and cotton; white, pink and black. A, B and C cup fittings. 30"-38". Approx. 17/6.

NEW! 2" Waistband Pantie No. 624

Be active in this cutest, sweetest Nylon Pantie with detachable suspenders and additional hygienic protector for easy laundering. Supple 2" non-restricting waistband. Sizes S, M, L. Price, 54/6.

A NYLON SENSATION

New! 2" waistband won't roll over at waist.

New! Nylon lace trim adds the glamour touch.

Tiny! But a terrific success in dream pink, snowy white and navy nylon.

"Fancy Free" nylon-elastic girdles by Berlei

You'll love them at first sight—"Fancy Free"—Order yours Now!

We've had a Wonderful ROUND THE WORLD TRIP



... Thanks to
* **BRITISH AIRLINES**

- * QANTAS
- * B.O.A.C.
- * BCPA

See the Orient, the East, the Mediterranean, Europe, North America and the Pacific.

Dollar allowance for travellers through the U.S.A. Consult your Travel Agent or QANTAS or BCPA.

Travel-wise-people know that friendly British service makes all the difference all the way on their round-the-world trip. One concession ticket covers their globe encircling tour—they can fly eastward or westward—see a dozen different countries in the Old World and the new—break their journey anywhere at no extra air fare.



QANTAS

AUSTRALIA'S OVERSEAS AIRLINE

Qantas Empire Airways Ltd. (Incorporated in Queensland)

ROUND-THE-WORLD BRITISH AIRLINES—QANTAS, B.O.A.C. AND BCPA

Continuing Past Imperative

from page 3

darling, and then you'll go up to university"

Then he had told her. All he wanted was to work with planes, to travel, and be on his own. He joined the R.A.F. permanently, and would try to get a commission.

She had been furious. Why had he not consulted her first? He'd taken her hand and said very gently, "Do you know what a fellow once said, Mother? I happened to overhear him. He said, 'It's amazing what a decent bloke Kit Noel is. You'd think he'd be a perfect stinker with his mother lap-dogging him all the time.'" He patted her hand gently. "So you see, I've decided to go off on my own . . ."

So he'd gone, and she had not forgiven him. She had wanted to give him an allowance and have his uniforms made in Dover Street, but he would not allow her to help him. He came home on leave, of course, to "Meadowdale," every brick of which he loved so well, and did not object when she invited crowds of the right kind of young person to meet him.

Once, two years ago, he brought a quiet dark girl, in a brilliant wine-colored dress, a girl with the curious detached beauty of a zinnia, colorful and compact. She had a white skin and blue eyes and black hair.

Sometimes, however hard she tried not to, she could still recall that night clearly, the house alight in the hot summer dusk, the interminable jazz, the night scents of stock, the Avon chuckling deep and smooth round the curve of the lawn, punts on the water, the girls' light dresses moving about like butterflies, and everyone saying, "Mrs. Noel, it's an absolute whizz of a party!"

She saw Kit sitting and talking all the time to the zinnia girl, and herself, in her pale grey dinner gown, pretending not to watch, wondering who she was, who her people were, where Kit had found her . . . if there was any money. She thought not. That dress was home-made, even if it was the most effective present.

At breakfast she'd tried to pump Kit, but he'd been non-committal. An art student. Known her some time. Met her at a party in town, but she lived near. Yes, he liked her very much. That was all.

A week later he was killed in a collision. When she had weathered the shock she turned over that page of her life and stuck it down, just as she had when Bill had been killed.

If one were to go on and enjoy life and not be hurt, one shut these things right away, and worked at what was left.

And what was left? A very beautiful, talented, fashionable, and successful woman in her forties who carefully filled up every minute of her life so that there was not one moment left to think or feel.

But this morning as she went about her business of dressing, selecting the slim suit, the smart hat and jewels suitable for the luncheon, pain and discordance were tearing her apart.

She forced herself to take breakfast, a scrap of Melba toast, orange juice, and coffee . . . she was meticulous in the care of her figure. As she went into the large, pleasant study, greeted her secretary, and sat down at the big writing-table, she found herself staring at the first letter in her hand, her mind miles away. She jerked herself back.

"I slept badly last night," she said vaguely by way of an excuse, though heaven knew it was true enough.

"Look, I want to work this article out on paper without dictating it. I'm not sure what I want to say . . . you take the

post and do it yourself, it's quite straightforward. Refuse that invitation of Mrs. Hartington's—say I'm going away . . . I'll rough this out and then dictate it to you when I've finished . . ."

She breathed a sigh of relief when the door closed behind her secretary, and leaned on the desk.

It had been the girl of the party she had seen again—that same girl, older looking, and a little different. The hair was worn in the short, gamin cut that had become fashionable, and is only possible for that type of face—young, piquant, bright and brilliant with character.

The zinnia girl was that, all right. The dress had been the same color, too, but it was certainly not home-made; the nylons were perfection, the suede pumps, the matching handbag, the big black hat all spoke of money and success.

What had she been doing in the vestibule of the "Haute Monde" magazine? Katherine had been to see the editor about a series of articles she was going to write on famous career-women. She had to interview six well-known women.

The difficulty in the series was that her subjects had to be not only women with a career but smart women, too . . . women who knew how to wear clothes, and whose pictures would decorate a shining smart magazine devoted to the adornment and glamorising of womanhood.

It was difficult, as she and the editor found, to find six clever career-women who could be termed fashion leaders. They had an actress and a ballet dancer. "But after all," the editor said despondently, "we don't want to confine ourselves to the stage . . . it's a depressing thought that most really clever women are so extremely dowdy."

They had laughed and worked together on their list. They conceded a film star, but that was the end of the theatrical profession. A famous woman M.P. was added.

"She's not really elegant," Katherine had said reluctantly, "but at least she's always tidy. She'll make a nice photograph, anyway . . . well, that's four . . ."

"That'll do to start," said the editor. "Fix the interviews in their own homes among their own belongings. Makes the atmosphere better. If I get any bright ideas I'll ring you up . . ."

They had parted, and as she had crossed the wide, impressive hall she had seen the zinnia girl. She had spoken to the clerk at the reception desk, and then moved towards the lift, obviously a privileged person like herself in these offices.

She was just as she remembered, moving with a little lovely twirl on her toes, her bright dress swirling around her, bringing back, like a stab of pain, that night at "Meadowdale" two years ago, when the windows had been alight in the summer dusk, the girls' dresses like flowers, and Kit had been alive.

The memory cut through her with a blinding stab of agony. But she did not fall or clutch on the wall. She just walked calmly and sightlessly past the girl and out into the sunshine.

There, although she usually walked everywhere, liking the exercise and the distracting pageant of the streets, she had signalled to the first taxi that had passed, and, cowering back against the leather-covered seat, pressed her hands against her eyes, fighting back the bitter, burning tears she had never

To page 51

I never use anything but liquid Silvo for my Silver



Silvo liquid polish has a way with silver that keeps your precious pieces glowing beautifully. It is easy, quick and safe to use. To keep silverware at its loveliest, polish it regularly with Silvo.



Don't be HALF-SAFE!



New Cream Deodorant

SAFELY STOPS PERSPIRATION 1 to 3 DAYS

Even a daily shower isn't the answer to freedom from underarm odor. It can't stop the perspiration which causes this embarrassment!

So don't be half-safe—Arrid! Use daily protect two ways.

1. It STOPS PERSPIRATION... safely, effectively... for 1 to 3 days.
2. It STOPS UNDERARM ODOR in contact, keeps you bath-fresh up to 48 hours.

Arrid saves clothes from perspiration stains, rotting, and clinging odors. Arrid is safe for skin, keeps you safe from embarrassment, too.

Buy a jar of the new cream deodorant—Arrid.

ARRID TO BE SURE



Has your child got

WORMS?

HERE ARE THE SYMPTOMS!

Itchy nose, irritability, furred tongue, loss of appetite, disagreeable breath, grinding teeth, bowel disorders, disturbed sleep. If these are present don't take chances—get Comstock's Worm Pellets. Completely destroy worms without injuring stomach or bowels. Purely vegetable. Taste like sweets. Price 4/- per carton. W. H. Comstock Co. Ltd., 23 Lang St., Sydney.

Comstock's Worm Pellets

Continuing

let fall, and which, once released, might swamp her life.

She had carefully cut every link with the past and it had been easy. Kit's friends had been too young, too busy with their own lives, to bother with her. She had never been down to "Meadowdale" since his death.

She had met people who had known him, of course, but every reference to him, every hint of sympathy, she had met with a blank, impersonal lack of comprehension. If this had not sufficed, she had dropped the offenders completely.

Only the very dull failed to understand that, if they wished to know Katherine Noel, the charming, amusing, successful Katherine who was such good company, they must realise that as far as they were concerned she had never had either a husband or a son.

She could handle this the same way. She did not know the girl. She could not even remember her name. She barely went to this particular office—her business with editors could usually be conducted over the telephone, or, more comfortably, over luncheon. She just would not go again.

But why had it upset her so? Why should this one girl, out of the many Kit had known, drag out into the open the hidden rags of agony and loss? Because she had been there that last lost weekend? But it was not that alone.

There had been a look about that girl and Kit that night, although he had spoken only very vaguely. She had known, even in that brief evening, from the way their hands and eyes met, the way they danced, that they were already fathoms deep in love.

She stared at the blank space before her, and then at the pretty little French clock on the mantelpiece, then with a gasp of alarm at her wrist-watch. Nearly 12 o'clock!

She had been sitting staring at the blank paper, without a word written, thinking of that past which she had so determinedly put away from her.

A whole morning wasted! There was no particular hurry for this article, but she hated a single day to go by without producing some kind of work. She must not let her secretary see it.

She rang for the girl, and slipped the blank paper into the writing-table drawer.

"I'll just sign the letters, Miss Mason, and then I must rush."

The girl stood by her side, surprised, and vaguely conscious that something was wrong. Mrs. Noel always read her letters through carefully. Today she was just signing without a second look.

Katherine rose. "You've plenty of work on that radio script for this afternoon? Good. I must fly or I'll be late."

She went out quickly, and up to her room. She was glad she was going out to lunch. A lot of people, perhaps someone very interesting to talk to—a small speech to make. Look her best. Be at her most charming and witty. No time to think. And a full evening. Tomorrow it would all be shut away again, as she had learned to shut things away. Forgotten.

She ran a comb through her short, vital hair, a touch of powder, a lipstick with a cyclamen shade, and she was ready. She took a taxi to the hotel where the luncheon was being given and went into the cocktail bar, where several of the guests were already gathered.

She would have a martini, one of the very special solid ones, frigidly iced, before she went in. The others greeted her with pleasure, and she found herself talking very amusingly, giving an account of her wasted

Past Imperative

from page 50

morning, with quite a different reason for that wastage, and the people round her were laughing, their eyes admiring her, as she was accustomed to being admired.

Of course everything was going to be all right. And then she heard a familiar voice.

"Goodness, Katherine, we seem to be seeing a lot of each other these days!"

It was the woman editor to whom she had been talking yesterday, just before she saw the zinnia girl.

"I've got another name for your list," began the editor, "an absolute inspiration. Biddy Jacques, the portraitist. She's frightfully young and pretty, and very smart, and most terribly clever and famous..."

"I know her work," said Katherine quickly.

"She's doing some covers for us, portraits... a spot more formal than her usual work, but quite beautiful. The trouble is that she's going away quite soon. You'd have to tear in for your interview right away."

Katherine's inner thoughts were screaming with questions. "Has she got black bobbed hair, and eyes as blue as delphiniums between smutty black fashes? Does she look at you in a speculative way, as though she sees you as a person?"

But the editor went on, "And there's a terrific domestic interest, too, the little girl... she must be getting quite big now. And she's making so much money!"

KATHERINE let out a long breath. The zinnia girl had been poor. Kit had said so. A little girl? The zinnia girl had not been married, and she certainly had no family.

For an absurd panic-stricken moment she had imagined herself making frantic and absurd excuses to get out of this very lucrative commission. But it was all right. It was someone else. It was not the zinnia girl. She could breathe again.

"Why, of course, I'd love to do it..."

"Katherine," the chairman spoke just behind her. He was a publisher who was always "rying to lure her away from Arthur David. Arthur had just come into the room and given her a flip of his hand and his expansive grin. It warmed her heart somehow.

Dear Arthur. He had never needed to be told what and what not to speak to her about. She hoped he was sitting near her at lunch. The chairman was glancing at his watch, and at the young man by his side, as though calculating whether he had sufficient time before lunch to complete introductions.

The tall young man next to him had dark red hair and greeny hazel eyes. He wore an immaculate grey pin-head, a flashing white shirt, and a pearl-grey tie, and had rather the expression of an interesting small boy whose mother has cleaned him up and brushed his hair and told him that he must be polite to the nice ladies and gentlemen.

Or, perhaps, Katherine decided on second thoughts, a restive thoroughbred, out for the first time, showing the whites of its eyes at the colors and noise of the crowd. She looked at the lean, attractive, saturnine face.

"Thoroughbred, all right," she thought, and, as they were introduced, turned the full battery of her charm upon him. That would be an amusing distraction, during this luncheon-party, to see how much she could put at ease this good-looking but gauche young man.

"I do want you to meet Don Waverley," said the chairman,

and for a moment the words stopped on her lips. This was going to be more interesting and less easy than she thought. And perhaps not amusing.

Don Waverley had written two plays, both in poetry. The first had been a surprise and a failure, the second a dazzling success. She had seen it and read it, and the pure vivid beauty of it had become part of her days.

She put out her hand. "This is a little like being introduced to Shakespeare in his youth," she said, smilingly, and was angry because the greeny eyes did not smile in return.

The dry martini warming comfortably through her, the darkness and the raw pain momentarily forgotten, Katherine permitted herself an inward grin.

"I may be forty-five, and to a potential artist of your calibre my success may be only cheap-jack," she thought mischievously, "but I've lured more difficult birds than you into my net, Mr. Waverley. You'd be a decided asset to my evening parties..."

Over Don Waverley's shoulder she again caught Arthur David's understanding grin, and with a flick of her eyelashes waded into the attack.

"I hear I'm next to you at luncheon, Mr. Waverley..." I'm sorry, but it seems as though you're slumming—artistically speaking, I mean."

Don Waverley did not even smile.

The luncheon seemed to Katherine to last a very long while. She chattered very brightly to Arthur David, who was on her left, and who seemed to her, although he played up and flirted in his rather charming and scholarly way, to be watching her with a touch of solicitous anxiety.

Could it be that she was talking too much and smiling too brightly? And Don Waverley remained quite uncharmed. He listened to what she had to say, his head bent respectfully to catch every word.

He applauded her speech heartily, and then, when called upon to make his own, rose and made a dry, amusing and very sane little speech that made her feel that she had been showing off. He made her— heaven help her—he made her feel like a silly, empty old woman.

Old? Forty-five was not old. Even as she thought this she remembered Kit saying to her—surely it was round about the time of the last party—"If you push things out of your life, and refuse to face them, they've a nasty habit of hitting you when you're least prepared."

"What things?"

"Oh, old age and sadness..."

She had been feeling particularly smart with a new hair-do and had said crossly, "Blow your impertinence, Kit. I'm not old yet, and I've never been sad in my life."

"At forty one is going towards age and towards death, like an unborn child is going towards life. Your mother prepares you for being born, but you've got to prepare yourself for the end of life."

"Don't be profound. You know nothing about either."

He had smiled his clear smile, and said strangely, "Perhaps I don't—yet."

It was Don Waverley's eyes that worried her—they made her think of the way Kit would look at her. A quiet, watchful look, penetrating, with something almost—almost compassionate about it.

Was she becoming one of those fashionable old haridans, done up to the nines, continually talking sophisticated nonsense? She had always loathed

To page 53

"I thought my nails weren't good enough!"



You'll be surprised how CUTEX flatters your nails. Dull pale nails glow with radiant life... become flashing symbols of your youth and gaiety. Try CUTEX today!

It's smooth, easy to apply

... and how it lasts! Famous

CUTEX NAIL POLISH contains

'ENAMELON', the miracle

ingredient that lasts and lasts...

resists chipping and peeling

longer than any other polish.



Write to Department A, Box 21, Oakleigh, Victoria for the Cutex Colour Harmony pamphlet telling you the correct shade to wear with the latest fashions.

CUTEX

The manicure that stays lovelier...longer

Always use CUTEX Oily Polish Remover



Exquisite sheets, pillowcases and towels by Horrockses the Greatest Name in Cotton

Makers of the world famous "GAYFAYRE". Ideal for dresses, blouses, pyjamas, sportswear, etc.

Drop that putter!

Stop that hoeing!

Rest that rod...

and let's
get going!



It's National Arrow Week

Wait'll you see all the exciting fashions your Arrow dealer is showing for National Arrow Week! Shirts in a variety of collar styles—shirts with a range of sleeve lengths for each collar size—choice of single or double cuffs—latest style French fronts or conventional fronts—whites and pastels—formal and informal shirts—just everything your taste could run to! National Arrow Week is your perfect opportunity to get acquainted with the whole Arrow range—visit your favourite store and enjoy a personal revelation in style, comfort, and *permanent* fit!



ARROW "DART", the white shirt with the non-wilt Arrow collar that will last as long as the shirt itself.



ARROW "POST" in white. Medium-short collar points on a low-setting neckband... French front... choice of single or double cuffs.



ARROW "GAGE", a new white shirt. The low-setting soft collar has stays to keep points in place.



ARROW "SUSSEX BD". Soft, wide-spread, button-down collar—a comfortable, informal feature favoured by more and more men.



ARROW "ARCHER" is in white and a range of popular pastel shades. Arrow "ARCHER" is the *only* shirt with the form-fitting back.



ARROW "BI-WAY" is in white and colours... soft collar, no neckband... as light and comfortable as a sports shirt.



ARROW SPORTS SHIRTS... cool and comfortable for leisure, yet the exclusive Ara-fold collar is perfect with a tie.

NATIONAL
ARROW
WEEK

Commences at
all **ARROW**
Dealers
October 8th



ARROW ARASTRIDES
for comfort and convenience—adjustable tie sides laundry-proof gripper fasteners, balloon seat and pleated crotch. Such luxury!

FOR THE MAN WHO WANTS THE BEST

ARROW

ARROW Reg. Trade Mark. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. U.S.A.

"Children gladly tell you when they need

CHOCOLATE LAXETTES



No tears, no struggles, no "dodging" when Laxettes are the family medicine for Constipation, Upset Stomachs, Biliousness, Sick Headaches. Laxettes taste as delicious as any fine quality chocolate. Children take them happily—and that's very much better for them, and for Mother, too.

It's simple to regulate the dosage

Each chocolate square contains a measured dose of phenolphthalein, the wonderful, tasteless laxative that gives easy relief overnight. Give one third or half square to infants, and increase the amount as directed for older children and adults. Not constipating, not habit-forming, Laxettes are the ideal laxative for the whole family.

"TAKE A LAXETTE AT NIGHT IN THE MORNING YOU'RE RIGHT"

2/6

EVERYWHERE FOR 18 FULL-DOSE TABLETS



Say 'YES' to Romance

because

Tact

Says 'NO' to offending



Double protection that lasts from bath to bath... checks perspiration... stops odour instantly. Safe for skin and safe for clothes. Tact is Colgate's wonderful creamy smooth cosmetic deodorant that contains Duratex—Colgate's exclusive ingredient that makes Tact safer!

THE NEW COSMETIC DEODORANT to safeguard your charm

N.99.

Just Released! Caravan to Xanadu

By Edison Marshall.

A slave girl of great beauty, a leper, an old Jew, and the Arab Mustapha influenced Marco Polo's youth and gave him much of the quality that brought him success and fame.

This new Edison Marshall has all the author's well known realism, excitement and drama.

15/6 From all Booksellers.

ASTHMA COUGHS STOPPED WHILE YOU SLEEP

Don't let coughing, wheezing attacks of Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health, and weaken your heart. Mendoc, a new American scientific medicine, starts immediately to circulate through the blood, quickly cutting the attacks. The very first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, going free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Mendoc from your chemist or store-to-day under positive guarantee to stop your Asthma coughing and to give you free, easy breathing the first day or money back.

Continuing . . .

Past Imperative

[from page 51]

that sort of woman. But how did they get like that? Running away from pain, fear, loss, the realities they were terrified of facing?

She made her excuses and her escape immediately after the luncheon, anything to get away from Don Waverley's quiet, critical eyes. Instead of going on to the art show, she sat in a deserted corner of the lounge and ordered coffee.

Sat there and thought about so many things she had not allowed herself to think of for many years. Of Kit. Of Bill. Of Bill's laughter, and strong gentle arms, and of the nights after his death when she had been so gay, going out so much, cutting short the nights so that she would not have to lie awake and remember that she would never feel those arms holding her again.

Of Arthur David wanting to marry her—and her refusal. Never again would she lay herself open to being hurt through love.

She rose suddenly and peered at herself in the great mirror behind her, as though expecting to find quite a different reflection to the charming, soignée vision which had left her house that morning. A tall reflection towered behind her, and she turned with a little intake of her breath. It was Donald Waverley.

He said, "I startled you. I'm sorry."

"Did you wish to speak with me?"

"Yes, please." Katherine sat back, her racing thoughts quietening. The glance in the mirror had reassured her. He had been a little rude, perhaps, and now he was sorry.

"When I was introduced to you, I overheard Biddy Jacques' name. You're going to interview her?"

"Yes." "And put one of those empty chatty articles about her full life all over a magazine?"

"It's my job," said Katherine brightly. "Her life is a full one. Why should you be offended?"

"Because I'm in love with her, and she won't let herself be in love with me," he said bluntly. There was never a less sentimental or dramatic statement.

He said it almost coldly, looked at her a moment, and went on, "And her life is completely empty. Even her work is no good any more. Fashionable trickery, full of talent and no heart. When she was married to Kit we all thought she would be a real painter."

Biddy Jacques? The zinnia girl? So it was she.

Katherine was white to the lips. He stared at her incredulously. "Do you mean to say you never knew?"

She screwed her hands together, her lips were stiff as she forced them to reply.

"It isn't true. She came to that party at 'Meadowdale'—the week . . . the week he was killed . . ." Strangely enough, the words came easily after a moment.

"How could they be married?" "I'm sorry, I thought you knew. I thought because it was part of your policy never to mention him you pretended not to know her. They'd been married six months when he was killed. Gerry was born five months later."

"Why didn't he tell me . . . no," she put up her hand, before he could speak. "I know. He thought I might interfere. I ran my own life and tried to run his . . ."

She stopped, and he stared at her with sudden surprise. She looked a much older woman, she looked quite different. The lovely face was no longer calm and detached, it was a sudden blank mask of misery.

It was—and because he was a sensitive and perceptive man he knew it—the damned-up agony of twenty-six years bursting and swamping the whole of her carefully built-up serenity.

"It seems I—I have a grandchild," said Katherine slowly.

"Yes, Geraldine."

"She never thought of coming to me."

"She learned that from you."

"From me?"

"Yes, she said that you knew all about the control of suffering. She said she had met you once and you were beautiful and hard as nails, and obviously had never suffered in your life. She said that was the only way to carry it off. She would not cry when Kit was killed—I did. He was my friend and she was his wife."

"She did not write to you, nor go to his funeral. She just did not speak of him again. She worked like a black to make money. She cheapened her talent to catch a popular market and brought it off. She makes money. She leads a smart, busy life. She has one of those expensive starched nannies for Gerry. Gives her everything she can afford to give her, which is quite a bit now, but never a bit of herself."

"And I've fallen in love with her and she with me. But she won't risk it again. She says that Kit told her all about the way you managed your life after you'd lost your husband and that was the only way. Don't care for anything very much again, and then never again will one be hurt."

He paused, and looked at her with a curious tenderness. "Do you know, when I knew I was sitting next to you at lunch I loathed the idea. I loathed you, because Biddy learned all this from you through Kit. I could not bear your self-satisfied success. To deny pain? To deny loss and heart-break? But how can one value life or love or beauty without the measure of its precariousness? One just isn't living at all."

"And I wanted you to interview Biddy, because it would have all come out, and because she is an artist and sensitive in spite of herself, she would have seen what an empty, artificial shell of a creature you have become . . . Even Kit saw it before he died. He said to me, 'I'm so sorry for her—she has refused to feel, until now she cannot feel any more.'"

She looked at him and her beautiful dark eyes were weary. "But you look quite different now," he said abruptly. "Quite different."

"How?"

"About twenty years older," he said uncertainly, "and a hundred times more beautiful. I'm sorry I was a bore, Mrs. Noel. Please forgive me." He rose abruptly to his long, thin height. "Goodbye."

He held out his hand, and Katherine automatically put hers into it. For a moment she felt this tremendous release of pain, but under the pain was a kind of strange relief. As though she were coming alive again.

The touch of the big, firm, masculine hand seemed to awake her. She looked up at the big, tall boy towering over her. "I hope," she said, "I'll see you again—perhaps you'll come and see me."

She paused, and then said painfully, "I feel I ought to keep in touch with some of Kit's friends . . ."

He gave her hand a quick, comforting little squeeze.

"I'd like to talk about him

To page 62

Give them a treat with TODAY'S BIGGEST BREAKFAST BARGAIN



LIVELY FLAVOUR!

No other breakfast cereal like them! Roasted, toasted and crisped, every big golden flake rustles onto your plate. Such sweet, lively flavour—that's Kellogg's Corn Flakes—every time!

DEEP-DOWN GOODNESS!

Nutrition experts say one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar plus bread and butter (or toast) gives you one third of your daily food needs. Here's a complete, satisfying breakfast!



24 BIG BREAKFASTS IN EVERY LARGE PACKET!

Save money! Compare the cost of one serving of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with that of meat, eggs, fish and bacon these days! Only 10 seconds to serve—no greasy grillers or pots to wash.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

CF55.6.

GOODBYE INDIGESTION! Just one dose relieves that pain after meals.

You get really quick relief from stomach pain and discomfort with just one dose of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder!

Maclean's scientifically balanced formula instantly neutralises excess acids, soothes the inflamed stomach lining, protects it and enables it to heal. Say goodbye to pain after meals, flatulence, heartburn and biliousness!

Take one teaspoonful of Maclean's in water or milk after meals and enjoy blissful relief!

None genuine without this design and signature.

Start treatment today! Obtainable from all Chemists.



New life for the middle years, thanks to

WINCARNIS

"The Wine of Life"

Ask for WINCARNIS from chemists



Page 53



Arnett's

famous
Biscuits



LAWN TENNIS SODA
75



SAO (REGD.)
47



CHEESE (SMALL)
168



ADORA
CREAM WAFER
86



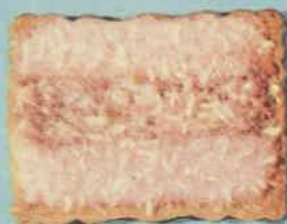
DELTA CREAM
33



THIN CAPTAIN
76



JATZ CRACKER
100



VO VO (ICED)
34



CHERRY RIPE
34



ORANGE SLICE
34



MONTE CARLO
24



CREAMY CHOCOLATE
32



CUSTARD CREAM
38



CHOCOLATE MONTE
33



RASPBERRY FRUIT CREAM
28



SPICY FRUIT ROLL
27



ARNEELA CRUNCH
44



GINGER NUT
34



COCOANUT
38

NUMBERS AFTER NAMES OF BISCUITS INDICATE
APPROXIMATE NUMBER PER POUND

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ARNETT'S



ARNO SHORTBREAD
30



BUTTER OAT CAKE
45



CURRENT LUNCHEON
20



NICE
35



MILK COFFEE
40



AFTERNOON TEA
84



PRINCESS
54



SCOTCH SHORTBREAD FINGER
22



MILK ARROWROOT
50



ORANGE TEA
48



CHIQUILIN
52



OSBORNE
51



LACTO-MALTED MILK
72



SHREDDED WHEATMEAL
46



GOLDEN GRAIN
52



TEA CAKE
38

There is no Substitute for Quality

HOWCARD TO ASSIST YOUR CHOICE

Mother and daughter agree...

Sunlight is better than ever!

"I've used Sunlight for 30 years of married life and thought nothing could touch it! But the New Sunlight really cleans faster."

Writes Mrs. C. Smith
of 21 Waratah Street
Bulgarewah

"As a relatively new housewife, I'd like to tell you how thrilled I am with New Sunlight. It makes washing and all the cleaning jobs quicker and easier, and gets the best results."

Writes young Mrs. K. Read
of Ettalong Street
Collaroy Plateau



TOWELS

Writes
Mr. V. Cunningham
Eumundi, Q'd.

"My husband is a hairdresser—which means dozens of towels in my wash. But new Sunlight's faster lather gets to the root of the dirt—has them gleaming white in no time!"



CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

Mrs. C. Cuskelly
writes from
25 Pratten Street
Warwick, Q'd.

"New Sunlight is wonderful to wash my little boy's woollies in winter and linen suits and play clothes in summer. It cleans the extra-dirty parts without hard rubbing. There's no soap so kind to clothes."



WHITE OVERALLS

Writes
Mrs. W. G. Ballard
of 60 Barney St.
Armidale

"To make sure my husband's overalls are always snowy, I wet them, smooth all over with new Sunlight, and boil 20 minutes. Result? All oil and grease vanished and overalls beautifully white—without hard scrubbing!"

ITS FASTER LATHER MAKES
IT EASIER THAN EVER TO GET
CLOTHES SUNLIGHT-CLEAN



50.180.WW143



THIS CRISP, cool-looking blouse in simple crochet will prove a valuable acquisition to the summer wardrobe. Directions are given for sizes 34 or 35 in. bust.

Cool cotton blouse

Directions for the newly designed crochet blouse above are given on these two pages.

THE long revers and V-neckline make it flattering to wear any time of the day and into the evening, too.

It will team with different skirts for town or country wear, and will stand countless washings.

Materials: 12 balls Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet, No. 20 (selected color); 7 buttons; No. 2 Milwards steel crochet hook (slack workers could use a No. 24 hook and tight workers a No. 14).

Tension: 5 rows, lin.
Measurements: Bust, 34 in.; length from shoulder to bottom edge, 21 in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; sl-st., slip-stitch; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sp., space. By using a No. 1 hook and working at a looser tension this blouse will fit a 36-38 in. bust.

BACK

Commence with 206 ch.
1st Row: 1 tr. into 8th ch. from hook, * 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. into next ch., 2 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. into next ch.; rep. from * 21 times more, 6 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. into first 2 ch. sp., * 3 ch., 2 tr. into each of next 2 sps. of 3 ch., leaving the last loop of each on hook, thread over and draw through all loops on hook (a cluster made), 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next 2 ch. sp.; rep. from * ending with 3 ch., 1 tr. into last sp., 3 ch., 1 tr. into turning ch., 6 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. into first d.c., * 3 ch., 1 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 2 ch., 1 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next d.c.; rep. from * ending with 3 ch., 1 tr. into 3rd of turning ch., 5 ch., turn.

4th Row: * 1 cluster over next 2 sps. of 3 ch., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into

next 2 ch. sp., 3 ch.; rep. from * ending with 1 cluster over next 2 sps. of 3 ch., 2 ch., 1 tr. into 3rd of 6 ch., 6 ch., turn.

5th Row: 1 tr. into first sp., * 2 ch., 1 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next d.c., 3 ch., 1 tr. into next 3 ch. sp.; rep. from * ending with 2 ch., 1 tr. into last sp., 3 ch., 1 tr. into 3rd of 5 ch., 3 ch., turn.

6th Row: 2 tr. into first sp., leaving the last loop of each on hook, thread over and draw through all loops on hook (a 2-tr. cluster made), * 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next 2 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 cluster over next 2 sps. of 3 ch.; rep. from * ending with 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next 2 ch. sp., 3 ch., a 2-tr. cluster into last sp., 1 tr. into 3rd of 6 ch., 6 ch., turn.

These last 4 rows form the patt. and are rep. throughout.

Rep. 3rd to 6th row of patt. 14 times more, turning with 1 ch. on last row.

ARMHOLE

63rd Row: Sl-st. along to top of next cluster, 5 ch., 1 d.c. into first d.c., * 3 ch., 1 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 2 ch., 1 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next d.c.; rep. from * 19 times more, 5 ch., 1 sl-st. into top of next cluster, 1 ch., turn.

64th Row: 1 sl-st. into each of next 3 ch., 3 ch., a 2-tr. cluster into next 3 ch. sp., * 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next 2 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 cluster over next 2 sps. of 3 ch.; rep. from * 18 times more, 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next 2 ch. sp., 3 ch., a 2-tr. cluster into next 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 5 ch., 1 ch., turn.

65th Row: Sl-st. along to top of 2-tr. cluster, 5 ch., 1 d.c. into next d.c., * 3 ch., 1 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 2 ch., 1 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next d.c.; rep. from * 18 times more, 5 ch., 1 sl-st. into top of 2-tr. cluster, 1 ch., turn.

66th Row: Same as 64th row, having 17 rep. instead of 18.

67th Row: Sl-st. along to top of 2-tr. cluster, 6 ch., 1 d.c. into next d.c., 3 ch., 1 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 2 ch., 1 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 3 ch.; rep. from * 17 times more, 1

d.c. into next d.c., 3 ch., 1 tr. into top of 2-tr. cluster, 5 ch., turn.

68th to 70th Row: As 4th to 6th row of patt.

Rep. 3rd to 6th row of patt. 6 times more, turning with 1 ch. on last row.

95th Row: Sl-st. along to top of next d.c., * 3 ch., 1 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 2 ch., 1 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next d.c.; rep. from * 17 times more, ending with 1 sl-st. on last rep., 1 ch., turn.

96th Row: Sl-st. along to top of 2nd tr., * 3 ch., 1 cluster into next 2 sps. of 3 ch., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next 2 ch. sp.; rep. from * 16 times more, ending with 1 sl-st. on last rep., 1 ch., turn.

97th Row: Sl-st. along to next d.c., * 3 ch., 1 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 2 ch., 1 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next d.c.; rep. from * 14 times more, ending with 1 sl-st. on last rep., 1 ch., turn.

98th Row: As 96th row, having 13 rep. instead of 16.

99th Row: As 95th row, having 11 rep. instead of 17.

100th Row: As 96th row, having 10 rep. instead of 16.

101st Row: Sl-st. along to next d.c., * 3 ch., 1 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 2 ch., 1 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next d.c.; rep. from * once more, 3 ch., 1 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., turn.

102nd Row: * 1 cluster into next 2 sps. of 3 ch., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next 2 ch. sp., 3 ch.; rep. from * once more, turn.

103rd Row: Sl-st. along to next d.c., 3 ch., 1 tr. into next sp. of 3 ch., 2 ch., 1 tr. into next sp. Fasten off.

OTHER SHOULDER

101st Row: With wrong side facing, miss 6 3 ch. sps. in centre. Join thread in next sp., 3 ch., * 1 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next d.c., 3 ch., 1 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 2 ch.; rep. from * once more, 1 tr. into next 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 sl-st. into next d.c., 1 ch., turn.

102nd Row: Sl-st. along to top of tr., 1 sl-st. into sp., 3

COOL COTTON BLOUSE *Continued from page 56*

cluster into next 2 sps.
3 ch., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next
2 sps., 3 ch., 1 cluster into
next 2 sps. of 3 ch., 3 ch.,
turn.

66th Row: 1 tr. into next
ch. sp., 2 ch., 1 tr. into next
ch. sp. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Commence with 116 ch.
1st Row: Work same as 1st
row of back, having 11 rep.
each of 21.

2nd Row: Same as 2nd row
of back.

Rep. 3rd to 6th row of patt.
6 times more, turning with
ch. on last row.

ARMHOLE

63rd Row: Sl-st. along to
top of 2nd cluster, 5 ch., 1 d.c.
into next d.c., work in patt.,
ending with 3 ch., 1 tr. into
top of turning ch., 5 ch., turn.

64th Row: Work in patt.,
ending with a 2-tr. cluster into
next 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 sl-st.
into 3rd of 5 ch., 1 ch., turn.

65th Row: Sl-st. to top of
2-tr. cluster, 5 ch., 1 d.c.
into next d.c., 3 ch., 1 tr. into
next 3 ch. sp., work in patt.,
ending with 2 ch., 1 tr. into
next 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 sl-st.
into 3rd of 5 ch., 1 ch., turn.

66th Row: Work in patt.,
ending with 1 d.c. into last 2
ch. sp., 3 ch., a 2-tr. cluster
into next 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1
tr. into 3rd of 5 ch., 1 ch.,
turn.

67th Row: Sl-st. to top of
2-tr. cluster, 6 ch., 1 d.c.
into next d.c., work in patt.,
ending with 3 ch., 1 tr. into
top of turning ch., 5 ch., turn.

68th to 70th Row: As 4th
to 6th row.

Rep. 3rd to 6th row 5 times
more, then 3rd and 4th rows
once more.

93rd Row: 1 tr. into first
sp., work in patt., ending with
tr. into 3rd of turning ch.,
5 ch., turn.

94th Row: 1 cluster over
next 2 sps. of 3 ch., work in
patt. to end of row, 6 ch.,
turn.

95th Row: Work in patt.,
ending with 3 ch., 1 tr. into
top of last cluster, 5 ch., turn.

96th Row: Miss first 3 ch.
sp., a 2-tr. cluster into next
3 ch. sp., work in patt., ending
with 3 ch., 1 tr. into 3rd of 6 ch.,
1 ch., turn.

97th Row: Work in patt.,
ending with 2 ch., 1 tr. into
next 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c.
into next d.c., 3 ch., 1 tr. into
top of turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

98th Row: Miss first 3 ch.
sp., a 2-tr. cluster into next 3
ch. sp., work in patt., ending
with a 2-tr. cluster into last
sp., 1 tr. into 3rd of 6 ch., 1
ch., turn.

99th Row: Sl-st. along to
top of 2-tr. cluster, 5 ch.,
turn.

100th Row: As 98th row,
ending with 3 ch., 1 sl-st. into
last 2 ch. sp., 1 ch., turn.

101st Row: As 99th row,
ending with 3 ch., 1 tr. into
top of turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

102nd Row: As 100th row,
ending with 3 ch., 1 tr. into
top of turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

103rd Row: As 101st row,
ending with 3 ch., 1 tr. into
top of turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

104th Row: As 102nd row,
ending with 3 ch., 1 tr. into
top of turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

105th Row: As 103rd row,
ending with 3 ch., 1 tr. into
top of turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

106th Row: Miss first 3 ch.
sp., a 2-tr. cluster into next 3
ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into
next 2 ch. sp. Fasten off.

LEFT FRONT

Work same as right front
until 63rd row is reached,
turning with 6 ch. on last
row.

ARMHOLE

63rd Row: 1 d.c. into first
d.c., * 3 ch., 1 tr. into next
3 ch. sp., 2 ch., 1 tr. into
next 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c.
into next d.c., rep. from * 9
times more, 5 ch., 1 sl-st. into
top of next cluster, 1 ch., turn.

64th Row: 1 sl-st. into each
of next 3 ch., 3 ch., a 2-tr.
cluster into next 3 ch. sp., work
in patt. to end of row.

65th Row: Work in patt.,

ending with 3 ch., 1 d.c. into
next d.c., 5 ch., 1 sl-st. into
top of next 2-tr. cluster, 1 ch.,
turn.

66th Row: As 64th row.

67th Row: Work in patt.,
ending with 3 ch., 1 d.c. into
next d.c., 3 ch., 1 tr. into top
of 2-tr. cluster, 5 ch., turn.

68th to 70th Row: As 4th to
6th row.

Rep. 3rd to 6th row 5 times
more, then 3rd and 4th rows
once more, turning with 3 ch.
on last row.

93rd Row: 1 tr. into next
3 ch. sp., work in patt., end-
ing with 3 ch., 1 d.c. into
next d.c., 3 ch., 1 tr. into
next 3 ch. sp., 2 ch., 1 tr. into
last sp., 3 ch., 1 tr. into 3rd
of 5 ch., 3 ch., turn.

94th Row: A 2-tr. cluster
into first sp., work in patt.,
ending with 1 tr. into top of
turning ch., 6 ch., turn.

95th Row: As 3rd row.

96th Row: Work in patt.,
ending with a 2-tr. cluster
into next 3 ch. sp., 2 ch., 1 tr.
into last sp., 6 ch., turn.

97th Row: 1 d.c. into first
d.c., work in patt., ending with
3 ch., 1 tr. into next 3 ch.
sp., 2 ch., 1 tr. into last sp.,
3 ch., 1 tr. into 3rd of turning
ch., 3 ch., turn.

98th Row: Work in patt.,
ending with 3 ch., 1 d.c. into
next 2 ch. sp., 3 ch., a 2-tr.
cluster over next 3 ch. sp., 1
tr. into 4th of 6 ch., 6 ch.,
turn.

99th Row: Work in patt.,
ending with 3 ch., 1 tr. into
next 3 ch. sp., 2 ch., 1 tr.
into next 3 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1
sl-st. into next d.c., 1 ch., turn.

100th Row: Sl-st. along to
top of 2nd tr., work in patt.,
ending with 3 ch., a 2-tr.
cluster into next 3 ch. sp., 2
ch., 1 tr. into last sp., 6 ch.,
turn.

101st Row: Work in patt.,
ending with 1 sl-st. into last
d.c., 1 ch., turn.

102nd Row: Sl-st. along to
2nd tr., 3 ch., work in patt.,
ending with 3 ch., a 2-tr.
cluster into next 3 ch. sp., 1
tr. into last sp., 6 ch., turn.

103rd and 104th Rows: As
101st and 102nd rows.

105th Row: 1 d.c. into first
d.c., 3 ch., 1 tr. into next 3
ch. sp., 2 ch., 1 tr. into next
3 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 sl-st. into
next d.c., 3 ch., turn.

106th Row: 1 d.c. into first
2 ch. sp., 3 ch., a 2-tr. cluster
into next 3 ch. sp., 1 tr. into
4th of 6 ch. Fasten off.

SLEEVE

Commence with 152 ch.
Work same as back, having
15 rep. instead of 21, until
25th row is completed, turn-
ing with 1 ch.

26th Row: Sl-st. along to
first d.c., 5 ch., * 1 d.c. into
next 2 ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 cluster
into next 2 sps. of 3 ch., 3
ch.; rep. from * 13 times
more, 1 d.c. into next 2 ch.
sp., 5 ch., 1 sl-st. into next
d.c., 1 ch., turn.

27th Row: Sl-st. along to
first d.c., work in patt., omit-
ting 5 ch. at end of last rep.,
1 ch., turn.

28th Row: Sl-st. along to
2nd tr., work in patt., ending
with 3 ch., 1 cluster into next
2 sps. of 2 ch., 3 ch., 1 sl-st.
into next tr., 1 ch., turn.

29th Row: Sl-st. to top of first
cluster, 3 ch., 1 tr. into next 3
ch. sp., work in patt., ending
with 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next
d.c., 3 ch., 1 tr. into next 3
ch. sp., 3 ch., 1 sl-st. into
top of last cluster, 1 ch., turn.

30th Row: Sl-st. along to
first tr., work in patt., ending
with 3 ch., 1 cluster into next
2 sps. of 3 ch., 3 ch., 1 sl-st.
into top of last tr., 1 ch., turn.

Rep. 29th and 30th rows 3
times more, turning with 3 ch.
on last row.

37th Row: Miss first sp., 1
tr. into next 3 ch. sp., work
in patt., ending with 1 tr. into
3rd of turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

38th Row: Work in patt.,
ending with 1 cluster into next
2 sps. of 3 ch., 2 ch., 1 tr.
into 3rd of turning ch., 5 ch.,
turn.

Rep. 37th and 38th rows
twice more.

43rd Row: 1 tr. into first 2
ch. sp., 2 ch., work in patt.,
ending with 1 tr. into last sp.,
2 ch., 1 tr. into 3rd of turning
ch., 3 ch., turn.

44th Row: Miss first 2 ch.
sp., 1 tr. into next 2 ch. sp.,
work in patt., ending with 3
ch., 1 tr. into 3rd of turning
ch., 3 ch., turn.

45th Row: Miss first 3 ch. sp.,
work in patt., ending with 1 tr.
into next 3 ch. sp., 2 ch., 1 tr.
into next 3 ch. sp., 1 tr. into
next tr., 5 ch., turn.

46th Row: 1 d.c. into first
2 ch. sp., work in patt., end-
ing with 2 ch., 1 tr. into next
tr., 3 ch., turn.

47th Row: 1 tr. into first 3
ch. sp., work in patt., ending
with 2 ch., 1 tr. into next 3
ch. sp., 1 tr. into 3rd of turning
ch., 5 ch., turn.

Rep. 46th and 47th rows
once more.

50th Row: 1 d.c. into first
2 ch. sp., work in patt., end-
ing with 2 ch., 1 tr. into 3rd
of turning ch.

Fasten off. Work another
sleeve the same. Damp and
pin out to measurements. Al-
lowing fin. seams, machine st.
side, shoulder, and sleeve
seams, insert sleeves into arm-
holes.

FRONT EDGING

Join thread in last ch. at
bottom edge of right front.

1st Row: 3 ch., * 2 tr. into
next row-end; rep. from * to
top of straight edge of front,
5 tr. into corner sp., * 2 tr.
into next sp., 3 tr. into next
sp.; rep. from last * to shoul-
der seam, 3 tr. into each sp.
across back of neck, * 2 tr.
into next sp., 3 tr. into next
sp.; rep. from last * to corner
of front, 5 tr. into corner sp.,
* 2 tr. into next sp.; rep. from
last * to bottom edge, 1 tr.
into turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

2nd Row: Miss first tr., 1
tr. into each tr., 3 tr. into 3rd
of 5 tr. at corner, 1 tr. into
each tr. round neck, 3 tr. into
3rd of 5 tr. at next corner, 1
tr. into each of next 54 tr.,
* 3 ch., miss 3 tr., 1 tr. into
each of next 9 tr.; rep. from
* 5 times more, 3 ch., miss
3 tr., 1 tr. into each tr. to
bottom edge, * 1 tr. into 3rd
of turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

3rd Row: Miss first tr., 1
tr. into each tr. working 1
tr. into each ch. at button-
holes and 3 tr. into 2nd tr. at
corners, 1 tr. into 3rd of turn-
ing ch., 1 ch., turn.

4th Row: 1 d.c. into each tr.,
working 3 d.c. into 2nd tr. at
corners, 1 d.c. into 3rd of
turning ch., 5 ch., turn.

5th Row: * Miss 2 d.c., 1 d.c.
into next d.c., 5 ch.; rep. from
* up front, round neck, and
7in. down other front, 5 ch.,
turn.

6th Row: 1 d.c. into first
loop, * 5 ch., 1 d.c. into next
loop; rep. from * to end of
row. Fasten off.

SLEEVE EDGING

Join thread in first 2 ch.
sp. after seam.

1st Row: 5 ch., * 1 tr. into
next 2 ch. sp., 2 ch.; rep. from
* all round, join with a sl-st.
to 3rd of 5 ch.

2nd Row: 3 ch., * 2 tr. into
next sp., 1 tr. into next tr.;
rep. from * ending with 2
tr. into last sp., 1 sl-st. into
3rd of 3 ch.

3rd Row: 3 ch., 1 tr. into
each tr., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 3
ch.

4th Row: 1 d.c. into each
d.c., 1 sl-st. into first d.c.
Fasten off.

Work edging on other sleeve
in same manner. Damp and
press. Sew on buttons.



PERFECT ANSWER FOR *Small spaces*

Because space is so precious, the formal dining room is gradually disappearing from the scene. The "lounge room" is becoming the living room, with an area set aside for dining. There just isn't any room for the old dining room suite! Here's a contemporary dining group that's a real space saver: compact buffet, extension table, four chairs. Beautifully designed, faithfully built—and budget priced! This group is available in either natural maple or blonde sycamore colour, with contrasting trim, satin-finish metal pulls.

Buffet: 4' 11" long, three drawers, centre section with sliding glass doors and shelf, roomy cupboard. Table: 4' 3" x 2' 9" (with sliding top and leaf to extend to 5' 9"), or non-extending table, 4' 9" x 2' 9". Chairs: Upholstered in hard-wearing, handsome *Vespa* plastic material.



The famous Swedish Contemporary Bed-room Suite introduced recently by "Murray." Natural maple or blonde sycamore, contrasting trim, satin-finish pulls. Each unit may be purchased separately.

SEE MURRAY FINE FURNITURE AT ALL GOOD FURNITURE STORES

"Aberdeen"

ALL-METAL
VENETIANS

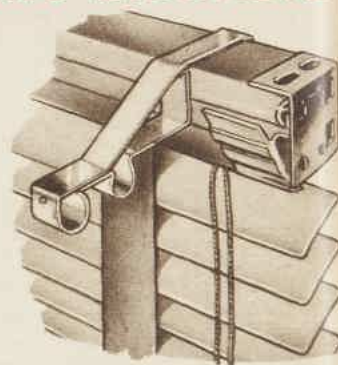


**NOW SUPPLIED WITH CURTAIN HANGING BRACKETS
AT NO EXTRA COST**

This Spring transform your windows . . . make them the focal point of beauty in every room. *Aberdeen All-Metal Venetians* are now the basis for a complete window trim . . . all you need extra are the curtain rods. Put up your Aberdeens in minutes and your curtain rods in seconds . . . Aberdeen Curtain Fittings take TWO rods. Have full drapes with headings, or straight drop drapes and tie-back muslin curtains. Combine drapes and filmy curtains with pelmet board or ruffled heading. In fact, Aberdeen Venetians with curtain hanging brackets give many arrangements which two curtain rods make possible. *Aberdeen Venetians, a shade—better in every way.* Aberdeen All-Metal Venetians have nearly 50 features that make them superior in every way. Feather-light, flexible slats in 13 glorious pastel shades of hard-baked plastic finish . . . also two-tone slats . . . and matching tapes and cords. The workmanship and materials in Aberdeen Venetians are guaranteed.

Write to-day for the name of your nearest Aberdeen retailer; or send coupon to Smith Copeland & Co. Pty. Ltd. for FREE colour slat samples and illustrated descriptive literature.

Showing curtain rod brackets to which pelmet board may be fitted if required. Multi-purpose Aberdeen "Softi-lox" headbox holders keep headbox in "safety" position even if accidentally left unlocked (see illustration at right). Another feature that makes Aberdeens better in every way.



Aberdeen—the world's finest venetians—for your kitchen. All metal construction ensures lasting beauty and service. Venetians and headbox removed in ten seconds for cleaning windows or painting architraves.



Aberdeen—the world's finest venetians—for your living room. Fluted all-metal headbox houses permanently silent, precision-engineered tilting mechanism. One pull cord raises, lowers and locks Aberdeen Venetians with one hand.

From all leading stores throughout Australia
Aberdeen Showrooms at

SMITH COPELAND & Co. Pty. Ltd.

23 Regent Street, Sydney, N.S.W. M 8181, MA 6376
101 Albany Highway, Victoria Park, W.A. M 1992

FREE

Fill in and post this coupon immediately for sample slats, descriptive literature and price lists to Dept. WW/053, 33 Regent Street, Sydney. PRINT IN INK, PLEASE

NAME
ADDRESS

4235

ALSO AT BRISBANE • MELBOURNE • ADELAIDE • PERTH AND LAUNCESTON

Trim knit gloves

A pair of hand-knit cotton gloves dressed up in any one of the five ways suggested on this page will make a smart and valuable fashion accessory.

DIRECTIONS for making the gloves are given below, and here are some ideas for the trimming.

Run a narrow black velvet ribbon, eyelet fashion, through each cuff as illustrated, right. Thread the ribbon through a bobbin first, and run the pin, closed end, through the webbing. Finish with a bow.

Stretch the ribbed edge of the cuff and bind with narrow black velvet ribbon. Sew ribbon round the thumb, ending with a neat bow as shown in sketch below.

Make a tiny knotted fringe of the knitting cotton on the edge of the cuff-ribbing.

Stretch edge of cuff-ribbing and sew on a double frill of fine pique or grosgrain ribbon. Before attaching, run a double row of stitching along centre of the frill-to-be. After attaching, thread narrow elastic through middle to bring the cuff in tightly to the wrist when worn.

Round the top of the cuff-rib and embroider a band in cotton of a contrasting color and dot with tiny pearl buttons to give the effect of a narrow bracelet.

Ideal for gifts

HAND-DECORATED gloves are a wonderful gift idea.

Make afternoon shorties to wear with pastel linens by tinting the white gloves to the exact shade of the dress. You might use pale blue with matching blue seed-pearl trim, or lime with a scattering of colored sequins around the cuff.

Stitch a circlet of miniature daisies to a narrow elastic band and slip over the cuff, or sew a cluster of miniature daisies to the cuff for teenager charm.

Here are the directions for making the gloves:

Materials: 1 ball of Milford knitting cotton, No. 6, 3-ply, tan; 1 set of Milwards Phantom knitting needles.

Abbreviations: St., stitch; k, knit; p, purl; tog., together; dec., decrease (by taking 2



sts. tog.); inc., increase (by working twice into 1 st.); sp., spaces.

Cast on 50 sts.

1st Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to end of row.

Next 4 Rows: Same as first row.

6th Row: K 1, * thread over needle, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row, finishing k 1.

7th Row: P to end of row (this makes spaces for ribbon).

8th Row: Knit.

9th Row: Purl.

10th Row: Knit.

11th Row: P 25 sts., make 1 st., p 25 sts. (51 sts.).

12th Row: Knit.

13th Row: P 25 sts., make 1, p 1, make 1, p 25 sts. (53 sts.).

14th Row: Knit.

15th Row: P 25 sts., make 1, p 3, make 1, p 25 sts. (55 sts.).

16th Row: Knit.

17th Row: P 25 sts., make 1, p 5, make 1, p 25 sts. (57 sts.).

18th Row: Knit.

19th Row: P 25 sts., make 1, p 7, make 1, p 25 sts. (59 sts.).

20th Row: Knit.

21st Row: P 25 sts., make 1, p 9, make 1, p 25 sts. (61 sts.).

Cont. making 1 row plain k and always having 25 sts. at beg. and end with make 1 and 2 extra p sts. between and another make 1 until there are 71 sts. in all in the increase row, stopping on the p row.

Next Row: K 25 sts. Thread 21 sts. on another piece of cotton and k to end of row.

Next Row: P 24 sts., p 2 tog., p 24 sts.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: Purl.

NARROW velvet ribbon threaded through the cuffs of these hand-knit gloves achieves a smart effect. See directions on this page.

Next Row: Rep. last 2 rows (three more times) (8 rows in all).

The Fourth Finger—K 6, thread 37 sts. on cotton, cast on 2, k 6. Arrange 14 sts. on 3 needles and k round for 23 rows.

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog. all round.

Last Row: K 2 tog. all round. Run thread through rem. sts. and finish off.

Third Finger—Pick up and k 2 sts. at base of fourth finger. Arrange 37 sts. on 3 needles and knit 2 rounds. K 8. Thread 25 sts. on cotton, cast on 2 sts., k 6; arrange 16 sts. on 3 needles and k 28 rounds or length of finger.

Shape tip and finish off as before.

Second Finger—Pick up and k 3 at base of third finger, k 6 along top of hand, cast on 2 sts., pass over 13 sts., k 6.

Knit 30 rounds on the 16 sts., then shape tip and finish as before.

First Finger—Pick up and k 3 sts. at base of second finger, k 13.

Knit 26 rounds, then shape and finish off as before.

Thumb—Arrange the 21 sts. on 3 needles and start the round with first st. on cotton. K 23 rounds, with a dec. at the beg. of the 2nd, 4th, and 6th rounds. Shape tip and finish off as before.

Sew the seam along the side of hand.

Make the other glove in the same way and press under a damp cloth.



FOUR WAYS of dressing up plain gloves for different occasions are illustrated above. For details see article.



VIM gives twice the shine in half the time!

This cleanser was developed in England where murky days and open fires make things really grimy. And Vim is far and away England's most popular cleanser. You'll find it the fastest dirt-chaser ever. A sprinkle, a rub, a rinse and porcelain and tiles gleam like new... pots and pans sparkle. Why work and slave with old-fashioned cleansers? Get modern Vim—in the new handy canister.



In a Modern Moisture-Proof Long-Lasting Canister

THE MODERN CLEANSER FOR BATHS, SINKS, PANS, STOVES, PAINT-WORK ETC.

Vim 27.VW143

Painting is a Family Job

WALDEC

makes it so easy!



- No join or brush marks.
- Dries in less than two hours.
- On inside walls it's washable.
- On outside walls it's weatherproof.
- 1 gal. makes $1\frac{1}{2}$ gals. by simply adding water.
- Costs so little—does so much.

Mother paints inside

Because Waldec makes painting so easy, women can now do their own interior decorating with wonderful Waldec colours. No skill is needed with this new, plastic-type synthetic emulsion paint, and, as joins don't show, you can do a bit at a time — fitting painting into your daily routine.



Dad paints outside

It costs less to give exterior walls and roofs a durable finish with rich Waldec colours. This new, plastic-type synthetic emulsion paint will cover almost any surface including bricks, cement rendering, stone, fibro and unglazed tiles. You break Waldec down with water too, getting free extra gallonage with every can.

... even Junior helps

Waldec makes painting child's play. You can safely let the young man of the house paint his own room with this new, plastic-type synthetic emulsion paint. Waldec can be applied to almost any surface including wallpaper, plaster, fibro-cement and wallboards. You always get a velvet-smooth matt finish.



GUIDE TO USE OF

Taubmans

PAINTS



INSIDE

WALDEC BUTEX
DULSETTA

Washable matt finish for walls and ceilings.
Enamelled gloss finish for all interior surfaces.
Semi-flat enamel finish for all interior surfaces, including bathrooms and kitchens.

OUTSIDE

WALDEC BUTEX

Weatherproof finish for walls and roofs.
Longer-lasting gloss finish for all exterior painting.

FREE COLOUR SERVICE

Taubmans Interior Decorators will colour plan your home FREE OF CHARGE. If you prefer to choose your own colours, they will supply you with colour cards. Both services are free. Phone BX 4689 or mail coupon to: Taubmans Colour Service, 65 York Street, Sydney.

PLEASE SEND ME DETAILS OF COLOUR PLANNING
PLEASE SEND ME COLOUR CARD AND LEAFLET
NAME
ADDRESS

Taubmans WALDEC

TAUBMANS (N.S.W.) PTY. LTD. A Unit of Taubmans Industries Limited

IT'S TAUBMANS — THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF IT!

HOME DECORATION FOR THE NEWLY-WEDS

By JOAN MARTIN

Those who are lucky enough to be starting their married lives in their own house or flat may consult a professional interior decorator, but many people prefer to make a few mistakes rather than miss the thrill of seeing their home gradually take shape and character under their own hands.

It is true that the amateur will often create a liveable interior that is more attractive than the efforts of the professional.

Decorating a new home is a pleasure that appeals to every woman because with it goes the joy of self-expression, but there are certain fundamental principles which must be remembered.

The most important rule of decor is to let your home and its furnishings express your own taste, not that of your next-door neighbor.

If you live in a house or flat which is like all the others round you, consider it a challenge — a challenge to create an atmosphere that is distinctive and individual, even in surroundings which may seem drab and uninteresting.

To achieve this it is essential to have a plan.

A plan is as necessary for decorating a room as a design is for making a dress.

Don't be afraid to try something new and individual, but work towards a style that suits you and your way of living. Avoid the ultra-smart and the impulsive purchases, which are tiresome to live with, usually extravagant, and soon regretted.

The most important question you must answer is: what do you need? Your home should be as beautiful and as comfortable as you can afford to make it, but don't overload yourself with debt to achieve it. Newlyweds should start with simple furnishings of good quality.

Don't forget that with children you will have to forgo fragile furniture and very delicate fabrics. No matter how much these may appeal to you, children are always happier in a home which will take a little hard use.

Try to buy furniture that will be permanently beautiful. Once bought, furniture becomes part of the household and stays with you for many years.

Use your money wisely. Do the essential things first. Don't spread money too thinly over too much territory. Instead of trying to do every bit of furnishing at once, place plants or flowers, an attractive screen, or ornament in the corners which look bare.

At the same time don't put all your eggs in one basket. Be careful not to spend all your money on one or two things that are too expensive for your scale of living.

A good sofa and a few easy chairs, comfortable beds and bedding are "musts" on any list for young brides, and it is necessary to budget carefully for them. They may be expensive items, but will repay the initial cost in long wear and comfort.

Shown on this page is a small hall-cum-dining-room arrangement which I suggest for young marrieds. The main expense is the large sheet of mirror which makes the very narrow hall look quite spacious, but the table and two stools, painted charcoal-grey, would not be costly. The marble column, which



gives dramatic interest to an arrangement of greens, can be bought for very little at a junk shop.

The smaller picture shows a screen which will substitute attractively for more costly furniture. The one illustrated would add color and interest to a room and give height and balance.

The screen is made of painted three-ply. The decorative panels are prints, obtainable cheaply at a second-hand bookshop, mounted and stuck on to the screen. Narrow wooden beading is used as frame for the prints and the whole effect is charming.

If possible, include such features as the big mirror or the screen in your original budget. Your friends will compliment you on your ability to make your rooms lived-in in a very short while.

Don't forget the value of accessories. They give charm to a room which may otherwise look unfurnished and austere.

Vases, ornaments, cushions, ashtrays, a few personal photographs, books, and magazines are all necessary to dress a room and to give it character.

However, don't be so carried away with interior decorating that your home ceases to be a pleasant or happy place to be in. By all means make your rooms as attractive, as smart, or as modern as possible, but having done so use and enjoy your home to its fullest.



to someone—Biddy never will. I'll take you up on that."

He was gone, and Katherine watched him go, with a strange little feeling like a smile in her heart. The sort of smile with which she had watched Kit's first stumbling steps. He was a very young man, and he had hurt her very much, but he was much wiser than she had ever been.

Well, what now? Home, she supposed. It was too late to go to that art show. To the ballet tonight with Arthur? Yes, she would go... she always liked to see Arthur, and tonight she could talk to him about—about Kit and about Bill.

She gave a queer little shaky laugh. She was not afraid of talking about them now. She wanted to talk about them. Arthur would be happy about that.

She went out into the brilliant sunshine and caught a taxi home, let herself in and went up to the study. Her secretary was at tea and the beautiful room was very quiet. She sat down at the big table, pulled off her hat, and tossed it to one side, and ran her hands through the impeccable elegance of her hair.

She did it again, with a sort of relish... it was a thing she liked doing, but never allowed herself to do. The short thick curly stuff stood on end in unaccustomed and comfortable untidiness.

She drew the telephone towards her and put a call through to "Meadowdale." Her housekeeper answered with astonishment and pleasure.

"Mrs. Dawson, I've decided to open the house for the rest of the summer... I'm coming down this weekend and I'd like to ask some guests. Is that asking too much at such short notice?"

"No, indeed, Mrs. Noel... it'll be a treat... like old times." She stooped, drew in her breath, and Katherine said, a little shakily, "Well, not quite... but perhaps nearly as good... It's very good of you. There will be myself... and Mr. David. I hope... and two... or more."

"Yes, Mrs. Noel."

Continuing

"And, Mrs. Dawson . . ."

"Yes."
"Open the old nursery, will you... a friend of mine may bring her little girl, and the nurse . . ."

There. Now the letter. She drew some paper towards her. How to word it? Dear Miss Jacques? Dear Biddy? Dear Mrs. Noel? How on earth to get near her without scaring her away?

She dived back savagely into the painful past, to the tormented young egocentric she had been herself, when Bill had been killed, when people had offered sympathy, when Arthur David had wanted to comfort her with love, and remembered how she had shied away from any touch of sentimental remembrance. This would be difficult.

She rang for her secretary. "Miss Mason. Will you telephone Miss Biddy Jacques, the artist. She's my first subject for this interview series. Will you tell her that the 'Haute Monde' people have told me she's going away shortly, so that I would like to get it done right away."

"Say I'm going down to 'Meadowdale' this coming weekend...—there was a slight pause and a glance of startled surprise from the usually imperturbable Miss Mason—"and I would be awfully glad to have her come down. Tell her we have an excellent local photographer down there, and we could take some pictures in the garden. Say I would have rung her myself, but I have an engagement this afternoon . . ."

"Yes." Miss Mason knew she had no engagement, but she did not betray the fact. She went out of the room, and Katherine waited. Would she come? Thinking that Katherine knew nothing of her marriage to Kit?

More likely to come thinking that than knowing the truth. Curiosity would bring her, perhaps, and ambition, for the interview was important publicity . . . or perhaps she

Past Imperative

from page 53

would come to see the place where she and Kit had danced the summer dawn in that time . . . perhaps the last time she had seen him.

Katherine waited, and when, after what seemed a year of waiting, Miss Mason said Miss Jacques would be pleased to accept, she gave a little sigh and relaxed, looked up at her secretary with eyes full of tears and relief.

An hysterical desire to laugh seized her at the sight of Miss Mason's concerned face. She was looking at her as though she had never seen her before. Finally she ventured, "Are you—are you quite well, Mrs. Noel?"

KATHERINE covered her face with her hand, hiding both the laughter and the tears.

"No, I'm not," she said. "And I'm going to lie down until it's time for me to dress."

She went up to her room, took off her belt, put on a comfortable gown, and relaxed. She had never done such a thing before.

She wriggled her shoulders into the pillow with a sort of sinful luxury. It had been tiring holding them so straight all these years. Perhaps there was something—something rather comfortable in being not quite so young.

She arrived at the opera house as promptly as usual, although Arthur, as usual, was there before her. She gave him a little eager wave as she came up the grand staircase.

For the first time for many years she was not thinking of her dress, her hair, her entrance. She looked lovely, but she chased up the stairs like a girl.

"Kate," said Arthur strangely, "you look different . . . what's happened?"

"You mean—I look my age?"

"Yes," he smiled. "Yes, but how nice that is. I shan't have

to hold my waistcoat in . . . you look older and younger, both . . . you look as though you don't expect me to make clever conversation, and as though I might hold your hand during the entracte. What has happened?"

She put her hand on his arm. Dear old friend, she wanted to say. My dear, dear old friend.

Instead she said, a little unsteadily, "I've decided to use 'Meadowdale' again. I'm going down this weekend. I have a guest coming . . . I want you to come too, Arthur."

It was admission of defeat and victory. He said, and his voice was not quite steady either, "Of course I'll come. And I'm very glad for you, my dear."

She drove down to "Meadowdale" on the Friday evening, and it was still light as she went up the red-brick path. The narrow beds on either side were full of forget-me-nots and stock. She went slowly up to the white door and opened it . . .

Mrs. Dawson was in the hall, her arms full of lumber, old tennis racquets, an R.A.F. cap, an old school blazer. Katherine said gently, "It's all right, Mrs. Dawson, you needn't rush right now."

She went to the door of the big lounge, admiring its charm, the bright flowered chintz, the white walls, the flowers. The window was open, and from across the lawn she could hear the Avon chuckling by.

Mrs. Dawson said, "I've put Mr. Arthur in the guest-room, and the young lady in Mr. Kit's old room. I was just clearing out all his things."

It did not hurt. That was the strange thing. Now she admitted it, the agony no longer stabbed at his name. Kit's old room? Biddy was sleeping there? Shock tactics.

"That's splendid, Mrs. Dawson . . . I shouldn't bother to move all his things. Leave the photos . . . and Mrs. Dawson, put his picture back in here . . . you know, the one

in the silver frame that I always liked so much . . ."

"Very good, Ma'am. About the nurse and baby, Mrs. Noel . . . I thought . . ."

Katherine turned quickly. "They aren't coming this weekend, Mrs. Dawson . . . but very soon, I hope."

Mrs. Dawson went upstairs, and presently returned, polishing the silver picture frame, setting it down on the windowsill. Kit, with his long, bony, intelligent face and his bright kid's grin.

Katherine stood in front of it, and felt herself praying . . . a jumbled, queer prayer . . . "Help me to release her . . . Oh, God . . . help me. Let me show her how wrong I was, and that peace bought at that price is not worth having. Let me learn to love her . . . and that little girl. Let me have the right to love them, and help them to be happy again . . ."

She looked at the photograph, and the eyes seemed to laugh at her, teasing her for her unashamed feeling, and she threw her glove at it, just as she had often tossed things at him when he teased her in the past.

Biddy Jacques arrived just before lunch the following day. Arthur had come, and was already fiddling about in the boat-house, muttering about shameful neglect, rack and ruin, and repainting.

Katherine saw the small shining car stop at the gate, and the slim, lacquer-haired figure descend. She was wearing a suit of brilliant delphinium blue, and she paused, her hand on the white gate, looking up at the house.

Katherine stood watching, watched the sudden panic-stricken swing of the black hair, the swift turn back to the car. "She's going to run away," she thought, and ran out of the house, along the path between the tulips.

Biddy swung round again, and stared at the slim figure with the kind face, the rather untidy greying hair. She stared unbelievably. This was not how she had remembered Katherine Noel. She saw in those welcoming hands, those

eager eyes, something which she had been afraid of, something for which she was not prepared.

This was not Katherine Noel—this was Kit's mother, not hard and cool and smart, protected by her defensive shell of indifference.

This was Kit's mother, who knew about her, who was alone and not very young, and needing her. She knew if she went in, that all her hardly won calm would go, too . . . that if she opened the gate she was lost.

But Katherine opened the gate wide and held out her hands, looking into the beautiful, resentful, terrified young face.

"Please," she said. "Please, Biddy . . . do come in . . ."

Biddy stared. They had come down the path together, and she and Kit, his arm about her in the summer dawn, pretending to take her home, taking her back really to the cottage near the airfield where he was stationed and where they had been living together for nearly a year.

Within a few days he had been dead. She gave a convulsive little sob, and stepped over the threshold, the tears running down her face, helplessly, as though some dam of unshed sorrow within her had been released. She put her hand out, and Katherine took it.

"We should have told you," Biddy said. "We should have told you . . . but he thought you wouldn't understand."

Katherine felt a wave of sheer happiness engulf her heart. It was going to be all right. She had come. She would come again, and bring Geraldine . . . and Don Geraldine. Waverley would come, one day, too . . . and she would learn that to kill this new love would not kill the pain or the memory of the first. She would learn that love heals loss, and friendship heals pain.

"If he thought that," said Katherine, "I was to blame." And she drew Biddy's hand through her arm and led her up to the house.

(Copyright)



Always follow
the three essential
washday steps
to get whites
sparkling white



A little bird told
me . . . that Robin
Starch, the easy-to-mix
starch, makes-ironing easier
and gives a lovely gloss. Robin
Starch, the perfect washday
companion of Reckitt's Blue.

ROBIN
Starch
Gives w-i-n-g-s to your iron

NEVER be satisfied with HALF WHITE



WASH

However you wash—in a Washing Machine or Copper, washing loosens dirt but only partially removes it.



RINSE

Rinsing is necessary to get rid of the remaining dirt.



BLUE

The final rinse in Reckitt's Blue. This is the way to keep whites truly white . . . to stop them turning yellow.

* TESTS PROVE.

Washing tests have shown conclusively the wonderful effect of Reckitt's Blue in preventing whites developing a yellowish tinge. That's why you cannot afford to miss the blue rinse any washday.

Reckitt's Blue

OUT OF THE BLUE COMES THE WHIEST WASH



SUNDOUR

FINE FURNISHING FABRICS

There are so many places in a home where Sundour fabrics are needed. Windows just ask to be transformed with Sundour nets or muslins, and sumptuous curtains of velvet or brocade. Chairs and couches cry out for lovely

new Sundour covers of chintz or repp. Give your house the beauty-treatment it deserves—let there be Sundour in every room! These fine furnishing fabrics are obtainable at good stores everywhere.

All Sundour fabrics are guaranteed against fading—most of them for the whole of their life

MORTON SUNDOUR FABRICS LIMITED CARLISLE ENGLAND

then took the Kazys story from his pocket, put a match to it, carried the blazing sheets to the grate. When he turned, Anna Maras was standing in the doorway, watching him.

She said: "Sokolny came in. He was frightened when I told him who was with you. He ran away. He said he would wait in the cafe across the road. He told me the dentist would do nothing for him till next week. I don't believe he went to the man."

"You look scared yourself," Burton was studying her closely. "We've nothing to fear from Sennik. What is it?"

"Sokolny." Her gaze fell away from his. "I don't trust him. If Sennik gets hold of him, he will talk. He will say anything. He has no courage."

"What is he to talk about?" She hesitated. "I have no knowledge, but I may suspect. Do you understand?" She closed her eyes for a moment, then met his gaze frankly. "I have put myself in your hands."

At that moment he was suspicious of her, but he did not allow the fact to show in his face.

"You encourage Sokolny in dangerous work," she went on. "He brings you tales and rumors. Yesterday he brought you the tale of an escape plan."

"That's what I employ him for. His tales are safe enough with me," Burton laughed. "Go home and put on your Sunday best. I have two seats for the ballet."

Her face did not alter to meet his change of mood. "I've already arranged," she said. "I will find somewhere to stand."

He picked up the tickets and glanced at them. "First tier," he remarked. "They'll be giving us the State Box next. Do you want to waste such a chance to see your friend? Come! We'll send a big bouquet of red roses, from Anna and her boss. You run off home. I'll go to the flower shop."

She agreed without enthusiasm, but when he met her at the opera house the excitement of the occasion had seized her.

Burton watched her in the glow from the great stage. The music of Tchaikovsky pulsed

Continuing . . . The Maras Affair

from page 10

through the theatre, but he hardly heard it. He was absorbed in the girl beside him, finding an unfamiliar beauty in the sweep of her hair from her brow, in the fine lines of her profile, the slightly parted lips. He could also sense the tension in her.

He made an effort to give attention to the ballet. The moment for Babette's entrance was near. Anna leaned forward, expectantly. Burton found himself in a curious state of anxiety.

Babette seemed a tiny figure on that enormous stage, solitary, isolated in the white glare of the converging spots that followed her movements. She was airy and graceful, she had a dark, youthful loveliness, but there was an effect of effort in her work. The swan princess was without soul. She moved down stage on twinkling points. Then something went wrong.

An audible gasp came from some of the audience. Burton felt Anna's fingers close tightly on his forearm and heard the whisper of a shocked exclamation. For a fraction of time a terrified Babette stood flustered in her ballet shoes. Then the prince masked her fault, moved towards her with a commanding gesture, and she was on her toes again.

She went on without further fault, but Burton could see that her work was dead. She was straining to remember each sequence of steps, and when the curtain fell the little applause, polite or sympathetic, was cut off by a buzz of talk.

Anna was white-faced. "I must speak to her," she said. "She must pull herself together."

They joined the throng that moved towards the foyer.

"Shall I come with you?" he asked.

"They will not let you in. They are very strict. For me it is different. I am known. Please wait here for me. I'll not be long."

She moved quickly and people came between them. When he reached the staircase she was halfway down. She paused in

the crush to draw on the coat which she had brought from the auditorium.

Two young men pushed through the crowd and spoke to her. They were both solemn-faced, and Burton thought that they, too, must be concerned about the fate of Babette Trepleva's debut.

One of the men grasped Anna by the elbow and went down the stairs with her. The other man watched them, then followed closely.

She did not return to her seat for the second act, but he was not immediately worried. She had decided, he thought, to remain with her friend, to encourage her.

Certainly, when Babette returned to the stage there was an astonishing change in her. She was an artist, sure of her technique, confident in the effect of every gesture and step. The audience was quick in appreciation. The curtain brought unstinted applause.

BURTON looked vainly round the great house for Anna, but still she did not return. He felt a touch of annoyance, but there was nothing he could do but wait. His annoyance grew to anger. The third act started. Anger passed to anxiety, and, before the final curtain fell, he was full of fear. He rose in the darkened theatre and started along the aisle.

When he reached the foyer he realised that the performance had just ended: the crowd in the auditorium was cheering the new ballerina.

He still looked for Anna, hoping that she was waiting for him, but the foyer was deserted. Out under the portico he hesitated a moment, then strode along the street to the rear of the theatre. When he turned the corner, he saw her near the stage door. The man who had gone with her from the foyer was holding her by one arm, possessively, with the possessiveness of a guardian.

An old car, battered and scarred, passed slowly along the street towards the stage door and pulled up at the kerb. The possessive man, the guardian, drew Anna away from the doorway.

Burton called her name. She turned and saw him, hesitated, then took a step towards him. The guardian restrained her. Burton ran, but he was still some distance off. He saw the car door open. An arm reached out to grasp the girl as the guardian hustled her across the pavement. She was drawn and pushed into the vehicle, the guardian followed her, the door was slammed, and the car moved off.

Burton ran after the car, hoping against hope that he would find an auto-cab at the end of the street; that he might follow and overtake the car. He saw the red tail-light disappear round the corner. When he reached the corner there was no auto-cab and the car was out of sight.

He stood for a moment in the dark street, panting, and then, abruptly, turned back to the theatre. Perhaps Babette would know more about this.

He tried to see Babette, but the elderly doorkeeper would do nothing to help him. It was forbidden. Strangers were not admitted. Friends must wait outside.

Burton waited in the crowd that formed round the stage door, only to learn in the end that Babette had left the building by one of the side exits.

Anna had a room on the western edge of the city. Burton found an auto-cab and gave the driver the address. The janitress told him that Anna had not come in yet.

The conviction that she was in danger became stronger and stronger, and there was nothing he could do about it.

When Burton entered the office next morning, Sokolny told him Anna had telephoned. Her father was sick and she had had to go to him.

Her father? It might be true. He realised, with a sense of dis-



"I forgot what we're looking for!"

may, how little he knew about the girl. Sokolny provided the information that the father was Anton Maras, formerly professor of modern history at the university. From the university it was learned that Anton Maras was living in retirement at a place called Tolnitz.

Little was added to Burton's knowledge, nothing taken from his suspicion. He went once more to the house where Anna Maras had her room.

"She has not been in," the janitress informed him. "Perhaps she has gone to Tolnitz. She goes sometimes."

On the way back to the office his cab was followed by a small black car. He gave a new direction to his driver, and a little later changed it again. The car was still following when the cab pulled up at the office building.

On the pretext of writing an article on the new ballerina, he arranged to see Babette Trepleva at the opera house during the afternoon. He had met Babette briefly in a teashop with Anna, but when he was brought to her in the ballet school she gave no sign of recognition. She seemed very nervous. They had only a moment alone, when the official interpreter went in search of pictures.

Burton caught at the moment. In a low voice, speaking in French, which he knew she spoke well, he asked: "What has happened to Anna?"

Babette looked round anxiously. "We must not talk here,"

she said. "It is dangerous. To-night I will be at home. Thirtynine, Katerina Street. Make sure you are not followed."

He made sure. He left the office at seven, walked to his home, went up to his floor, then, unobserved, hurried along the corridor and down the service stairs and out by a rear doorway. Two tests satisfied him that he was not being followed, and he then joined the queue at a bus stop.

The house in Katerina Street was an apartment building in the old style, slightly pretentious in a middle-class way and more than a little dilapidated. After the clear, crisp air of the November night, it had a stuffy smell of steam heat and oil on parquet floors, but Burton was used to it by the time he had climbed four flights to the Trepleva flat.

A small, grey-haired man, worried-looking, unfriendly, opened the door. Possibly a government clerk in one of the higher categories.

He said, resentfully: "My daughter expects you. You may come in." It might have been: "You are here to bring trouble upon us, but I cannot prevent you."

Babette came. She was in a grave mood that lent an almost tragic overtone to her dark loveliness.

She said: "Monsieur Burton, I gave you this address because I have a very urgent request to

To page 65

MORE FULL-STRENGTH ACTIVE CHLOROPHYLL IN KOLYNOS!

Instantly Destroys Mouth Odours!

Tones up tender gums! Cuts dental decay!

Just look at the colour of your Kolynos Toothpaste with Chlorophyll! See that deep, rich green? There's your proof that this magical toothpaste gives you the utmost benefits of chlorophyll . . . complete dental protection.

Kolynos with Chlorophyll tones up tender gums and reduces tooth decay. It destroys

mouth odours instantly—doesn't just "cover them up". Your whole mouth feels so fresh and wholesome for hours. Your teeth sparkle with new brightness.

Today, buy your large or medium size tube of Kolynos Toothpaste with Chlorophyll. Get more Chlorophyll protection—the KOLYNOS way.

* Regular Kolynos in the yellow tube available everywhere.

Kolynos TOOTH PASTE
with Chlorophyll

LARGE and MEDIUM
LOOK for the GREEN CARTON



Glorious Minty Flavour!



make. I want you to leave me alone, and I know that Anna wishes the same for herself."

"Does she say so? Is that a message from her?"

"She would say it if she were here. As it is, I have to say it to you. We have our own lives in this country. How we live them is our affair. You have to get news for your paper, but you will not wish to make things difficult for us. You have been kind to Anna and I know you are friendly to me. I know you would help us if you could, but it is impossible."

"Why is it impossible?"

"Monsieur Burton, you are under suspicion. I have heard that you were called to the Police. Judiciary. Innocent people will be involved if you try to interfere in things you do not understand. You may be watched. I don't know."

"I'm being watched, all right," Burton admitted, "but I know positively that I was not followed tonight."

"She nodded slowly. 'I suppose I am too nervous, but we are all so nervous. Semik knows that I am a friend of Anna's, but that is all. He has left me alone.'"

"Does that mean that Anna is under suspicion? Where is she? What has happened to her?"

"I don't know. I can tell you nothing, monsieur."

"You must have some idea. Where did she go when she left you last night?"

"I thought she was going back to you. Perhaps she is at Tolnitz with her father. You will hear from her when it is possible."

He could get nothing more out of her and it was obvious that she wanted him to go. When he rose, she moved towards the door of the room. She had left it ajar. Now she opened it widely, then stood still with her hand on the knob. Burton heard a key inserted in the lock of the flat door across the narrow hall. The door was thrust open and a man entered quickly. He was muffled up in a coat with a high collar and a felt hat was pulled low over his brow, but Burton saw something of his face.

"You!" Babette cried out in

Continuing . . . The Maras Affair

from page 64

alarm. "Why have you come here?"

Burton blinked and looked again. The man was Trovic. He had shaved off his small moustache and it seemed that his hair, from the little that was visible, had become flaxen, but Burton was positive about his identity.

Trovic pushed past Babette and disappeared down the dark, narrow passage beyond the hall.

The girl spoke to Burton. "You must go now. Please!"

He moved hesitantly. She closed the flat door gently, so that it made no sound.

In the street again, Burton had a feeling that all eyes were watching him, but new tests showed that no one was on his trail. Down by the canal he found a cab that had just discharged a fare.

"Take me to Tolnitz," he instructed the driver. "The home of Professor Maras, outside Tolnitz. When you get there, ask."

The journey to Tolnitz took a half-hour. In a few minutes the driver stopped at a gateway to a property that looked like a walled-off remnant of woodland. Burton found the house behind a screen of trees and overgrown shrubs in what had once been a terraced garden.

It was a large, two-storied house, white in the moonlight, and with a deserted look. He rang the doorbell, and was about to ring a second time when a lamp was switched on in the hall. The door opened a fraction, held on a chain, and Burton answered a thin-voiced inquiry by giving his name. He was admitted by a white-haired man in a much-worn dressing-gown.

"I am Anton Maras," the old man said in English. "I have heard of you from my daughter. I am honored by your visit, even if I have to say that it is unexpected. This way, please. My study is the only warm place. We are short of fuel."

The long room was lined with tall, heavy bookcases. The floor was dark with a faded red carpet. A great desk, burdened with

books and papers, stood close to the tiled stove, and the only light came from a green-shaded standard lamp on one side of the desk. There was a mustiness of books in the air and the smell of cooked paprika. A saucepan stood on the top ledge of the stove.

Burton said: "I understood you were ill, sir. I came to inquire about you and to ask when Anna would return to the office."

"Anna?" Maras repeated the name with a questioning inflection. "Ah, Anna! I am sorry, it is these sudden attacks. The only thing about them is that they pass quickly."

"Then it's true that Anna came to you last night?"

"Why should it not be true?" There was evasion in the manner as well as in the words. Burton felt an irritation that ran towards anger. He could not get anywhere with these people—they were full of retreats and evasions. Better say nothing more. Better get out while he could.

INSTEAD of getting out, however, Burton found himself saying: "Perhaps you'll permit me to speak to Anna."

"She is not here," Maras said it quite casually, with even a suggestion of indifference. "Please sit down, Mr. Burton. I have been wanting to talk to you for some time. Draw up to the stove."

Burton wanted to talk about Anna, but the thin voice was launched upon a curious preamble. "Years ago, Mr. Burton, I had a very dear friend. He is dead to me now, and I sometimes think he is dead to himself. He has become an apparatus, a symbol. He is a recluse like myself, but next week he will emerge. He will drive into the city and the people will cheer his name."

"You mean the president?"

"Yes. We were at the university together. . . . But I forget. We were speaking of my daughter."

Do you know that her mother died in your country while I was on a lecture tour? Anna was happy in England. My wife's sister wished her to stay with her in London, but she was eager to come home with me, to rejoin her brother. Peter was three years her senior and she has always idolised him."

Maras paused a moment, closing his eyes.

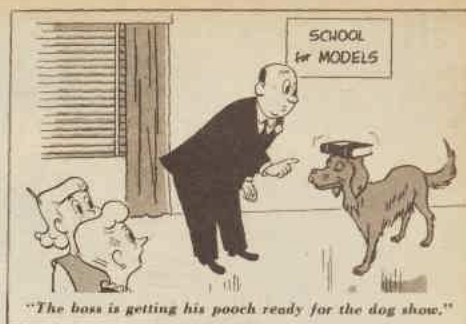
Burton said: "I didn't know she had a brother."

The old man ignored the interruption. "So we came home just in time for the outbreak of war. Anna was thirteen then. Later we had the Nazi invasion, and before the end she was old enough to follow her brother and join the Resistance. Even the children learned to kill Nazis. I don't mean that Anna carried a gun. That was Peter's part. He was a leader. They caught him and tortured him and left his body in the gutter."

Burton waited through another pause. He said nothing.

"Anna became hard and bitter. She was there when anyone was needed for a dangerous task. The war had become a personal war, and when the enemy fled in defeat, I had a terrible anxiety for her. She had specialised in planned hatred, and that takes a long while to get over. But Anna was all right. She had passed through her grief and could look forward to realising a new life. She took the transition more easily than some of her comrades. It was not so easy to take the political solutions that followed. The fanatics raised a clamor, demanding loyalty to this and that, and this fanaticism has not diminished."

A slight sigh escaped him. He went on slowly. "It is the inevitable harvest, Mr. Burton. I don't know where Anna stands today. I don't know how she evades or satisfies the conflicting demands. I know that she is sane and good, and I wish she were out of it, back in London. She has given up enough of her youth. It is time she married and settled down."



to the proper business of a young woman."

"She seems to like her work," Burton remarked uneasily.

"I worry about her," Maras frowned again. "It is because you have been a good friend that I appeal to you, Mr. Burton. Try to get her out of it. I will persuade her to leave me, if you will help. You are my precarious state. Tomorrow a sudden attack may end it. Or there may be an accident. I grow very forgetful. I have this drug, you see."

He produced a small bottle of tablets from a pocket of his gown. "Sometimes I have great difficulty in remembering whether I have taken it. You see . . ."

"Hadden't you better count the tablets so that you'll be sure?" Burton said sharply.

But the old man was off at a tangent. "Perhaps if I appeal to President Riecke I can myself arrange matters for her."

"If you know him so well."

"Yes. I thank you for your visit, Mr. Burton. You must forgive me for keeping you so long. I am sure Anna will return to work in the morning." He stood up abruptly.

Anna did not return to work next morning. Sokolny, oozing self-pity, came in with a swollen jaw and Burton packed him off, insisting that he should see a dentist.

Snow was falling and lifting and waltzing outside the window—the first snow. Burton tried to do some necessary

work, but could not concentrate. He picked up the phone and asked for a number.

"Settembrini?" he inquired.

"This is Burton. I wish to see you . . . After lunch? Fine."

The Italian was usually a source of information. He knew everybody and everything, but nobody seemed to know much about him, except that he had come to the country about thirty years ago, had married, settled down, and built up a business as a Press photographer.

The Propaganda Ministry found him invaluable. Settembrini could produce tougher proletarians against more dramatic cloud effects than any other photographer, and his portraits of government notabilities had been published round the world.

"Maras?" Settembrini considered. "One of the old-school liberals. Maras and Riecke were together in the Resistance, active in underground journalism. They were said to be the brains of the movement against the invader, but myself I doubt if there is a milligramme of cerebral matter in the revered president's head. Soon after he was pushed into office, he quarrelled with Maras over the political set-up, yet he saw to it that Maras got a pension and a house to live in. A decent old man."

They chatted for half an hour, but nothing useful

To page 67

HAZELS
ALMONDS
CASHEWS
BRAZILS

Richly studded with these delicious nuts...

ASSORTED NUT

MILK CHOCOLATE

Other distinctive Mac. Robertson favourites . . .

FRUIT SALAD

Cherries, pineapple, candied orange peel, ginger and crisp, toasted almonds — with pure milk chocolate, too!

CHERRY NUT MILK

Big, ripe cherries and crisp, roasted almonds — set in velvety-smooth milk chocolate.

In 1/4-lb. blocks and handy smaller size everywhere.

All made by *MacRobertson*

The Great Name in Confectionery.

MAC. ROBERTSON'S
make a fruit and nut
block for every taste.



Madam,
all your troubles will be
solved with **Trix**

You don't have to be a psychiatrist to know that every woman has a "washing-up" phobia. "Washing-up" is a frustrating job which confronts the average housewife no less than 1,095 times a year — 65,700 times or more in a lifetime! Yet washing-up need not drive you to distraction . . . you can almost get to like it. That is, if you use **TRIX**. One teaspoonful of this miracle detergent added to the wash-up water and you whip through those dishes twice as fast. **TRIX** dissolves grease, eliminates scum, cleans crockery, silver and glassware in a jiffy. Best of all . . . **TRIX ELIMINATES DRYING-UP!** Just stack the dishes in the rack . . . they drain dry with a gleaming sparkle . . . no soap streaks or film. They're much cleaner than suds-washed dishes . . . they're *really* clean—the microscope shows how germs vanish when you use **TRIX**. You'll save money, too. **Trix** is thick . . . that's why it goes twice as far! **Trix** has much more "body" than standard detergents—compare them for yourself.



Trix ends the nightmare of washing-up

In washing up, **TRIX** cleans so thoroughly that it "sterilises" the dishes. Unlike ordinary suds, **TRIX** does not re-deposit germs and grease in a film of foam. Instead, **TRIX** magically makes water absorb all the germs and grease—flushing them away down the drain where they belong. Use **TRIX** also for the dozen-and-one other household purposes mentioned on the label of the **TRIX** bottle. You'll be amazed what **TRIX** can do!

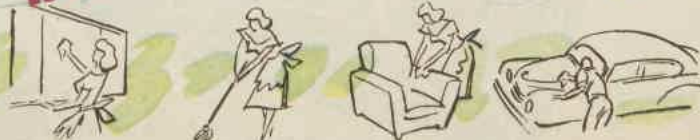
ANYTHING SUDS CAN DO



WASHING WOOLLENS

IN WASHING MACHINES

Trix CAN DO BETTER



CLEANING WINDOWS

WASHING LINO & TILES

CLEANING UPHOLSTERY

WASHING THE CAR

**For fit
and style
insist on
NILE**

SINGLES & SLEEPS
for all physiques

PIONEER DISTRIBUTORS PTY. LTD.
124 Broadway, Sydney.
N12 51

15 hairsets for 3/11

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET
Give YOUR hair new
silkiness and
save pounds on your
hair-do's.

Get a tube of con-
centrated Curlypet—
squeeze Curlypet into
a pint milk bottle of
warm water—shake till
mixed—now you have
a pint of the best,
most fragrant quickset
lotion you've ever used.

Get concentrated
Curlypet for 3/11 from
your chemist or store.

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET
CN 4

**IF BACK ACHES
TRY A KIDNEY
HOUSECLEANING**

Are you embarrassed by too frequent
elimination during the day and night?
These symptoms, as well as bladder
irritation, backache, swollen ankles,
leg pains, Nervousness, Dizziness,
Lumbago, Broken Sleep, Cycles Under
Sight, are usually due to germ-caused
kidney and bladder troubles. The fast
dose of Cystex, the new scientific
medicine, goes right to work over-
coming troubles in 3 ways: 1. Kills
germs causing trouble. 2. Gets rid of
poisonous acids. 3. Strengthens and
reinvigorates kidneys and bladder.
Get Cystex from chemist to-day under
guarantee satisfaction or money back.

Continuing The Maras Affair

from page 65

emerged. Settembrini knew, or said he knew, nothing of Pero Trovic.

Following the snow flurry of the morning, the afternoon was bright and clear. Burton had a feeling that a shadow walked with him, observing all his movements. There was a small man with a grey moustache behind him, not troubling whether he was seen or not. Back in the office, Burton looked from the window. The small man was not in sight, but a figure in a doorway fifty yards down the street seemed oddly familiar.

Sokolny came in, still nursing his jaw, but minus three of the troublesome teeth. He held out an envelope. "This was pushed through the slot," he said.

It was marked "Confidential" and addressed in spidery printing to Charles Burton. Inside was a ticket for that night's performance of "Prince Igor" at the opera. Box B, Seat Four, Grand Tier. A slip of paper was inscribed in a well-known hand: "Please use this. A."

Suddenly he had the clue to the lounge in the doorway fifty yards down the street. He was the man who had hustled Anna Maras into the battered car and driven off with her.

Soon after the performance of "Prince Igor" started, the box attendant tapped Burton on the shoulder, beckoned him to follow, ushered him through a pass-door from the auditorium to the stage side of the house, and left him in the hands of a Polovian girl in dress of barbaric splendor. The girl spoke in the voice of Babette Trepleva.

"Follow me." She touched his hand, then went swiftly on ahead of him, down a short flight of stairs. At the end of the passage Babette opened a door, and Burton saw Anna Maras.

"I will come back for you, monsieur," Babette said.

Anna closed the door, shutting out all sound from orches-

tra and stage. She said: "I hope you will forgive me. I heard from Babette of the trouble you have taken, or I would not have dared to bring you here."

He wanted to hold her, to communicate by touch the relief he felt at seeing her. He wished to say how anxious he had been and how glad he was that she was safe. Instead, he asked her a question that must have seemed querulous at least.

"Are all these precautions necessary?"

"We know you have been watched," she answered. "We learned during the Resistance that we could not be too careful. We had to make sure that you were not followed."

"We, we, we! Relief in him gave way to something like bitterness. "So you were working with Trovic all the time," he said. "You knew what he was doing?"

"No," She shook her head in slight irritation. "I suspected nothing till Senik telephoned. Then I became anxious for friends: for my father and myself. It was impossible to rejoin you at the ballet."

"What are you going to do now? Are you in hiding?"

"It is a precaution." Her voice pleaded for patience in him. "I had to make sure. If Senik takes Sokolny in charge and makes him talk . . . That is why I had to see you. Tomorrow I will be at Tolnitz. Then, if Sokolny is still safe, I must return to the office. Otherwise Senik will be more suspicious."

"Very well. I'll see to it. I'll come to Tolnitz for you tomorrow evening."

She shook her head. "You must keep out of it."

"It's too late to tell me that." She reached for his hand and gripped it tightly for an instant. Then, Babette was back at the door.

"You must come now," she said.



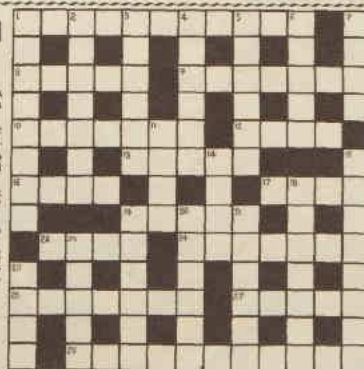
"Now you go right ahead and enjoy your game—we'll just stroll along for the fresh air and exercise."

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Site of reliable males to flesh (11).
- Of birth in Africa (5).
- Compel in the French army (7).
- Flourish of a devotee with passage-money (7).
- Play with a final part of musical composition (4).
- Bradman with ease is the recipient of gift (5).
- Don't expect truth from this broken rail (4).
- Stout pole gives a smart blow when turned (4).
- Man's drape (Anagram 5 and 4).
- A horse with a sheep makes what 10 and 22 are (7).
- Must you eat rent to ask earnestly? (7).
- Examine accounts (5).
- Parity the skull little Edward and become logical (5-8).

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

- The man I bend is performing several functions at once (10).
- Starts with an insect it's on the head of an insect (7).
- Remove a French burden (6).
- It's odd but it's cricket (8).
- To rub out he loses his aspirate with very loud music and a playing card (6).
- I take tea with a comrade and become weary (10).
- At that time the layer came after tea (4).
- Knelt space where a Mahomedan can turn (4).
- Need in paradise and in the British cabinet (4).
- Set of beliefs with a dull heart consumed by fire (8).
- A red pole (Anagram 7).
- Stick to a small advertisement in this place (6).
- Palmer with a saint or a minister (6).
- Spread destruction (6).
- Near muscular spasm for top room (5).
- Look down, look up (4).



Solution to last week's crossword.

"Soaping" dulls hair—Halo glorifies it!



Not a soap
Halo cannot leave
dulling soap film

Gives fragrant
"soft-water" lather
—needs no
special rinse!

Wonderfully
mild and
gentle—does not
dry or irritate

Removes
embarrassing
dandruff from both
hair and
scalp!

Leaves hair
soft, manageable—
shining with colourful
natural highlights.
Halo glorifies your
hair the very
first time
you use it.

Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!



FOR SAFE
SUNTAN

Skin needs **NIVEA**
the 9-purpose cream

A smooth, even tan is perfectly natural with NIVEA. Because it contains Eucerite, a unique ingredient closely resembling the skin's natural oils, NIVEA replaces the vital elements dried out by sun and wind—ensures a safe, healthy tan.

NIVEA is all these things: Sun cream • baby cream • soothing cream • hand cream • cleansing cream • night cream • powder base • sports cream • a man's cream.

Thin or tubes—all chemists and stores.
"NIVEA" and "EUCERITE" are reg. trade marks.

HP2 51



Imperial LUNCHEON BEEF





● Most homemakers are keenly interested in time and labor saving appliances, particularly when they can be used to prepare food.

ELECTRIC blenders offer a modern and revolutionary method of preparing foods in a matter of seconds.

All the following recipes were made in an electric blender with excellent results.

For those who do not have a blender, details of mixing by hand are included in each recipe.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes refer to level spoons.

GREEN VICHYSOISE

One cup coarsely chopped raw potato, 4 chopped shallots (green stalks included), 1½ cups prepared chicken soup (or use meat stock), ½ cup green peas (fresh or tinned), ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup evaporated milk.

Simmer vegetables with soup or stock and salt for 10 minutes, or until barely tender. Blend until smooth in electric blender or rub through coarse strainer. Return to saucepan with evaporated milk and reheat without allowing to boil. Serve hot with fried or toasted croutons, or serve thoroughly chilled in hot weather.

APPLE TORTE

Two eggs, 1 rounded tablespoon plain flour, 2½ teaspoons baking

powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons vanilla, 1½ cups brown sugar, ½ cup walnuts, 1 cup finely chopped apple (peeled and cored), 1 dessertspoon orange juice.

Blend first 6 ingredients in electric blender, add walnuts, blend 5 seconds longer. Pour over apples and orange juice, mix well. Or beat eggs until light and fluffy, add brown sugar and beat until well mixed. Fold in sifted flour, baking powder, and salt, then vanilla and chopped walnuts. Mix with apples and orange juice. Bake in moderate oven about 35 minutes. Serve hot with cream or custard.

BLACK DEVIL CAKE

Two eggs, scant ½ cup cocoa, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1½ cups sugar, ½ cup good shortening, (broken or cut into chunky pieces), ½ cup boiling water, 1½ cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate soda.

Mix eggs, cocoa, vanilla, sugar, shortening, and boiling water in electric blender. Fold into sifted dry ingredients, mixing lightly until smooth. Pour into greased slab tin,

bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes.

The same ingredients may be mixed in the following way:

Cream shortening and sugar with vanilla until soft and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with cocoa blended with boiling water. Cook as above.

APRICOT NECTAR

Half cup orange juice, 2 teaspoons honey, ½ cup unsoaked dried apricots, ½ cup water.

Blend all ingredients in electric blender until well mixed. If this drink is to be prepared without an electric blender the apricots must be first soaked, cooked until soft, then rubbed through a strainer. The apricot pulp is then combined with other ingredients and whipped with rotary beater.

TOMATO CHEESE SALAD

One tablespoon gelatine, 1½ cups tomato juice, 1 cup cottage cheese, ½ cup mayonnaise, ½ teaspoon salt, juice of ½ small lemon, 1 slice of onion, pinch of cayenne pepper.

Soften gelatine in half the tomato juice, add all other ingredients. Blend in electric blender, pour into wetted mould, chill until firm. Unmould, serve with salad greens.

If an electric blender is not available soften gelatine in the tomato juice and stir over boiling water until completely dissolved. Allow to become quite cold, beat gradually into cottage cheese. Add mayonnaise, salt, lemon juice, cayenne pepper, and very finely chopped onion (or replace the slice of onion with 1 tablespoon of grated or scraped onion). Set as above.

MUFFINS

Two cups plain flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 2oz. good shortening, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, ¾ cup milk.

Sift dry ingredients into bowl. Combine shortening, sugar, unbeaten egg, and milk in electric blender, fold into dry ingredients, or rub shortening into sifted dry ingredients, add sugar and mix to a firm dough with beaten egg and milk. Two-thirds fill greased patty tins, bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold with butter or conserve.

BANANA MILK SHAKE

Half cup milk, ½ banana, 1 teaspoon treacle.
Skin banana, cut into 2 or 3 pieces, blend with other ingredients in electric blender until well mixed. Or mash banana well with a fork, add to other ingredients and whip with a rotary beater.

BANANA TEA BREAD

One-and-threequarter cups flour, ¼ teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1½ teaspoons cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup melted shortening, 2 eggs, 2 medium-sized ripe bananas, 2-3rd cup sugar.

Sift flour, soda, cream of tartar, and salt. Mix shortening, eggs, peeled bananas (broken into 2 or 3 pieces), and sugar in electric blender. Fold into sifted dry ingredients. Turn into greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven approximately 50 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Allow to become quite cold before slicing and spreading with butter.

The loaf may also be prepared in the following way:

Sift flour, soda, cream of tartar, and salt. Add sugar, mix well. Mix melted shortening with egg-yolks and mashed bananas. Fold into dry ingredients. Lastly, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Bake in the same way.

PRUNE MILK DRINK

Half cup milk, 2 tablespoons juice from cooked prunes, 1 dessertspoon prunes, 1 teaspoon treacle.

Blend all ingredients in electric blender until smooth and well mixed. Or rub prunes through a strainer, add all other ingredients and whip with a rotary beater until well mixed.

Modern Methods..

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

"YOUNG AGAIN" now she's REGULAR —without purgatives!



"My doctor told me I was draining all my energy away with harsh laxatives" writes Mrs. C. Martin, Dowsett Street, Kingsgrove, N.S.W. "He put me onto your All-Bran. Now I don't need anything else to keep me regular. I feel young again because constipation's a thing of the past for me."

ACCEPT THIS OFFER!

Enjoy tasty, toasty Kellogg's All-Bran for ten days, and drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days you are not completely satisfied, then just send the empty packet back to Kellogg's and you'll get double your money back.

Your daily health and regularity depend on what you eat. Kellogg's All-Bran is a food—not a purgative. It contains the bulk your system needs to end constipation. The vital bulk in this rich, nut-sweet health-food helps prepare internal wastes for easy, gentle elimination... no purgatives or harsh medicines needed this natural way. Ask your grocer for a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran right away. Within ten days you'll benefit. After that keep on enjoying this crisp, nut-sweet breakfast

cereal. Never lose the wonderful feeling of health and natural regularity it brings.

YOU BENEFIT 3 WAYS

Kellogg's All-Bran is a natural laxative, health-food and blood tonic all in one. Rich in Vitamin B₁, B₂, Calcium, Phosphorus, Niacin and Iron, Kellogg's All-Bran builds up your health. It gives you vitality as it brings regularity — instead of purging the strength and energy out of you! Enjoy it regularly.



COULD THERE BE A
MORE NATURAL WAY?

**Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN***
★ Registered Trade Mark A853-7

No Teething Troubles here

When teething troubles start, swiftly soothe baby's discomfort, reduce high temperatures and induce normal restful sleep by giving Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders. They are absolutely safe, for they will never conceal any serious symptoms which may develop.



Insist on being supplied with
**Ashton & Parsons
Infants' Powders**

They contain no Calomel or other Mercury Compounds.



• **FLUFFY** cooked rice makes a frame for the savory filling in the rice ring illustrated above. See the prize-winning recipe below.

Savory rice dish wins £5

A recipe for a luncheon or dinner dish of rice prepared with savory ingredients wins the main prize of £5 in this week's contest.

YOU can cook the savory rice ring in the morning, keep it in a cool place, and reheat just before serving.

Consolation prizes are awarded to supper savories made with brains and bacon, two meat dishes, which are ideal for every-day family meals, and a sweet made with dried apricots.

All spoon measurements are level.

SAVORY RICE RING

Two cups cooked rice (about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup before cooking), 2 rashers bacon, 2 small onions, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon orange juice.

Wash rice thoroughly in 3 or 4 waters, cook in boiling salted water 15 to 20 minutes until just tender. Drain, rinse in cold water, then hot. Place in greased casserole-dish, press out to sides, leaving a cavity in centre. Chop bacon (rind removed), fry lightly with finely chopped onion until onion is tender. Remove from heat, add chopped hard-boiled eggs, Worcestershire sauce, and orange juice. Mix lightly, fill into centre of rice. Top

with grated cheese, bake in moderate oven until cheese melts and browns lightly. Garnish with parsley, serve hot.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. P. Stewart, 36 Paddington St., North Perth, W.A.

BRAIN CANAPES

One set brains, 1 tablespoon vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stock or water, juice of 1 lemon, 4 peppercorns, salt, pepper, bacon, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. slices of bread, butter or substitute, lemon wedges and parsley.

Soak brains in salted lukewarm water and vinegar for 1 hour. Remove skin, bring to the boil in stock or water with lemon juice, salt, and peppercorns, cook gently 10 minutes, drain. Cut brains into pieces about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square, sprinkle each piece lightly with salt and pepper, roll in small strip of bacon (rind removed), and secure with cocktail stick. Place on a square or round of bread, brushed with melted butter or substitute. Bake in hot oven 7 to 10 minutes. Remove cocktail sticks. Serve hot garnished with lemon and parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Henderson, 17 Autumn St., West Geelong, Vic.

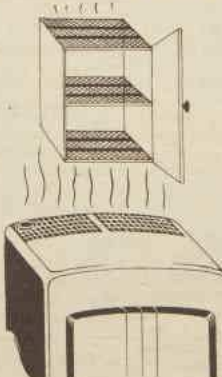
WALL HOT-BOX

A READER from New Guinea sent the idea for a wall cupboard over a kerosene-operated refrigerator shown in the sketch at right.

Made with shelves and top of fly-wire so that hot air rising from the refrigerator can circulate freely, the cupboard is designed for use in the tropics or in humid climates.

The cupboard should be placed at least 12 in. above the grille of the refrigerator and to the side away from the flue-pipe so that its operation is not obstructed in any way.

The circulating hot air will keep moisture-gathering items, such as salt, powders, sandpaper, and shotgun cartridges, bone dry.



SKETCH shows the correct position for a hot-box over a kerosene refrigerator. See details for making at left.

SPICY BAKED CORNED BEEF

Four pounds corned silverside, 6 cloves, 1 teaspoon each of mustard and cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, juice of 1 orange and 1 lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry sherry (optional).

Cook silverside in normal way until tender. Allow to cool in liquid. Place in greased baking-dish, stud with cloves. Mix mustard, cinnamon, breadcrumbs, brown sugar, and lemon rind together. Cover surface of meat with the mixture. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes; 20 minutes before serving, pour orange and lemon juice mixed with sherry over meat. Baste frequently so that meat absorbs the flavors. Serve sliced, with fruit chutney or mustard.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss M. Allyn, 56 Payneham Rd., St. Peters, Adelaide.

BAKED MINCE ROLL

Four medium-sized cooked potatoes, 8oz. sausage meat, 1 dessertspoon finely minced onion, 1 teaspoon curry powder (or more or less, according to taste), salt, pepper, 6oz. flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoons butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder, scant $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Mash potatoes, add curry powder, sausage meat, onion, salt and pepper to taste, mix well. Shape into roll about 9 in. long. Sift flour, baking powder, and pinch salt, rub in shortening. Mix to a firm scone dough with milk. Roll to oblong shape about 8 in. x 10 in. on floured board. Place meat roll along centre, moisten edges. Roll up, mark along top into slices, using back of knife. Bake on tray in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat, cook further 20 to 25 minutes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Nancarrow, 177 Bentinck St., Bathurst, N.S.W.

APRICOT HONEY ROLLS

Two cups self-raising flour, 4oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, about $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. dried apricots, $\frac{1}{2}$ pints water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar.

Syrup: Half cup honey, 1 cup liquid from strained apricots.

Wash apricots, soak 24 hours in $\frac{1}{2}$ pints water. Drain, reserve 1 pint of the liquid. Cook apricots in this liquid until soft, drain. Rub shortening into sifted flour and salt. Add sufficient milk to make a firm dough. Roll to oblong sheet about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Chop apricots roughly, spread on to dough. Sprinkle with brown sugar, moisten edges, roll up like a Swiss roll. Cut into slices $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, place in greased dish. Make a syrup by boiling honey with 1 cup strained liquid from apricots for 3 minutes. Pour over pastry rolls. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot or cold with cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. O. B. Lawson, c/o Town Hall, Launceston, Tas.

Caring for baby's head

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse.

A BABY'S brain increases more in size during the first year than in all the following years. Nature allows for this rapid growth by leaving spaces between the bones which form the skull.

There are two definite spaces, one at the back of the head and one at the front.

The front space is the larger, and it does not close completely until the second year. It is commonly known as the "soft spot."

Knowing this, many young mothers are nervous about washing a baby's head and do not cleanse or massage the head correctly. This neglect often causes a condition of the scalp known as "cradle-cap" to develop in the first few weeks of a baby's life.

A leaflet giving suggestions for the proper care of a baby's head and simple treatment when signs of this and other skin troubles of infancy appear may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

A stamped, addressed envelope must be sent with the request.

AMERICA DESIGNED IT! . . . NOW AUSTRALIA BUILDS IT!

Extra

**..Beauty!
..Economy!
..Power!**

Leonard

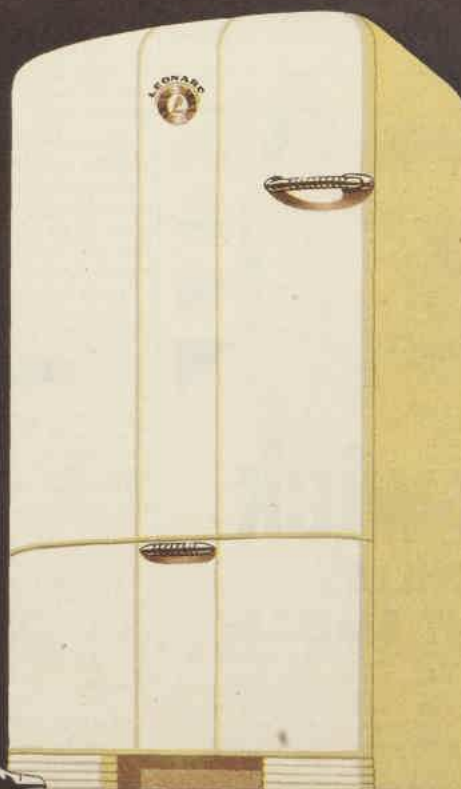


The refrigerator you'll be proud to own . . . the refrigerator with every feature you need . . . see for yourself now how much more LEONARD has to offer! It will win your heart with its beauty . . . your admiration with its power . . . your gratitude with its moderate price and unparalleled economy!

THE EXTRA POWERFUL
"GLACIER"



THE TOTALLY SEALED UNIT THAT DEFIES TIME & WEATHER! A triumph of exactitude, balance and mighty reserve power that goes on working, smoothly and efficiently, through the hottest summers!



FOR FURTHER DETAILS, WRITE OR CALL—

WARBURTON FRANKI LTD.
315 Kent Street, Sydney

WARBURTON FRANKI (MELB.) LTD.
380-382 Bourke Street, Melbourne

MYER EMPORIUM (S.A.) LTD.
Rundle Street, Adelaide

A. J. BAKER & SONS
Cr. Hay and Irwin Streets, Perth
or your local Leonard retailer.

LH13



"Flies and Mosquitoes can't come to my parties thanks to SCREENWIRE"

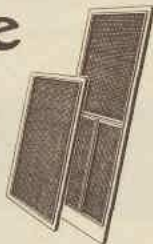
"Delicious food . . . and my guests won't have to 'fight the flies' for it. People must be very thoughtless to tolerate irritating, filthy, disease-carrying insects . . . especially when it's so easy to keep them OUT with Screenwire Doors and Window Screens. I can tell you, it's wonderful to live in a home where flying pests are kept outside."

Only Screenwire by

Cyclone

gives complete permanent protection

Your hardware dealer stocks "Cyclone" Screenwire, and any joiner will quote for making doors and window screens to your specifications. See about it right away!



CYCLONE COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED

Air-wick quickly kills unpleasant indoor smells. Cooking cabbage, fish, or onions. Tobacco fumes. Sick room, laundry or animal smells.



Air-wick

KILLS PAINT SMELLS

Here's how Air-wick works this magic. Place Air-wick bottle above smell and pull up the wick. As Air-wick evaporates it descends for the vapor is heavier than air. The compounds in Air-wick meet the

smells as they rise and pair with them. Neutralising them. Killing them utterly. Only Air-wick uses 125 smell-destroying, air-freshening compounds as used in nature plus nature's miracle-working chlorophyll.

ONLY AIR-WICK CONTAINS CHLOROPHYLL

Costs less than a penny a day to use. Sold at all chemists, grocers, general and hardware stores.

Manufactured and Distributed by Hertschy Pty. Ltd. A753-10



SOME OF THE DESIGNS from our "Down on the Farm" embroidery transfer No. 145, as illustrated on the envelope in which the 24in. x 28in. sheet is enclosed. There are more than 40 designs on the sheet, each suitable for embroidering on children's clothes, bed clothes, and other articles. Available from our Needlework Department. Price, 2/-.

Fascinating transfers for embroidery

Our new transfer service, introduced last week, offers a fascinating series of transfer designs for embroidering on children's clothes and all kinds of household linens.

ON this page are some quaint illustrations from the "Down on the Farm" transfer sheet. These, with the 20 other motifs included on the transfer sheet, can be used to bring story-book fun to a child's play clothes or room.

There are two other transfer sheets also available from our Needlework Department, each measuring 24 x 28 inches and each covered with dozens of motifs and sprays suitable for quick, easy, and effective stitching.

Other designs will be available later.

Complete directions for transferring the motifs and sprays to the articles which they will decorate are included.

All the designs lend themselves to quick, easy stitching.

Plan to use them in your spring and summer sewing.

Those of you who like to make Christmas gifts yourself will find this new service helpful for decorating hand-sewn articles.

Choose from these:

No. 145.—Down on the Farm: There are more than 40 motifs on this sheet, including a plump, frisky pony, a puppy in a cart, ducklings swimming in a pond, a dove with hollyhocks, and a Dutch windmill. Transfer, 2/-.

No. 208.—Perennial Poppy: There are more than 30 sprays and designs on this sheet for embroidering on table linens, traycloths, towels, aprons, or curtains. Transfer, 2/-.

No. 143.—Baby's Layette: As well as pretty sprays which

can be embroidered on baby's clothes simply and quickly there are patterns for the baby's dress, bonnet, bib, sunsuit, petticoat, and matinee jacket. Patterns, 2/-; Transfer, 2/-; Postage free.

Orders should be sent to our Needlework Department, enclosing price of transfers required. For address see page 73.



AMUSING MOTIFS from the "Down on the Farm" embroidery transfer, available from our Needlework Department.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

IF you are in a hurry to iron any article that must be damped down, sprinkle the garment with water, roll it up tightly and place it in a warm (not hot) oven for a few minutes.

TO remove a cork that has been pushed into an empty bottle, pour in enough ammonia to float the cork. Allow to stand for 24 hours. The ammonia will eat into the cork and cause it to crumble.

FIBRE porch mats may be freshened with a coat of paint. Mix 1 part turpentine with 3 parts flat paint to thin it a little, and work well into the mat with a paintbrush. Lay a thick pad of newspapers under the mat while you are painting to protect the surface underneath it.



SILVER SHOES will not tarnish if they are placed in black stockings or socks as shown above before putting away.

MAKE buttonholes on children's clothing on the perpendicular. The up-and-down buttonhole takes strain better than a horizontal one.

TO remove chewing-gum from any fabric rub the gum with ice. This hardens the gum and makes it easy to remove.



You too, can have a healthy suntan

This summer, get a smooth, healthy suntan the easy way—with Nyal Kwik Tan. Kwik Tan gives you a suntan . . . prevents sunburn. Kwik Tan's specially prepared filters out the burning rays of the sun and promotes a healthy, golden suntan in minutes no time. All chemists. Cream; 2/6; Oil; 3/6.

NYAL KWIK TAN



KEEP FRESHER! First, Bathe. Then shake Cashmere Bouquet Talcum all over the body. How fresh it leaves you. And cool! Divinely cool.

FEEL SMOOTHER! Pamper the sensitive spots with extra Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. Its silken softness of protection insures you against chafing.

STAY DAINTIER! It's an inexpensive luxury to use Cashmere Bouquet Talcum lavishly and often. Gives your person the fragrance men love.

Cashmere Bouquet Talcum

"With the fragrance men love"

End discomfort of DISTURBED NIGHTS

Are you a prey to disturbed nights? Does gnawing backache keep you from enjoying peaceful sleep? These uncomfortable symptoms are frequently a sign of listless kidneys, which can also cause leg pains, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains, etc. Try Doan's Backache Kidney Pills for prompt relief. They remove waste matter from the blood and promote healthy kidney action. Sufferers all over the world have gained blessed relief from Doan's. Get Doan's today!

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from **Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd.**, 641, Harris, Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4866, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 48-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 486, G.P.O., Auckland.

Fashion PATTERNS

F2763.—Small girl's sundress. Sizes: Lengths 18in., 19in., 20in., and 23in. for 2, 3, 4, and 5-6 years. Requires 1½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

F2757.—A smart young style for striped cotton. Sizes: Lengths 20in., 23in., 27in., 31in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1 7/8 yds. to 2½ yds. 36in. striped material and ½ yd. 36in. plain material. Price, 2/6.

F2758.—Boy's safari suit and matching cap. Sizes: Lengths 20in., 23in., 27in., and 31in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1½ yds. 36in. light material and 7/8 yd. 36in. dark material. Price, 2/6.

F2759.—Child's top-top sun-suit. Sizes: Lengths 17in., 18in., 19in., and 20in. for 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. Requires 1½ yd. 36in. checked material and ½ yd. 36in. contrasting material. Price, 2/6.

F2760.—Pretty, sleeveless one-piece with contrasting braid. Sizes: Lengths 20in., 23in., 27in., and 31in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1½ to 2 1/2 yds. 36in. material and ½ yd. 36in. checked material. Price, 2/6.

F2761.—Girl's sun-dress and matching bolero with braid trim. Sizes: Lengths 20in., 23in., 27in., and 31in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1½ yds. 36in. material and 7/8 yd. 36in. tie-tac braid. Price, 2/6.

F2762.—Button-up coat-frock designed for the 10 to 18 age group. Sizes: 16, 12, 14, and 16 years or 36in., 30in., 32in., and 34in. bust. Requires 3 3/8 to 4 3/8 yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

F2764.—Boy's belted safari jacket and shorts. Sizes: Lengths 20in., 23in., and 27in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1 1/2 yds. 36in. material for jacket and 7/8 yd. 36in. material for shorts. Price, 2/6.

F2766.—Small girl's sashed one-piece. Sizes: Lengths 18in., 20in., 23in., and 27in. for 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years. Requires 1 7/8 yds. 36in. material and 3/8 yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 2/6.

F2765.—Girl's coat-frock. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 years or 28in., 30in., 32in., 34in. bust. Requires 4 1/8 to 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

F2760

F2761

F2765

F2764

F2763

F2762

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 531—DOYLEY CASE
Oval doyley case obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on sheer linen and British cotton. The color choice for sheer linen includes white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green, and for British cotton pink, blue, lemon, green, and white. Size 11in. x 11in. Price, linen 4/3, postage 7d. extra; British cotton 2/11, postage 7d. extra.

No. 529—DOLLY VARDEN DUCHESSE SET
The three-piece set is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on sheer linen and organdie. The color choice for sheer linen includes white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green; for organdie, white and pastel blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes, centre mat 17in. x 14in. and smaller male 6in. x 8in. Price, linen 8/11, postage 7d. extra; organdie 6/11, postage 7d. extra.

No. 522—GIRL'S SUN-DRESS AND MATCHING BOLERO
The pretty ensemble is obtainable cut out ready to make with an easy-to-follow instruction chart. The material is a printed cotton featuring stars and stripes on a white ground. The color choice includes green, blue, lemon, and red stripes, printed with contrasting colored stars on a white ground. Sizes, 18in. length for 2 years, 17 1/2, postage 1/3 extra; 20in. length for 4 years, 18 1/2, postage 1/3 extra; 22in. length for 6 years, 19 1/2, postage 1/3 extra; 27in. length for 8 years, 19 1/2, postage 1/3 extra.

No. 523—TENNIS DRESS
A smart one-piece tennis dress, styled with a square neckline and flared skirt. The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make with an easy-to-follow instruction chart. In white pique and British headcloth. Sizes, pique and headcloth 32in. and 34in. bust, 33/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 35/3. Postage, 1/9 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 8/11 sent by registered post.

533

532

531

530



Beauclaire BUTTONS PRESENT A NEW "SQUARE DANCE" FASHION...

Take a black cotton sweater, a contrasting skirt, and a cinch belt... stud them with dozens of festive little Moonglow buttons... red, yellow, green, blue... the more colours the merrier!

Ask for 12 doz. Beauclaire Moonglow Midgets—they're about 3d. each. Available at your favourite store



FREE If you would like to see more of these exciting Beauclaire Button Fashions, send a stamped and addressed envelope to Beauclaire, 16 Larkin Street, Camperdown

Don't let your hands say 'housework'

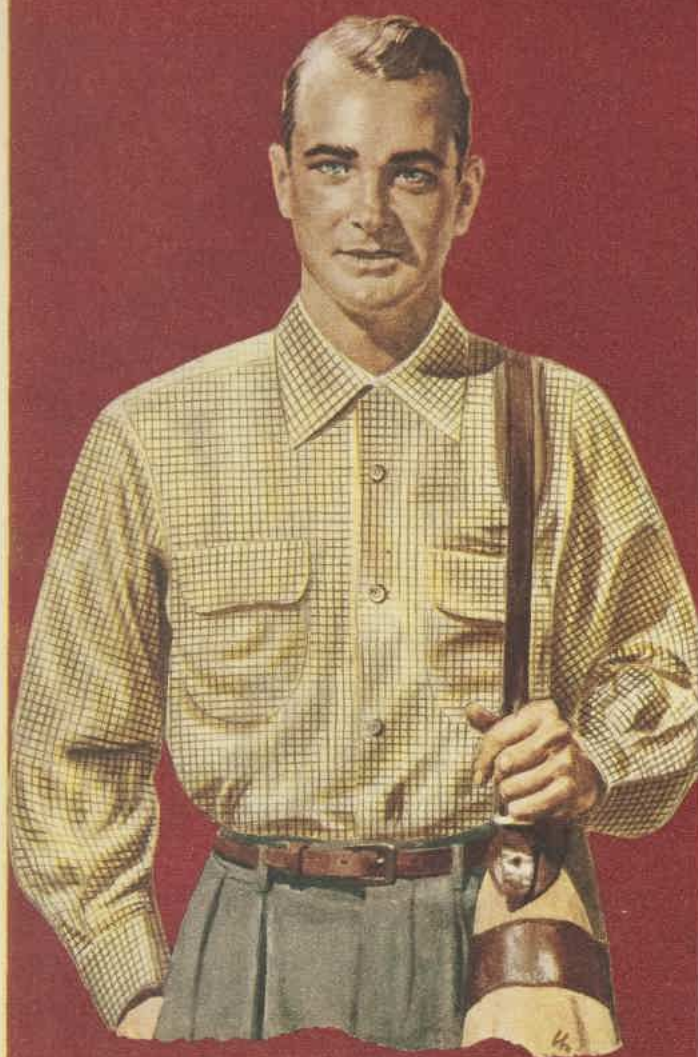


Use **SOFTASILK** AFTER PEELING VEGETABLES AFTER WASHING-UP AFTER GARDENING

SOFTASILK removes every tell-tale trace of housework and keeps hands romantically soft to touch. Care for your hands regularly with this fragrant Softasilk. Use it as a delicate powder base and to keep your elbows, knees and heels, so soft and smooth.



KEEP SOFTASILK IN YOUR BEDROOM... YOUR BATHROOM... YOUR KITCHEN



CHECKMATE

by

Country Club RD.

TAILORED BY BUCKWALTER



WE REPLACE IF DISSATISFIED



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, investigate the mystery of houses which vanish while the owners are on holidays. Mandrake discovers that all the owners booked their holidays at the same

travel agency. Pretending to go on a trip, Mandrake visits the agency. That night he and Lothar watch the thieves saw through the walls of their house and move it into the air with a giant dirigible. Mandrake and Lothar follow in a plane. NOW READ ON:



Don't wait for the hint
use ODO-RO-NO daily!



Everyone perspires—yes, even you! Perspiration goes stale, soils and spoils your clothes. The only safe way to avoid offending is to use an effective deodorant... ODO-RO-NO SPRAY.

ODO-RO-NO gives you full 24 hour protection. It checks perspiration, stops odour instantly and no other deodorant is safer for skin and fabrics. For safe, sure protection use ODO-RO-NO Spray in the new, flexible bottle. It's so easy to apply.

Use
ODO-RO-NO

spray daily
and be sure
of yourself!

- ★ Will not leak.
- ★ Will not spill.
- ★ Will not break.
- ★ It's so economical — gives you hundreds of sprays.

3228 R

UNWANTED HAIRS



Destroy unsightly hairs permanently by the "Vanix" de-hairing treatment. "Vanix" penetrates deep into hair tissues and kills the roots without affecting the skin.

"VANIX" is only 7/6 a bottle from all branches of Washington H. Soul Pattinson & Co. Ltd., Sydney and Newcastle; Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Little Collins St., Melbourne; Myer Department, Melbourne; Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide; and Boscawen Ltd., Perth and others. (8/6 including postage) from above or direct from The Vanix Co., Box 38-A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

No Nappie Rash



When mother uses Cuticura Ointment after baby's bath and at every nappie change to keep him cool and comfortable. The mildly medicated, gentle emollient, Cuticura, soothes chafing, sores, inflammation, and deals sweetly with nappie rash.

Buy a tin today.

Cuticura ANTI-SEPTIC OINTMENT



STOVE CLEANER

Product of Hi-Speed Mfg. Co., 18 Catherine Bl., Oshes, Sydney.

TEENA by Linda Terry

I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THAT ICE WE WON THE OTHER DAY... WE SHOULD'VE BROUGHT IT HOME INSTEAD OF LEAVING IT TO MELT OUTSIDE THE RADIO STATION...



WE COULD'VE PUT IT IN THE BACK YARD — WE COULD'VE TOLD EVERYONE IT'S OUR SWIMMING POOL TURNED INSIDE OUT. THAT'D SHOW THEM HOW WE'RE GETTING ALONG WITH OUR HOLLYWOOD CAREER...



I MEAN, AFTER ALL, THAT ICE WAS THE FIRST THING WE EARNED AS A FAMOUS ACTRESS AND FAMOUS ACTRESS'S AGENT... OUR FIRST DEAL AS A TEAM — THE BEGINNING OF OUR RISE TO FAME — ARM-IN-ARM — UP THE LADDER OF SUCCESS TOGETHER — TRULY UNITED — ONE AND INSEPARABLE!



— THE FISHMAN'S ON THE PHONE — HIS REFRIGERATOR BROKE DOWN AND HE WANTS TO BUY THAT ICE YOU WON —



SPREAD THE GOOD NEWS!
SPREAD Velveeta
AND YOU DON'T NEED BUTTER!



Velveeta tastes better — and is better for you without butter! Spread this rich, yet mild cheese food straight onto bread without butter — and you get the perfect balance of precious food elements. You lose nothing this way — while you save money! In fact, nutrition experts say it improves your diet! Velveeta is richer in food values than ordinary cheese. You get precious lactose (milk sugar), milk minerals and Vitamin B₂ — in addition to protein, calcium and phosphates! And Velveeta is digestible as milk itself! Processed and pasteurized for purity. Buy Velveeta for extra value. Makes delicious sandwiches and snacks — grills and melts to perfection.



KL43 Made by Kraft

Here's the family standby against INDIGESTION

A SINGLE DOSE of De Witt's Antacid Powder has this three-way effect: Rapidly neutralises excess acid in the stomach. Promptly and effectively disperses digestive pain and discomfort. Prolongs relief by spreading a protective coating over the delicate lining of the stomach.

The proved effectiveness of De Witt's well-balanced formula (printed on every canister) is the reason why countless thousands of homes are never without this dependable family medicine. So keep a canister handy in your home, ready for immediate use. It benefits children as well as adults and is thoroughly trustworthy. Price 3/- and giant size (2½ times the quantity) 6/6

Away from home — carry a few De Witt's ANTACID TABLETS No water needed Pleasant flavour Easy tear-off strips Price 1/6 & 2/9 (2½ times the quantity)

De Witt's ANTACID POWDER & TABLETS

Fashion FROCKS

"MARIA." — Attractive sundress and brief matching bolero. The dress, styled with a halter neckline and full skirt, is obtainable in check gingham. The color choice includes green and white, brown and white, lemon and white, red and white, blue and white, and navy and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 78/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 79/11.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 59/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 61/6. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

"AGNES." — A smartly tailored design for a one-piece tennis dress, obtainable in white pique and white British head-cloth.

Ready to Wear: Pique and headcloth, sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 65/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 68/11.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 49/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 51/6. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.



NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 75. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Patterns, 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

EVERY MOTHER KNOWS

The name "NYAL" is your guarantee that the Milk of Magnesia you buy is the purest quality obtainable. NYAL Milk of Magnesia is smooth, even and pleasant to take. Rigid laboratory tests ensure that it is thoroughly dependable—pure and safe for even the youngest baby.



SWEETENED & REGULAR: TWO SIZES. 2/6 & 4/3



A beautifully fine powder to keep baby's tender skin soft and free from chafing. Used after the bath, NYAL BABY POWDER is soothing for sensitive young skin because it actually resists moisture—and so lessens the chances of chafing—and because it contains a soothing, refreshing antiseptic.

Regular. Economy.



Designed to give quick, soothing relief from coughs and colds, NYAL Baby Cough Syrup is pleasant-tasting, wholesome and dependable. Because it contains no opiates, NYAL Baby Cough Syrup can safely be given to babies from three months old. 2/9 3/9.



After the weakening effects of coughs and flu, you need a good tonic to rebuild strength and energy. NYAL Creophos is a reliable restorative tonic, containing nine body-building ingredients. Creophos helps clear up stubborn coughs that so often follow flu. 3/9 6/3 7/6.



An effective treatment which brings quick relief from the pain and discomfort of indigestion, acid stomach, flatulence and heartburn, NYAL Antacid Powder contains seven active ingredients which are designed to help digest starchy foods and to neutralise acids. 3/6.



Contain a remarkable new decongestant known as Phenylephrine, NYAL Decongestant Eye Drops are soothing to sore, inflamed or aching eyes, and rapidly clear bloodshot eyes. Relieve burning, itching and smarting of conjunctivitis and granulated lids. The drops spread evenly, will not blink out of the eyes. Packed in special handy dropper. 4/9.

Sold only by Chemists



NYAL



The formula of every NYAL Medicine is plainly printed on the package. That's one reason why your chemist can recommend **any** NYAL Medicine with complete confidence. He knows what each one contains and what it is intended to do. Whenever there's need for a medicine in **your** home, play safe—ask your chemist which NYAL Medicine he would recommend.